THE CELT ABOVE THE SAXON

REV. C. J. HERLIHY

Class DA912

Book .H54

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE CELT ABOVE THE SAXON

OR

A COMPARATIVE SKETCH OF THE IRISH AND ENGLISH PEOPLE IN WAR, IN PEACE AND IN CHARACTER

BY

REV. C. J. HERLIHY

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS
PUBLISHERS AND BOOKBINDERS
BOSTON, MASS.

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
DEC 24 1904
Copyright Entry
Dec. 12, 1904
CLASS a XXc. No.
103713
COPY B.

Copyright, 1904
by
Rev. C. J. Herlihy

INDEX.

PART I.

The Celts and Anglo-Saxons in War.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
I.	The Celts.—A Glance at Their Early History.	1
II.	The Anglo-Saxons.—A Word on Their Early History.	7
III.	The English Conquest of Ireland. .	13
IV.	Irish Victories Over the English. .	19
V.	Victories of the English Over the Irish.—A Tale of English Brutality.	28
VI.	Irish Victories Over the English in Foreign Lands.	38
VII.	The Irish and English Soldier Compared.	49

INDEX.

PART II.

IRELAND AND ENGLAND IN THE ARTS OF PEACE.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
I.	THE POVERTY OF THE IRISH. . .	61
II.	PROSPERITY OF ENGLAND. . . .	84
III.	CELTIC AND SAXON ARCHITECTURE AND ART.	103
IV.	THE CELT AND THE SAXON IN THE REALMS OF SCIENCE. . . .	110
V.	A COMPARATIVE GLANCE AT IRISH AND ENGLISH LITERATURE. . . .	123
VI.	CELTIC AND SAXQN MUSIC AND POETRY.	144

INDEX.

PART III.

Irish and English Character.

CHAPTER.		PAGE
I.	General Characteristics of the Celt and the Saxon.	163
II.	Irish and English Morality. . .	174
III.	Alleged Irish Intemperance. . .	193
IV.	Are the Irish an Envious Race? .	204
V.	English Unscrupulousness. . .	215
VI.	The Ever-Faithful Isle and the Land of Infidelity. . . .	230
VII.	The Future of the Celt and the Saxon.	256

To

DIVISION 53, A. O. H.,

OF WHICH I HAVE THE HONOR TO BE THE

FIRST CHAPLAIN,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS CORDIALLY

DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

SINCE the English conquest of Ireland many books have been written on various historical Anglo-Saxon and Celtic subjects; but so far as we are aware, no author has yet made a critical comparison of the Irish and the English races, their place in history, their achievements in war and peace, but above all, their character. It is thus that we can determine which is the superior race. It is not always the race that is most successful in war which excels; for the savage Goths, Huns, and Vandals, once conquered the highly civilized Romans, the masters of the world. But what most determines race superiority is grandeur and sublimity of character; but in every respect we shall find that the Celtic race compares favorably with the Anglo-Saxon.

We know that comparisons are odious; but we do not make them of our own choice; they have been thrust upon us. For a long time the haughty English have been going around the world brow-beating the weak and boasting so loudly of their superiority over other races, but especially the Irish, whom they look upon as an inferior race, that a great many well-meaning people have come to regard it as a fact.

Before the late Boer War knocked some of the conceit out of our English cousins, they imagined that there was nothing good or great in the world but the Anglo-Saxon race. Whenever anyone performed a heroic deed, immediately they deduced the inference

that he must be "English you know." But if anyone was ever guilty of cowardice, straightway they formed the conclusion that there could not have been a drop of English blood in his veins. When Admiral Dewey sunk the Spanish fleet at Manila, they even declared that his success was due to English sharpshooters, who manned his guns. But on the other hand, when the French ship, Burgoyne, went down on the high seas and the panic-stricken crew did not exhibit remarkable bravery in saving the passengers, again the Anglo-maniacs shook their heads and said: "Such a state of things could never happen on an English vessel." But most comical of all was a little episode that happened down off the coast of Hull a few years ago. Nothing can better illustrate to what absurd extremes Anglo-Saxon race pride can go. An Irishman, an Italian, and a Portuguese, in a small boat, set out in a raging storm to rescue a drowning man; and by great heroism succeeded in bringing him safely to land. But in the evening papers the event was described as "A remarkable instance of Anglo-Saxon pluck and bravery."

Yet these brave rescuers are the very men whom the proud Englishman looks down upon with contempt as members of an inferior race. Only a short time ago a certain Englishman flushed with wine, at a banquet in Boston, publicly made the statement that "all the Irish were good for was to make English domestics." That man would hardly have dared to say that if he were sober; but as the proverb says: "In vino veritas." Yet what he stated so bluntly that night is the opinion of a great many other English people, if they only had the courage to express it.

Not only Englishmen, but even in this "land of the free and the home of the brave" we have a large number of Anglo-maniacs who have the very same idea. A few years ago, I happened to go over one evening to Harvard College, to hear the debate between the students of Harvard and Yale. The subject of controversy was "Resolved that the United States should grant their independence to the Philippinos." Harvard had the negative side and one of her debaters was a colored young man, who was certainly a very clever speaker; but whether he owes his cleverness to a little drop of English blood in his veins or not I cannot say. Whether he derived his Anglo-maniac ideas from that source, or from his school-books, or from his Alma Mater, which, they say, is the hot-bed of Anglo-mania, I do not know. But, at any rate, the sum and substance of his argument was that the Philippinos did not deserve their independence, because they did not belong to the Anglo-Saxon race; for that was the only race worth mentioning that had ever yet lived upon the earth. Perhaps the shrewd young negro was only "playing to the galleries;" but he certainly gained his point; for his words were received with tremendous applause from the Anglo-maniacs present. It is needless to say that his side won.

But, saddest of all is it to observe these Anglo-maniac notions creeping in gradually among some of our Irish-Americans and even Irish people who have lived here for a long time. Constant environment seems to have so infected them with this fatal microbe that some actually become ashamed of their own race and religion; and others go so far as to change

the good old Irish name which they received in baptism, substituting for it the name of some English persecutor of their ancestors. I am convinced, therefore, that the Catholic Church in America has lost more adherents on the score of nationality than of religion. A great many weak-minded people look upon the Catholic Church and the Irish as one and the same. But as they regard the Irish as an inferior race, they imagine, that by renouncing Catholicity they will be with the dominant party. In America everybody wants to be with the winners.

It is high time, therefore, that we accept the challenge and make a real, impartial comparison between the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon races, so as to disillusionise those unfortunates whose eyes have been dazzled by the glare of Anglo-mania. If our efforts contribute even in a small way to strengthen the weak spirit of any Celtic readers who may be wavering in their fidelity to faith or fatherland, our labor will not be in vain; for we shall have conferred a benefit not only on the Irish race but on the Catholic Church also.

However, it is not at all our intention to offend the good, honest, plain people of England, who are the friends of Ireland and many of them the descendants of Irishmen. Some of our very best friends are English and as they are very estimable people, we should not for the world say a word to offend them. Whatever reflections therefore we may cast upon the English are not intended for them but for the English Lords and privileged classes who are the common enemies of Ireland and of their own race as well.

It may be well to state also that whilst endeavoring

to correct the abnormal pride of the Saxon, it is far from our desire to give the Celt an overweening idea of his own importance. Celts as well as Saxons must remember that themselves are not the only great people who ever lived on the earth. There are other races just as great. God never intended to give one race a monopoly of all the brain, all the brawn, all the virtues, all the perfections, and all the accomplishments in the world. Hence some races excel in one point, others in another.

Our purpose therefore is, whilst criticising the weaknesses and faults both of the Anglo-Saxons and the Celts to point out to each the good qualities of the other, so that they may respect each other and dwell together as good friends and neighbors. In the words of the late John Boyle O'Reilly:

"Indian and Negro, Saxon, and Celt, Teuton, and Latin and Gall,
Mere surface shadows and sunshine; while the sounding unifies all.
One love, one hope, one duty theirs; no matter the time or kin,
There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men."

INTRODUCTION.

ON the eighth anniversary of our elevation to the holy priesthood, it gives us great pleasure to introduce to our readers our first publication entitled "The Celt Above the Saxon." As this is our initial effort in the field of literature, we crave the indulgence of the public for the many errors and imperfections which, no doubt, appear in these pages. As these lines were penned hastily, at widely separated intervals, during the few leisure moments snatched now and then from the active work of the ministry, in a busy city parish, we make no pretence to any excellence in literary style or polish. Neither do we make any claim to any remarkable originality of thought or research. The facts indeed are the same as of old; the only thing original is the plan. As the florist out of the very same flowers makes an infinite variety of floral designs, so have we endeavored from the old trite facts to design a new literary work. As far as we know, no other author has ever yet followed out the same identical plan. The first part of this little work is a comparative sketch of the Irish and English in war; the second part is a comparison between the two races in the arts of peace; and the third part is mainly a contrast between them in character.

It may interest the reader to know how we happened to start this little book. It was from the perusal of a book entitled: "The Priests and People of Ireland,'

which vilely slanders our race and praises the English to the sky. But worse still, the author of this scurrilous attack on his countrymen is himself a degenerate Irishman by the name of Michael McCarthy. It was mainly to refute his calumnies that these lines were penned.

It was perfectly natural therefore that we should laud the virtues and perfections of the Celts and demonstrate how far superior they are in almost every respect to the Anglo-Saxons. Nevertheless, we have endeavored also to be as fair, as impartial, and as charitable as possible to our English cousins. If at times our language may appear too severe in denunciation of England, it is because, like a great many of our countrymen, we consider her the author of all the evils of our native land; because we hold her responsible for driving us from the home of our childhood to a land of exile; and because we saw so many exhibitions of her tyranny in our youth. Such considerations naturally fill the heart with feelings of bitterness and indignation which, even with all the graces of Holy Orders, it is very hard to repress. Yet we have striven to relate only the plain truth, not to exaggerate anything, and to be as moderate in our expressions as possible. Still we have no doubt whatever that if a man were to write a book like this in any country in the world beneath the English flag he would be cast into prison for life. But the arm of the tyrant is paralysed in this land of the free, where we enjoy the privilege of free speech.

In the composition of this little publication we are greatly indebted to "The History of Ireland," by Sullivan, "The Handbook of English History," by

Guest, "Ireland and Her Story," by Justin McCarthy, "Ancient Irish Schools and Scholars," by Bishop Healey, "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared," by Father Young, C. S. P., "The Dictionary of Statistics," by Mulhall, "The Prose and Poetry of Ireland," by Murray, "The Irish Sketch Book " by Thackeray, and many other reference books in a minor degree.

PART I.

THE CELT ABOVE THE SAXON.

CHAPTER I.

The Celts.—A Glance at Their Early History.

THE words Saxon and Celt are generic terms and have frequently a very wide signification. Authors often use the proper name Saxon to designate not only the inhabitants of England but also those of Germany and Scandinavia. So likewise they include in the Celtic race not only the people of Ireland but also those of northern France, the Highlands of Scotland, and a portion of Italy. However, we shall always employ these appellations in their restricted sense to signify only the Irish and English.

Like most other nations, the early inhabitants of Ireland were not of one race; they were a composite nationality composed of three distinct races that came to the island in three successive waves of emigration. Where the earliest settlers came from seems clouded in obscurity. The next band of colonizers are supposed to have come at a very remote period from the land of ancient Greece, and indeed this seems not at all improbable, for in spite of all their persecutions by the English of later times, are not many of the

Irish the same brilliant, witty, generous, warm-hearted, imaginative sort of people as the citizens of ancient Greece? Moreover, anyone who is at all acquainted with Irish and Greek cannot fail to observe how much the Gaelic tongue resembles the beautiful language of Homer and Xenophon.

The last race of early Irish settlers, called Milesians, after their great leader Milesius, came from the east by way of Spain. There are many circumstances that seem to confirm this. As the celebrated Irish statesman and historian, Justin McCarthy, has well said: "The Irish are evidently of an oriental origin, being fond of out-door life, like all people beneath the sunny skies of the East and using their cottage chiefly as a sleeping-place."

The exact location of our Milesian ancestors' original home in the east it is now impossible to determine; but it is generally supposed to have been in Phœnicia, a country adjacent to the Holy Land. There are many circumstances which seem to indicate this. It is well known that the Phœnicians were amongst the earliest and most famous navigators and traders known to the antique world, and were always wandering in search of new homes, and founding new colonies. Between the nineteenth and thirteenth century before Christ, they established many colonies along the shores of the Mediterranean; and are believed to have finally made their abode in Ireland.

All the traditions of our forefathers appear to confirm this hypothesis. According to an old Irish

legend, during their wanderings in the East, our Milesian ancestors met the great Jewish law-giver, Moses, who miraculously cured one of their number of the bite of a serpent and predicted that his descendants would one day inhabit a country in which no venomous reptile could live. Every one knows that this land of prophecy is Ireland.

There is only one fault with which we can reproach our Milesian progenitors—they won Ireland by the sword. Yet how different was their conquest from that of the Anglo-Saxons of later times! They did not come with any hypocritical pretence of reforming the country, like the English of a subsequent period, but in an honest, manly way to gain the island in a square, open fight. In fact their conduct to the earlier settlers was chivalry itself. These claimed that the Milesians by coming upon them so suddenly had taken them at a disadvantage, and as they had no opportunity to be prepared to receive them, it would not be fair to win the island in that way. They stipulated therefore that the Milesians should again betake themselves to their galleys, withdraw a certain distance from the shore and then, if they could effect a landing the second time, they should be immediately recognized as the absolute masters of the whole country.

Like generous foes, the Milesians consented and having effected another landing, defeated the original settlers in a great battle and soon gained control of the whole island. But though victorious, they were very magnanimous to their defeated adversaries,

for they allowed them to regulate their own affairs and to enjoy what at the present day we might call Home Rule. Where is the Englishman who would treat his opponent with so much generosity?

It is impossible to determine the exact date on which the Milesians settled in Ireland. But as biblical commentators state that Moses lived about fifteen centuries before Christ, and as the Milesians did not set out on their wanderings westward until the third generation after the famous prediction made to them by the great Hebrew leader, they are supposed to have reached Ireland about fourteen hundred years before Christ. To our modern readers this date may appear entirely too remote; but everything ndicates that the Milesian dynasty in Ireland goes back to a very early period. At the present day, our "English cousins" declare that the Irish are incapable of self-government, yet we know from the Irish chronicles that Ireland had an excellent government of its own fifteen hundred years before the Saxons set foot in Britain, when according to the testimony of Guest, one of their own historians, they were no better than "sea-wolves and pirates." In fact two thousand years before an English parliament was dreamed of, an Irish monarch had instituted a triennial parliament to help him to govern the kingdom.

Ireland also made great advancement in civilization under the Milesian dynasty. At the present day, after eight centuries of English government, agriculture is almost the only industry in Ireland. Yet, nearly three thousand years ago, under her native

kings, Ireland carried on a thriving industry in gold-mining, smelting, and artistic work in the precious metals, at a time when civilization had scarcely dawned upon other European countries. Even then our ancestors knew how to read and write; and their bards had cultivated the art of poetry to a very high degree; though at the present day, after centuries of Anglo-Saxon enlightenment, the Irish people are reproached for their ignorance and illiteracy.

But as every tide has its rise and its fall so every country has its day of glory and its day of decay. The period immediately preceding the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland may well be called the pre-Christian golden age of Ireland's glory. These were the days when the Irish warrior was feared not only in England, then called Britain, but even in Italy and France. It is well known that it was to protect themselves from the Irish that the ancient Britons, to their sorrow, invited over the Anglo-Saxons to help them. The Roman poet Claudian also relates how the Irish monarch, Niall of the nine hostages, came with his army thundering into France in the fourth century; and Theodosius the Great, then Roman Emperor, sent his General Stellicho against him. It is supposed that it was this Irish king who carried St. Patrick when a boy as a prisoner to Ireland and thus paved the way for the subsequent introduction of Christianity into Erin.

Ireland's military renown was followed by three centuries of the most incomparable religious glory during which she became known as "the island of

saints and scholars." But now dark clouds began to gather over Ireland. The kings of Ireland began to quarrel among themselves and it was the ambition of each to become Ard-Ri or king of all Ireland, over all the others. This sad state of things continued for hundreds of years.

In the meantime, the Danes, then a nation of pirates, like the Anglo-Saxons, thought they would take advantage of the civil dissensions in Ireland to gain possession of the country. So they captured several seaport towns and overran a large part of the country, everywhere plundering and destroying churches and monasteries. Yet they were never able to give a king to the country; for in the eleventh century, a great Irish warrior, King Brian Boru, united all the Irish factions against them and inflicted upon them a crushing defeat at the Battle of Cloutorf.

This annihilated the power of the Danes in Ireland. But, unfortunately, as Brian Boru himself was killed in the hour or victory, the civil strife still continued in Ireland and paved the way a little later for the Saxon conquest of the country.

CHAPTER II.

The Anglo-Saxons.—A Word on Their Early History.

PEOPLE who are unacquainted with history have so identified the words English and Anglo-Saxon that they seem to imagine that the Anglo-Saxons always lived in England; but that is a great mistake. The first inhabitants of England were not English at all but a Celtic race like the Irish, called Britons, from whom the island received the name of Britain.

These Britons were once a brave and war-like race and for a long time they resisted the arms even of the Romans, the conquerors of the world. At length, however, they had to yield before the superior genius of Julius Cæsar and other Roman generals. Then the Romans disarmed them and forbade them entirely the use of military weapons for hundreds of years. As a result the Britons forgot almost entirely the art of war and, when, in the fifth century the Roman legions were called home to protect their own country, the Britons were no longer able to defend themselves against the Irish and Scots. Accordingly, in an evil hour, they invited in the Anglo-Saxons to help them.

Up to this time not a single Anglo-Saxon had ever settled in England. The Anglo-Saxons were then three Germanic tribes, comprising the Angles, the

Saxons, and the Jutes; who lived in the southern part of Denmark, near the mouth of the Elbe. At the present day their English descendants may boast of their race; they may feel proud of their Anglo-Saxon origin, they may consider themselves fine ladies and gentlemen; and some of them may style themselves lords and duchesses; but let them not vaunt too much of their ancestors; for as Guest, one of their own historians, says: "At that time they hardly deserved a better name than sea-wolves and pirates." They maintained themselves then as they have done ever since, by robbing and plundering their neighbors; and they were accustomed to go ravaging and pillaging even to the coasts of Britain.

What an ally then for the Britons to call to their assistance against the Irish and Scots! The poor Britons were soon to repent of their terrible mistake. The Anglo-Saxon came as a guest; but before long he turned his arms against his host, under the pretext that the Britons were not furnishing him sufficient supplies, as they had promised. But when did an Anglo-Saxon ever have enough? Whenever he wanted to plunder his neighbor, he was never at a loss to find a plausible excuse, even to the present day.

Accordingly, swords were drawn. The Britons and the Anglo-Saxons met in a great battle near London, about the middle of the fifth century; and of course the Anglo-Saxons were victorious. It was rather a massacre than a battle; for, as already explained, during the Roman occupation the Britons had forgotten almost entirely the use of arms; so they

were like a poor unarmed man held up at night by a high-way robber with his pistol. How different was the Anglo-Saxon conquest of Briton from the Milesian conquest of Ireland! Who has ever heard of the Anglo-Saxons betaking themselves once more to their ships, so as not to take their opponents at an unfair advantage, as our Milesian ancestors did at their conquest of Ireland? Yet, at the present day, we hear a great deal of Anglo-Saxon gallantry. But where was their gallantry in the conquest of Britain? Where was the gallantry in conquering a poor disarmed foe that had not handled a weapon for centuries? Where was their gallantry too, after the battle? When our Milesian ancestors conquered Ireland, they gave the original settlers Home Rule; but what was the Home Rule which the Anglo-Saxons gave to the Britons? A wholesale slaughter. The only ones that escaped were those who fled to the remotest part of the island in Wales or Cornwall.

Having conquered the island, the Anglo-Saxons changed the very name of the country; and as the Angles were the largest and most powerful tribe of the conquerors, they gave to the country its new name of Angle-land, which was afterwards changed to England. Their next step was to divide the country into seven kingdoms, each kingdom governed by a petty king; who was always at war with his neighbor. At the present day our English cousins ridicule our Irish forefathers, because at one time in such a small country as Ireland they had actually four kings. But it is well to remind them that England itself

was once divided into seven petty kingdoms. The English also at the present day reproach the Irish because they say they are continually quarrelling among themselves; yet they should remember that one time these seven petty Anglo-Saxon kingdoms were making constant war on one another for four hundred years. Why did not the English unite among themselves during all these years? Finally, they united it is true; but it was not a union of hearts; but unity brought about by force of arms, after one king of the heptarchy had thoroughly crushed the others and reduced them to subjection to him.

It was a good thing for the English that they were thus united; because they had now to face a nation of sea-wolves and pirates even worse than themselves. These were the Danes. We have seen how the Danes put forth all their power to conquer divided Ireland, but were defeated ignominiously by Brian Boru. Yet the whole power of united England was not sufficient to withstand these same Danes.

Instead of engaging them in honorable battle, as the Irish did, one English monarch gave them a bribe of £10,000 to remain away from him. But, having spent the money, they soon came back and demanded more. So then this brave Anglo-Saxon king had resort to a well-known English trick. He planned in one night to massacre all the Danes in England. The plot succeeded, but soon brought its own retribution. A new swarm of Danes soon returned to avenge their murdered kinsman; the English were completely defeated; and the Danes became masters of

the whole kingdom. However, they did not long enjoy their sovereignty; because very soon another race of robbers, the greatest freebooters of all, invaded England and gained the mastery over both the Anglo-Saxons and the Danes. These were the Normans, a branch of the Scandinavian race that had settled in France and had learned from their French neighbors the military science that had been taught them centuries before by their Roman conquerors. These three great races of marauders now combined to make up the English race as it exists to-day.

They readily coalesced, because they were all of the same race, and religion and originally came from very nearly the same place. Yet, for a long time the appellation by which the Norman conqueror addressed the conquered race was: "Dog of a Saxon;" and it was only after centuries that the three races entirely amalgamated. In fact, even to this day, England has still her Lords and Commons. What are these words but other terms for the conquerors and the conquered? No doubt many English lords have been promoted from the Commons; but nearly all are the descendants of the old Norman conquerors.

Have not our English friends, then, much reason to be proud of their ancestors? A nation of robbers from the beginning, England has not ceased to plunder all the weaker nations of the world even to the present day. Before the Normans landed in England at all, poor unfortunate Wales had fallen a victim to English rapacity. But now the Anglo-Saxons, Danes, and Normans all united into one nation were to carry on

one long struggle of plunder and devastation against poor unfortunate Ireland. Either of these robber races singly Ireland might easily have repelled. We have seen how united Ireland once drove the Danes into the sea; but as these same Danes conquered England, a fortiori, Ireland could conquer the Anglo-Saxons. But it was quite a different thing when these three robber races united and Ireland was divided against herself. Yet, however loudly our Anglo-Saxon friends may boast of their conquest of Ireland it is not to them that the lion's share of the honor or dishonor goes, but to the Normans. Whatever may be said of the Normans, they were certainly great warriors; they possessed the most improved military weapons and were well versed in the science of war. All that Ireland could present against them was the invincible courage of her sons and the righteousness of her cause.

CHAPTER III.

The English Conquest of Ireland.

THERE is not the slightest doubt whatever that the modern Englishman has a supreme contempt for the Irish and everything that is Irish. Any person with half an eye can see that. A short time ago a certain Englishman flushed with wine at a banquet here in the Athens of America publicly declared that "the Irish were fit only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water." As the proverb says; "In delirio veritas." That is exactly the impression of most Englishmen if they only had the candor to acknowledge it. What is the underlying cause of this over-weening sense of superiority of the English over the Irish race? It is all summed up in a few words—the English conquest of Ireland.

Let us therefore examine and see what claim England has to any honor or glory from the conquest of Ireland. Indeed it is exceedingly difficult to see any reason why England should wear a crown of laurels after that struggle. In all manly contests among fair-minded people there is an unwritten law that says: "Take a fellow of your size;" and there has never yet been any applause for the man that defeated an opponent smaller than himself.

Now England contains 50,000 square miles; Ireland comprises about 30,000 square miles; that makes England nearly twice the size of Ireland; and it is reasonable to suppose that the population of each

country was in the same proportion. Wherefore, according to the most elementary laws of fair play, where is the glory for England in conquering Ireland, an island only half its size? England has always been very courageous in attacking weaker nations; but she is very careful not to attack a strong power unless she has another powerful nation as her ally.

But even though far superior in size to Ireland, England would never have conquered her if she had not been divided against herself. As the gospel says: "Every kingdom divided against itself shall fall." So Ireland fell; but if she had only been united, she would have driven the English into the sea, as she hurled the Danes more than a century before. Where then is the glory for England in conquering disunited Ireland? Truly she deserves no more glory than a strong healthy man who overpowers another greatly inferior to him in size and with one arm broken and tied up in a sling.

From a military point of view, therefore, it is impossible to see how England deserves any credit or honor for having conquered Ireland. Still less is she entitled to any glory from a moral point of view. On the contrary, her conquest of Ireland is the darkest stain in her character and, even though conquered, Ireland's behavior at that trying period is the brightest jewel in her crown.

Ireland lost her independence in a glorious struggle for virtue and morality, in chastising a wicked king for the breach of his marriage vows. This was Dermott McMurrogh, who eloped with the wife of another

Irish prince called O'Ruarc. If this had happened in "merry England" it would have provoked only a smile; for when did England ever expel a lord or a prince for immorality? Yet nobody is ignorant of the moral standard of English high society for hundreds of years.

But Ireland did not thus wink at the crime of McMurrogh. As old Pagan Rome, to her eternal credit be it said, for a similar offence, expelled even her own royal family, the Tarquins; so, all Ireland now rose up against McMurrogh and cried out: "Away with him! Away with him!"

So McMurrogh was expelled from Ireland and immediately fled to England, to seek the aid of the English monarch, in order to regain his kingdom. King Henry II., who then sat on the English throne took up the cause of the adulterer and gave him a powerful force of English adventurers to accompany him back to Ireland. McMurrogh secretly hurried back to Ireland before them, in order to prepare for their landing. By feigning repentance for his crime and pretending that his only desire was to regain his kingdom, he rallied a powerful force around him and thus plunged the country into civil war. It was thus that the English first gained a foothold in Ireland; and finally conquered that kingdom.

But now comes the question: on which side is the glory and on which side the shame in this conquest? Certainly England has covered herself with eternal disgrace in leaguing herself with an adulterer and a traitor to his native land. Only a little while before,

that pious English King, Henry II., so bewailed the excesses committed in Ireland, because of her civil dissensions that he is said to have obtained from Pope Adrian, the only Englishman that ever sat in the chair of Peter, a bull authorizing him to pacify the island, and reform the abuses that were creeping in against religion and morality. Now behold him unmasking his hypocrisy in allying himself with Dermott McMurrogh, the off-scouring of Ireland!

On the other hand, Ireland, though she lost her independence, was not at all dishonored. On the contrary, she covered herself with glory; for was it not more glorious to sacrifice even her independence than to tolerate such a monster as McMurrogh within her borders? Yet if she had tolerated him she might have remained a free country even to the present day. But virtue and honor are better than even liberty and independence. Well therefore has our national poet, Thomas More, said:

"On our side are virtue and Erin,
On their side are Saxon and guilt."

It is no disgrace to Ireland that she has produced such a monster as Dermott McMurrogh; for have not all countries given birth to such pests; and even America has had her Benedict Arnold; just as Greece had her Ephialtes, and Rome her Cataline?

It is unfair too, to infer from this episode that the Irish are always divided and quarrelling among themselves. No doubt the Irish have had their differences like other nations; for where is the nation that at some time in its history has not had its civil dissensions?

How many civil wars arose among the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans of old? Everyone who has read history will readily recall the great contests between Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, Marius and Sulla, Pompey and Cæsar. But why go back so far, when English and American history furnishes us with abundant examples? Besides the wars between the various kingdoms of the Heptarchy, which we have already mentioned, was there not a civil war just before King Henry II.'s reign between King Stephen and Matilda? Certainly he must have been very ungallant, to fight with a woman. It is only an Englishman that would do it. Again England had her Civil War of the Roses, which lasted thirty years. Besides she had her civil wars between King Charles I. and Cromwell and another between King James II. and William of Orange. If a powerful foe had descended upon England during these intestine troubles the kingdom was doomed. In fact some English historians claim that the Normans would never have conquered England if there had not been a civil war going on just before, between King Harold and his brother, Tostig. But with such a record how can any Englishman point the finger of scorn at the Irish and say: "You Irish are always quarrelling among yourselves?" Finally, is it not a melancholy fact that even our own beloved America, when not yet a century old had her civil war, and unity could not be restored until one part of the nation had crushed the other into a pulp?

How then can we blame Ireland for her domestic

quarrels? Yet though divided against herself, consider how many centuries it took England to conquer her. The Normans had conquered united England in one year; yet it took them five hundred years to conquer disunited Ireland. Ireland was not completely conquered till the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the sixteenth century.

But in the meantime she dealt England many a staggering blow and defeated her best armies in many a pitched battle; though usually in the end worn out by sheer force of numbers. Yet, as we sometime meet ignorant Englishmen, who assert that the Irish never won a battle and that they cannot fight except when they are under "cool-headed English generals," in the succeeding chapter we shall recount at least a dozen pitched battles, in which the Irish defeated the English on the soil of Erin.

CHAPTER IV.

Irish Victories Over the English.

IN order to get a graphic account of the many victories which the Irish gained over the English it will be necessary to consult a regular Irish history such as Haverty's, McGee's, or Sullivan's. We have chosen to follow Sullivan's because it is the latest and it was written for American readers. According to this history, the English met with many a disastrous defeat from the hands of the Irish from their very first attempt to conquer Ireland. In the year 1172, Strongbow, whom Henry II. had sent over to Ireland at the head of the English, to restore McMurrogh to his kingdom, met with a signal defeat at the hands of O'Brien, prince of Munster, and was cooped up in a fortified tower in Waterford. Thereupon, the Irish rose up against the Normans on all sides and if there had been any central government at that time to give unity to their attack they would have driven the English into the sea. But, as the Irish lacked simultaneousness of action, the Norman power on the very point of extinction was allowed slowly to recruit itself and again to extend its power at a favorable opportunity. But still more glorious was the victory won over the English under Lord Maurice, a few years later, by the Irish prince, Godfrey O'Donnell. The English were greatly superior in numbers and were accompanied by the flower of all the Norman

chivalry, long the pride of England. But what the Irish lacked in numbers was compensated for by the genius of their general, who was one of the greatest commanders of the age. The two armies met near Sligo and the battle raged all day. It vain the mail-clad squadrons of England dashed upon the Irish lines; for before evening nearly all these lords, earls, and knights had been made to bite the dust. At last the English commander seeing, that in spite of his overwhelming odds, his case was getting desperate, resolved to stake everything in a single combat with the Irish leader. So dashing into the thickest of the fight he sought out Godfrey O'Donnell and dealt him a deadly wound; but the Irish chieftain with one blow of his battle-axe clove the Norman general to the earth, and he was carried senseless off the field. The English immediately fled in hopeless confusion and the Irish pursued them with great slaughter. Darkness alone saved them from being annihilated. Here was another grand opportunity for the Irish to have driven every Anglo-Norman from their country; but, unfortunately owing to their disunion, they failed to take advantage of such a favorable occasion.

However, about the commencement of the fourteenth century the Irish chieftains at last began to realize that it was high time to put away their civil dissensions and to combine against the common foe. So they invited over a force of six thousand Scotch auxiliaries under Edward Bruce, to assist them in driving the English from their soil. The Scotch were only too willing to come in order to show their grati-

tude for the generous aid that Ireland gave them to win their independence at the great battle of Bannockburn, from this same hated English foe. Accordingly, in the year 1315, the allied army met their English foes under Earl Richard, called the "Red Earl." This proud Norman had boasted that in a few days he would deliver up Edward Bruce dead or alive at Dublin Castle; yet, though his army was greatly superior in numbers, he was completely defeated and he himself was glad to escape with his life.

In the following year, the Scotch-Irish army gained another great victory near Kells in King's County over fifteen thousand English, under Sir Roger Mortimer, by a strange coincident, the namesake of our present English ambassador to the United States. Ireland came exceedingly near bursting entirely the shackles of England and regaining her ancient independence at that time. Only one city of any importance still held out against the Scotch-Irish army and that was Dublin. It was impossible to capture it for lack of sieging materials and the absence of a fleet that would cut off its supplies from England.

Worse still, one of these periodical famines, owing to the failure of the crops, that visit Ireland now fell upon the country; so that she could no longer maintain an army in the field. As a result, England with all her resources finally conquered, Bruce was defeated and the great Scoto-Irish confederation dissolved. Irish unity melted away and the struggle against England during the next two centuries was carried on only by isolated Irish chieftains.

We have a striking illustration of this during the reign of King Richard II. of England. It is really laughable to read the two campaigns which that monarch made against Art McMurrogh, the prince of Leinster. Though a descendant of McMurrogh, the traitor, he well redeemed the name of his ancestor. Though he had only three thousand men against thirty thousand under Richard II., by means of his fabian policy he made that poor sovereign as ridiculous as the Greeks made "the great kings" Darius and Xerxes at Marathon and Salamis.

Finally, as King Richard could not conquer him in the open field, he resorted to the despicable system of warfare practiced by England even to the present day; he actually put a price upon his head, offering a hundred marks in pure gold to the person who should bring to him in Dublin dead of alive the troublesome prince of Leinster.

Yet for twenty years McMurrogh met and defeated the best English armies under the ablest English generals. In 1410 with a force of ten thousand men he fought a pitched battle against the Duke of Lancaster, with an equal number of English soldiers under the very walls of Dublin and the English were defeated with great slaughter. So many were drowned in trying to make their escape across the River Liffey that this portion of the river is called the "ford of slaughter" even to the present day.

The next great struggle for liberty which the Irish waged against England occurred in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It cannot be called a rebellion against

lawful authority; for it was an outbreak provoked by England herself by means of a diabolical plot, for which history has no parallel.

In a period of profound peace, Queen Elizabeth feared that her power in Ireland would never be on a safe footing until all the warlike Irish chieftains had been killed off. Accordingly, she ordered her commander-in-chief in Ireland, Sir Francis Cosby, to invite all the Irish princes to a grand banquet; but no sooner did they enter the banquet hall than they were set upon by a band of English soldiers who had been lying in ambush and massacred almost to a man. Of the four hundred who had accepted the invitation only one escaped with his life. This man very wisely had carried his sword with him and with its trusty blade hewed his way to liberty.

Naturally this act of English treachery set the hearts of the Irish on fire to avenge their murdered countrymen. So they fled to arms under the command of Hugh O'Byrne whom the English called: "The Firebrand of the Mountains;" and before long they made the English pay dearly for their treachery, in the bloody battle of Glenmalure, in the year 1580.

Lord Grey was now appointed viceroy of Ireland and sent over at the head of an imposing English army to crush the insurrection. He set out from Dublin at the head of his troops, in the same vain glorious way that General Buller lately marched forth against the gallant Boers. He thought only of "hemming in the Irish." So he constructed a strong earthwork or entrenchment at the mouth of the valley

to prevent the Irish from escaping. Then he advanced to measure swords with the "Firebrand of the Mountains." In the meantime, the Irish had posted themselves in a ravine on each side of the road through which the English marched, and not a sound escaped them until their foes were in the trap. Then all at once a fierce storm of bullets burst forth upon the entangled English legions; and like a torrent from the mountain the Irish swept down upon the struggling mass below. Immediately the English troops were thrown into the greatest confusion, then were seized with a panic and fled in the greatest disorder, many perishing in the very intrenchments which they had constructed to check the flight of the Irish. But of all the brilliant host that marched out of Dublin a few days before, only a few shattered companies now returned to tell the tale of disaster.

But a few years after this, Queen Elizabeth had a still more serious outbreak of the Irish to quell. This was the rebellion of Hugh Roe O'Neil, the Earl of Tyrone. When this man was a child he had been taken over to England by order of Queen Elizabeth and trained up at her own royal court as an Englishman; because she hoped that thus he might become useful afterwards as the tool of England in fighting some other Irish chieftain; and in this way, by creating civil dissensions among his countrymen, he would render easy their complete conquest by England.

But when O'Neil arrived at the age of manhood, went back to his native land, and saw how his people were tyrannized over and oppressed by the English

Government, his heart was stirred within him. He found that though his education was English his blood was Irish and blood was thicker than water.

Accordingly, he built up a powerful confederacy of Irish chieftains; unfurled the standard of rebellion and gave the English power in Ireland such a shock as it had not experienced for four hundred years. For ten years he defied the whole power of England and in several pitched battles defeated the very best generals that were sent against him. In the year 1593 he had his first pitched battle with the English under General Norreys, on a river-bank near the city of Monaghan. Twice the English tried to cross the river but as many times were repulsed, the English general himself being wounded. As a last resort a chosen body of English cavalry charged desperately across the river and their leader, a Goliath in stature, singling out O'Neil engaged him in single combat; but the gigantic Englishman pierced by his opponent's sword soon lay dying upon the ground. Then the Irish made one grand charge and immediately the English fled in hopeless confusion, leaving the ground covered with their dead and, worst of all, leaving their proud English banner in the hands of the Irish.

Again, in the year 1598 O'Neil at the head of five thousand Irish troops met Sir Henry Bagnal with six thousand English, mostly veteran troops, including five hundred knights sheathed in armor of steel. These two armies engaged in mortal combat on the banks of the River Blackwater. Here O'Neil brought into play the strategy that he had learned in England.

Now he turned it against his instructors. He had some deep pits constructed in front of his lines covered over with wattles and grass; and when the gallant chivalry of England charged upon their Irish foes they plunged headlong into these trenches and perished. This unexpected disaster spread a fearful panic through the whole English army and they fled in all directions before the furious onslaught of the Irish. The English army was almost annihilated. Three thousand of England's bravest were left dead on the field; thirty-four English standards were taken, besides all their artillery; and twelve thousand pieces of gold fell into the hands of the conquerors.

Hearing of these disasters, Queen Elizabeth now despatched into Ireland her own favorite, the Earl of Essex, with twenty-thousand men, probably the finest army that England had ever yet put into the field. Yet he was no match for O'Neil. He was defeated in one battle after another; so that finally Elizabeth in a rage ordered him to the tower of London, where he paid with his head upon the block for his ill-success against the gallant O'Neil.

Nevertheless, to the keen observer it must have been apparent that, in spite of all these brilliant victories won by our forefathers, England must ultimately wear out the Irish by sheer force of numbers; and that is exactly what happened. So in the following chapter we shall relate as impartially as we can the victories of the English over the Irish and the final subjugation of the island under Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell.

However, we must not understand from this that

we have now come to the last great stand of the Irish against their English oppressors. On the contrary, we might relate how within even half a century after this another O'Neil, Owen Roe, with five thousand four hundred Irish troops defeated General Monroe, a Scottish commander in the pay of England, with six thousand eight hundred men, near the city of Monaghan. The Scots fled pell-mell and so many of them perished in trying to escape over the Blackwater River that tradition says you might have crossed over dry shod on their bodies. This glorious victory was won just before Cromwell landed in Ireland. Unfortunately, the gallant Owen Roe O'Neil died soon afterwards; but if he had lived, even Cromwell, the butcher, might have had a different story to tell in Ireland.

CHAPTER V.

Victories of the English Over the Irish.—A Tale of English Brutality.

IF we search the pages of history, we shall find that during the first four centuries after the Normans landed in Ireland they really gained very little foothold in the country, notwithstanding the civil dissensions of the Irish. There were only two very faint marks of English supremacy over the island; the first was the acknowledgment of the English king as the suzerain or over-lord of the country; the second was an English colony which Henry II. planted in the eastern part of the island, henceforth called the "Pale."

The first mark of English sovereignty over Ireland viz, the acknowledgment of the English monarch as the suzerain of the country, soon faded away, because it was the Irish Ard-Ri, or chief king of Ireland, Roderick II., that is said to have made this arrangement; but as there was no chief monarch of the country after his time, the treaty that he had made perished with him, and the individual Irish chiefs who had not bound themselves by this compact carried on the war with the English on their own responsibility.

The second mark of English supremacy, viz, the English colony within the "Pale," was also of very little consequence for hundreds of years. From the twelfth to the sixteenth century, or from the reign of

Henry II. to Queen Elizabeth, the English colony had scarcely advanced a foot beyond its original limits. How can this be explained? Only on the hypothesis that the victories of the Irish retarded the spread of the English power. These are the victories which we have related in the previous chapter.

During all these victories of the Irish over their English foes our forefathers always fought in a chivalrous, manly way. They never struck down an unarmed enemy, they never murdered a helpless prisoner, they never butchered defenceless women and children. In a word they never acted contrary to the rules of civilized warfare and not even their worst enemies ever made such an accusation against them down to the time of King Charles II. in the year 1641. What a glorious record, for our ancestors during five hundred years!

On the contrary during these same five centuries history tells us that the English gained about five decisive victories over the Irish and these victories were followed by scenes of barbarity and savagery which makes the very blood run cold. This was not the practice occasionally or periodically; but every time that the English gained a victory it was succeeded by a saturnalia of inhumanity and butchery that would freeze the very life blood in one's veins.

This uncivilized method of warfare the English commenced the very first year they set foot on the soil of Ireland and they have continued it ever since. Not only do Irish historians relate this but even Eng-

lish authors themselves are forced to acknowledge it. Guest who was a college professor in London tells us in his: "Handbook of English History," page 168, how the English acted after the capture of Waterford. "One instance," he says, "will show how hard-hearted many of the English or Anglo-Normans still were. After taking the town of Waterford, they had in their hands seventy prisoners, the principal men of the town. There was a discussion among the leaders what should be done with these men. One of them named Raymond wished to be merciful and allow them to be ransomed; but another having made a fierce speech demanding their death, his comrades approved of it, and the wretched prisoners had their bones broken and were then thrown into the sea and drowned." What a terrible tale of English barbarity! Who ever heard of another nation that claimed to be civilized murdering its prisoners? Even Pagan Rome in her most corrupt days did not do that. It is true she made her prisoners into gladiators and compelled them to butcher one another but, at any rate, she put arms into their hands and gave them a chance to defend themselves. But it was reserved for enlightened England to murder her prisoners and Oh! how barbarously! It was not sufficient to cast them into the sea, she must first glut her desire for revenge by breaking their bones. Yet such were the people whom our modern fine English ladies and gentlemen are proud to consider their ancestors.

Yet, terrible as was the slaughter at the capture of Waterford, still more horrible was the butchery per-

petrated by the Normans at the capture of Dublin. The fate of Waterford had struck terror into the people of Dublin; so they sent an ambassador to sue for terms of peace and to arrange for the surrender of the city. But, Oh! unheard of atrocity, while these negotiations were in progress, the Normans burst into the city and commenced a most dreadful massacre of men, women, and children. Truly this is a grand commentary on English good faith and chivalry! Whilst holding in one hand the olive-branch, the other hand suddenly and without warning draws the sword. But the gallant Englishman is not satisfied with striking down an armed man; his chivalry prompts him to slay even defenceless women and children. Yet at the present day how often we hear of Anglo-Saxon courage, bravery and gallantry! But even the savage Indians of the forest did not slay helpless women and children.

The next great victory won by the English over the Irish and their allies was in the year 1318, when the English defeated the Irish with their Scotch allies under Edward Bruce, near the city of Dundalk; and here, too, the English exhibited their usual gallantry. We should imagine that the English, if they had any generous spirit at all, would show their admiration for their gallant foe that had heretofore routed them completely in many a well-fought field, as we have related in the previous chapter; for even the Indian admires a brave adversary. Not so the Englishman. No sooner had Edward Bruce been defeated and slain in battle, than they cut off his noble

head and sent it over to London to be set up on one of the spikes of London tower as a ghastly trophy. This was evidently not an isolated instance of English barbarity; for we find that a similar fate befell the head of the Earl of Desmond, who rebelled against England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though he was not in the strict sense of the word an Irishman at all, but one of the Anglo-Norman colony that had settled in Ireland and become more Irish than the Irish themselves. We certainly admire their good taste, but what shall we say of the native English who down to the time of the "good Queen Bess," called the golden age of English history, had no better taste than to set up the heads of their fallen foes to decay on the spikes of the tower of London? Certainly if there were many trophies like that they must have contributed greatly to purify the atmosphere and who knows but they may have been the cause of the Black Plague and other epidemics with which outraged nature visited revengeful England and swept away thousands of her subjects as the punishment of her blood-thirstiness? At any rate what an inspiring sight it must have been to the rising generation of young English boys and girls to imbue them with lofty ideas of refinement, civilization, and Christianity!

It was only towards the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign that Ireland was completely conquered by England for the first time. But Oh! by what unspeakable means that conquest was brought about! We have seen in the previous chapter how the gallant O'Neil for ten years defied the whole power of England, and

as long as the Irish chieftains remained united England was powerless against them. Seeing that all her best generals had been routed by the Irish, one after the other, and that it was impossible to conquer the country by the sword, England now had resort to the well-known English maxim: "Divide and conquer." As a last resort Queen Elizabeth sent over to Ireland Mountjoy and Carew with instructions to use every endeavor to break up the Irish confederation by snares, deceit, and treachery of all kinds, by the most shameful bribery, and even by forged letters dexterously employed to sow the seeds of distrust and suspicion among the Irish leaders. In a word, they were to spare no efforts to create civil dissensions among them. Where the skill of the soldier failed, the wile of the serpent succeeded. As a result one Irish chieftain after another fell away from the confederation and as a sad consequence O'Neil was soon afterwards defeated in a pitched battle by the English near the city of Kinsale. Then followed the most disgraceful scene in England's disgraceful history. We have seen in the previous chapter how Queen Elizabeth directed the Irish chieftains to be invited to a feast and slain in the banquet hall. A little while afterwards, she had another troublesome Irish chieftain to deal with, John O'Neil of Ulster, who defeated her Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Sussex and carried his victorious arms even to the walls of Dublin. How to get rid of him was the question. So the fertile mind of Queen Bess devised a plan. She wrote to Sussex directing him to hire an assassin to murder the

Irish chief; but unfortunately they failed to destroy their correspondence and it is still preserved in the archives of England.

But these unprincipled proceedings were nothing compared to the butchery and spoliation of the English after the Battle of Kinsale. A few years previously that gallant courtier, that noble specimen of the polished English gentleman, Sir Walter Raleigh, ordered eight hundred prisoners of war to be cruelly butchered and then flung over the rocks into the sea. Yet after all, these were men, but now the English proceeded to the systematic extermination of the whole Irish people, men, women and children. This was not warfare but double-dyed murder. Yet we are not asked to accept this on the testimony of Irish historians, for Englishmen themselves are forced to admit it with shame. Froude certainly was no special friend of Ireland, for some Irishmen who are now living may remember how some years ago he came out to America to vilify their native land and the great Dominican, Father Burke, followed him to refute his vilifications. Yet this is what he says in his History of England, X, page 508, concerning the English barbarities perpetrated in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth: "The English nation was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva in Holland. Yet Alva's bloody sword never touched the young, the defenceless, or those whose sex even dogs can recognize and respect. Sir Peter Carew, the English commander, has been seen murdering women, and children and babies that had scarcely left the breast.

It was no fault of the English if any Irish child of that generation was allowed to live to mankind." Thus did the English out-Herod Herod. He murdered the innocents, but only those of one locality and only such as were not over two years of age; but here we find a nation calling itself enlightened, civilized, and Christian murdering a race wholesale.

The campaign of Cromwell in Ireland was but a repetition of the atrocities committed under Queen Elizabeth, only intensified, if that were possible. With the bible in one hand and the sword in the other, he marched through the island butchering helpless women and children, with a ferocity which would make the blood run cold. Every schoolboy knows of his dreadful massacres at Drogleda and Waterford, the details of which would sicken the heart. The historian, Prendergast, though himself of English descent, is forced to confess that: "Such scenes were not witnessed since the Vandals conquered Spain."

Finally, having satisfied his thirst for blood he seized a hundred thousand Irish, many of them young boys and girls of tender years and transported them as slaves to the West Indies; but the rest of the inhabitants he drove into the most barren and desolate corner of the Island telling them in his brutal way "to go to Hell or Connaught." But the Irish warriors amounting to forty thousand men he banished into Spain.

Nevertheless, even the butcheries of Cromwell could not break the heroic spirit of our ancestors. Our English cousins sometimes call the Irish a wild, law-

less race. Yet it was in defence of their sovereign, Charles I., that they took up arms against Cromwell. So a half century afterwards, like loyal subjects, they again took up arms in defence of their king, James II., when his own subjects deposed him, not because of any crime, but on account of his religious convictions.

It is true that the Orangemen can boast that they beat the Irish at the battle of the Boyne; but where is the glory in veteran troops, the best equipped in Europe, defeating a handful of poorly-armed and badly organized peasantry, aided by a few companies of French regulars? But if the Irish were defeated at the Boyne, they covered themselves with glory at the siege of Limerick, for they drove King William with his army of veterans pell-mell from the city; and the women of Limerick deserve as much credit as the men, for, like true heroines, they fought side by side with their husbands.

Where is the glory of England in tyrannizing over, despoiling, and butchering such a gallant and heroic race? Is it not rather the darkest stain in her character? If England only knew enough to conciliate that noble race, they would be her strongest bulwark and defence. Instead of that, her oppression of the Irish at home has driven them forth to strengthen the hands of England's enemies in foreign lands. When brute force finally triumphed in King William's war, twenty thousand more Irish warriors went over as exiles to France and were incorporated into the French army. It is well known how some years later there

set in a regular exodus of Irish emigrants to America. But in the succeeding chapter we shall see how they and their descendants again often met their old English foes in foreign lands and helped to inflict upon them many a humiliating defeat, in return for having by their tyranny driven them from their native land.

CHAPTER VI.

Irish Victories Over the English in Foreign Lands. "We Meet Again at Philippi."

WHEN Brutus and his fellow-conspirators brutally assassinated Julius Cæsar, almost hacking him to pieces by their swords and daggers, they imagined that his power and influence were gone forever. But no; his great spirit still lived on in the heart of his successor, Cæsar Augustus; and whilst Brutus in his camp on the distant shores of Asia was preparing for the final struggle against this new opponent that had just sprung up against him, suddenly the ghost of Julius Cæsar, pale and ghastly, is said to have appeared to him in his tent and said: "We meet again at Philippi." Before very long, the meaning of this apparition became plain, for a great battle was fought at Philippi, where Cæsar Augustus was victorious and Brutus was defeated and slain. Cæsar was dead but his spirit still conquered.

So likewise when Ireland after a gallant struggle lay prostrate at the feet of England, the proud victor was not satisfied to kick her fallen victim, though it is only a coward that would strike a man when he is down; but England did more; she actually plunged a poisoned dagger into Erin's heart. She imagined that Ireland was dead—dead forever. But, lo! the great unconquered spirit of Erin still lived on in the hearts of her exiled sons, who departed in thousands

from their native land; and these exiled children of Erin were frequently to meet their old English foes on many a well-fought field in foreign lands, inflicting upon them many a humiliating defeat. Indeed, most of England's reverses abroad during the last three centuries have been due to these exiled warriors of Erin, who at a decisive moment turned the tide of battle against her, so that England paid dearly for the exile of the Gael.

The Irish have always proved themselves a very brave race at home and abroad. Many a time they put their Anglo-Saxon foes to flight from their native soil as we have seen in chapter the fourth. Even King William of Orange himself, who had defeated them at the River Boyne, declared that "they were born soldiers"; and he endeavored to enlist them into his own army. But the Irish soldiers loved liberty too well to live in subjection. So most of them passed over to the friendly soil of Spain and France, where their valor soon became so conspicuous that King Henry IV. of France said: "There was no nation which produced better troops than the Irish, when drilled." It was not long before they were to prove themselves worthy of these grand encomiums.

A great European war broke out, entangling nearly all the great powers of Europe. On one side were France and Spain. Arrayed against them were England, Germany, and Austria whose combined armies were commanded by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy, one of the greatest commanders of the age. Early in the struggle Italy became a

bone of contention between them. A French army under the Duke of Villeroy, accompanied by two Irish regiments under O'Mahony and Burke, held the Italian town of Cremona. But one morning before sunrise the place was surprised by the English auxiliaries under Prince Eugene and the whole French force with their commander was captured. The only part of the city that did not fall into the hands of the enemy was that held by the Irish; and now they were summoned to surrender. They answered with a volley of bullets. The Austrian general, having Irish troops in his own service, had a very high regard for Irish valor and did not wish to sacrifice the lives of brave men, so he sent messengers to expostulate with them, telling them that the town was virtually in his hands and that further resistance would be only useless shedding of blood. At the same time he assured them that if they immediately surrendered and joined his army they should be promptly promoted. But their answer was: "While one of us exists the German eagles will never float upon these walls."

Thereupon the Irish troops were attacked by an overwhelming force. Taken completely by surprise they were compelled to fight in their shirt sleeves; yet, before sunrise they had recovered nearly half the city; and before evening they had completely expelled the enemy from the town and rescued the French general and all his soldiers from the hands of their foes. Next day the sad news arrived in London that the allies of England had met with defeat and disaster from the Irish, whom English folly and tyranny had

driven into exile. As the poet has well expressed it, there was—

"News, news in Vienna! King Leopold's sad.
News, news in St. James'! King William's mad.
News, news in Versailles! Let the Irish brigade
Be loyally honored and royally paid."

But still more important than this was the great battle of Fontenoy, a few years after, when the Irish exiles met this time not the allies of England, but the English themselves, their old hated foes. Every schoolboy knows the thrilling story of this battle—how the French army beaten by the English was about to flee from the field, when as a last resort the Irish Brigade was ordered to charge upon the victorious Anglo-Saxons. The Irish advanced with fixed bayonets; then with a tremendous shout: "Remember the broken treaty of Limerick and English perfidy," they dashed upon the flank of their foes. The English were stunned by the dreadful shout, and dazed by the sudden attack of their ancient foes. It seemed as if Cæsar's ghost had suddenly confronted them. They were completely shattered by the Irish charge; they reeled, then broke before the Irish bayonets, and tumbled down the hill, disorganized, broken and falling by hundreds. The victory was bloody and complete. After the battle the French King Louis rode down to the Irish auxiliaries and personally thanked them. On the other hand the tidings of defeat caused consternation in England; and when King George II. heard how the flower of his troops had been defeated by the exiled warriors of Erin,

he exclaimed: "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects!"

But the Irish were to inflict a still greater humiliation upon England by causing her to lose America, the fairest of all her provinces, the land that is to-day the richest country in the world. There is no doubt whatsoever that but for the Irish the United States would be an English colony to-day. But for the help given them by the Irish the early American patriots would never have been able to hold out until the arrival of French aid. They would have been speedily crushed by the mailed hand of England.

The Hon. Geo. Washington Park Curtis, the stepson of General Washington, tells us that: "Up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished to the revolutionary army one hundred soldiers to one from any other nation whatever."

It is a fact not generally known that one-half the soldiers of the American revolutionary army were of Irish birth. During the seven years war that secured American independence the forces raised by the United States consisted of two hundred and eighty-eight thousand men. Of this army there were two Irishmen to every native. At the close of the war, a Mr. Galloway, who had been speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly was examined before a committee of the House of Commons and asked what the Continental Army was composed of. Here is his answer:—"The names and places of their nativity having been taken down, I can answer the question with precision. There were scarcely one-fourth natives of America,

about one half were Irish, and the other fourth principally Scotch and English."

Not only did Ireland furnish soldiers to the American cause, but great generals as well. Some of the most successful generals of the Revolutionary war were of Irish birth or extraction. Among others may be mentioned General Stephen Moylan, the first quarter-master of the Revolutionary army, General Sullivan, General Montgomery, who invaded Canada and laid down his life for the cause, and General Stark, the son of an Irish emigrant. He defeated the English in the Battle of Bennington, taking six hundred prisoners. Before the battle he gave utterance to a famous remark which is certain to live in history. Pointing to the English he said to his soldiers, most of whom were Irish or of Irish descent, like himself: "Boys, there are the redcoats; before evening they will be ours or Molly Stark will be a widow."

It is also worthy of note that the father of General Wayne came from Ireland and settled in Pennsylvania. Most of his soldiers, too, were Irish. They gained a great many victories over the English and we can now easily understand why the British called their leader: "Mad Anthony Wayne." Whenever anyone defeats the English, they always say he is "mad"; just as they speak at the present day of the Mad Mullah of Africa, because he has routed them so often in battle.

Not only did Ireland furnish soldiers and generals to the American revolutionary army, but likewise

marines to the first American navy. The first commodore of the American navy was an Irishman called Barry; and once when a haughty English admiral met him on the high seas and peremptorily demanded: "Who goes there?" this brave Irishman sent a cannon ball whistling over the bow of the English ship and replied: "I am saucy Jack Barry, commodore of the American navy? Who are you?" We can readily comprehend how valuable were the services of this Irishman to the American cause when, to detach him from it, the English commander, Lord Howe, offered him 15,000 guineas and the command of the best frigate in the English navy. But the gallant and uncorruptible patriot replied: "I have devoted myself to the cause of America and the command of the whole British fleet with all the money in the British Empire could not seduce me from it."

But probably still more necessary than even soldiers and sailors was to supply the American Government with the "sinews of war," to carry on the great struggle against powerful England. Yet in the darkest hour of the great crisis, when famine was staring in the face of Washington's little army at Valley Forge and discontent, desertion, and discouragement appeared on all sides, who was it that again came to the rescue of the American cause with generous financial assistance but the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick? Twenty-seven members of this Irish society contributed 103,500 pounds, or over half a million dollars and then more than an equivalent for several millions at the present time. This patriotic act was fully appreciated by

Washington, who wrote the society a very complimentary letter and declared it to be "distinguished for its firm adherence to our glorious cause." Yet, at the same time, another Irishman, Thomas Fitszimmons, subscribed a loan of twenty-five thousand dollars to the same cause.

Not only did the Irish contribute soldiers and sailors and material resources to the American cause, but also in the council-rooms they had wise statesmen and worthy representatives. Four of these, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, his cousin, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimmons, and Thomas Lee were members of the Continental Congress and signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Moreover, it is well known that it was the mission to Canada of Father John Carroll, afterwards Archbishop Carroll, that secured the neutrality of the Canadians and thus greatly helped the American cause.

Finally, after spending, as Edward Burke says, seventy millions of pounds and causing the loss of one hundred thousand lives, England was forced to give up the struggle. She had lost her American colonies through the instrumentality of the Irish. To them she is indebted for the loss of the finest and richest country in the world. She still holds Ireland beneath her iron heel, although of late she seems more inclined to give her tardy justice; but because of her past tyranny in that country she has lost a country twenty times greater than Ireland in population, a hundred times greater in size and a thousand times greater in

natural resources—in fact a country almost as large as all Europe together. Let Englishmen boast of their superiority over the Irish. Let them continue to despise the Irish as a conquered race. The Irish can truly say that in foreign lands they met again their English foes at Philippi and history tells us who were the victors.

Besides causing England the loss of the United States, these same turbulent Irish came very near depriving dear Mother England of Canada also. At the close of the late American Civil War, a large force of Irishmen who had been trained in the American army organized themselves into a society called the Fenians and resolved to sever Canada from England.

The movement was making great headway and promised to be entirely successful until the American Government issued a proclamation forbidding any military movement against any government with which the American people were at peace. The Washington authorities even went so far as to post United States soldiers along the Canadian frontier and to station gunboats on the lakes and on the St. Lawrence River to prevent the Fenians from crossing over to Canada. Perhaps they might have been compelled to do so by international law; but, at any rate, the Anglo-maniacs of America have always been too obsequious to England. Nevertheless, one force of Irishmen under Colonel John O'Neil succeeded in getting across and on the heights of Ridgeway inflicted a severe defeat on a large force of English, under Colonel Booker. The British and their commander

fled for their lives, leaving their proud standard in the hands of the Irish. This victory created the greatest consternation throughout Canada and England. The English were in great fear that they were now about to lose Canada, as they had lost the United States. But, on the following day, O'Neil learned with regret that his supports and supplies had been cut off by United States gun-boats and nothing remained but to surrender to the American naval commander.

In the late Boer War, also, the Irish once more distinguished themselves under the command of their gallant leader, Colonel Blake, against their ancient foes. Many a humiliating defeat the Irish Brigade helped to inflict on Tommy Atkins at Ladysmith, the Tugela River, and Spion Kop. As the English greatly dreaded to meet them in the open field, even at this period of enlightenment, the dawn of the twentieth century, they had recourse to their old dastardly system of warfare, actually placing a price of five thousand pounds, or twenty-five thousand dollars on the head of Colonel Blake; and, although he is a native American citizen, our pro-English toady, Secretary of State Hay, has never even protested against this barbarous and uncivilized system of warfare.

But in spite of all these defeats and humiliations at the hands of the Irish, the Englishman will tell us that the Irishman is too hot-headed and impetuous to make a good soldier. On the contrary how frequently we hear of the boasted Anglo-Saxon pluck, coolness and bull-dog tenacity upon the battle-field! In our next chapter, therefore, we shall compare the

Irish and English soldier, delineating the military traits and characteristics of each. In a word we shall endeavor to solve the question: "Which country produces the better soldiers, Ireland or England?".

CHAPTER VII.

The Irish and English Soldier Compared.

As the English have conquered Ireland, it would seem as if the Anglo-Saxon were superior to the Celt in military affairs, since it is usually the superior race that conquers. But here we have an exception to the rule; for we have seen in the previous chapter how the Irish exiles carried the contest into foreign lands, met their old foes again on many a well-fought field, and were finally the victors. As our venerable Senator Hoar has well said: "The Irish have conquered their conquerors." Would it not seem then, from their ultimate triumph, that the Irish are the braver race?

Nobody has ever questioned the extraordinary bravery of the Irish race. Their valor on the battle-field has passed into a proverb. Whenever there is a grand charge to be made upon the enemy or a vigorous assault upon his works, then the ardent and impetuous Irish soldiers surpass all others. They sweep every obstacle before them by one grand rush and are as irresistible as the hurricane. Those who have witnessed the wild charge of the Irish brigade upon the battle-field say it is an inspiring sight, which they can never forget.

In other countries continual tyranny has finally broken the spirit of the bravest race. For instance, who would recognize in the dejected and disheartened

Indian of Modern Mexico the descendants of the mighty Aztecs, who so long defied the invincible Cortes and his gallant Spanish cavaliers? Yet they are essentially the same race; but oppression has done its deadly work. But Ireland has had to endure far more from seven centuries of English tyranny; yet, with very few exceptions, the Irish are to-day as brave and high-spirited as ever.

It is true, the English claim to be a still more valorous race. But the question is: "Who is the braver, the man who defends himself courageously from the unprovoked attack of an adversary greatly his superior in size or the bully who goes around continually looking for trouble with those that are smaller than himself but is afraid to meet an opponent of his own weight? Thus we have in the form of an allegory the military record of the Irish and the English race.

Ireland has had to fight England, an antagonist nearly twice her size. The Irish did not seek for the contest, it was forced upon them in defence of their homes and freedom. On the contrary, the English have always been very brave in the presence of smaller and weaker powers or in dealing with the undeveloped races of Asia and Africa, whose weapons are still little better than bows and arrows; but they have always been very civil towards the United States and the great powers of Europe. Whether this is bravery or cowardice let the reader judge for himself.

Only twice in her history during fifteen centuries has England gone to war with a country as large as or larger than herself; and then under circumstances

which certainly reflect no credit on her. Once she went to war with France, but at a time when that poor country had the misfortune to have an insane king and was torn by civil dissensions. But after fighting for a hundred years to get control of France the English were driven bag and baggage out of the country and have never been able to get a permanent foothold there since. Truly these English are wonderful for taking advantage of their neighbor's misfortunes; but they sometimes pay dearly for it afterwards. On another occasion, England went to war with Russia; but she was very careful beforehand to have secured France and Turkey to fight by her side.

However, a few years ago, England began to feel her old brave spirit before the weak and powerless once more swelling up within her heart; so she resolved to get a slice of Venezuela. The poor, helpless Venezuelans begged England to refer the case to arbitration. But Joe Chamberlain said: "No! The only arbitration will be by Maxim Guns." But just then that grand old man of democracy, President Cleveland, stepped in and held the Monroe Doctrine as a magic helmet over Venezuela. Then all at once what a great change came over the countenance of John Bull! He began to make all sorts of excuses and apologies saying: "I beg your pardon sir! I did not mean to offend you! We are cousins you know! Blood is thicker than water! Let us be friends and live in peace!" Everybody knows how ingloriously England backed down on that occasion before the United States.

How different was England's attitude a few years afterwards to the two little republics of South Africa. No sooner were diamonds discovered in the Transvaal than England, never at a loss for a pretext to despoil the weak, manufactured some flimsy excuse for making war on that country. President Kruger of the Transvaal requested England to refer the case to arbitration. But England said: "No! There is nothing to arbitrate." "Then," said Kruger, "If you are bound to have my country, you will purchase it at a price that will stagger humanity." He kept his word. For more than two years, these two little republics of South Africa, the Transvaal and the Orange River Free State, whose combined population did not reach one million, kept at bay the whole power of England. England's thirty millions could not conquer this little handful of brave farmers, so she had to call upon Canada and Australia for assistance. Yes, and even Queen Victoria herself with a shamrock in her hand had to go over to Ireland begging for soldiers. There were three hundred thousand British soldiers against thirty thousand Boers; yet though only one to ten the Boers made England the laughing stock of Europe.

Until the Boer War knocked some of the conceit out of the heads of our Anglo-Saxon friends we were accustomed to hear so much of English pluck, coolness, and bull-dog tenacity upon the battle-field that we might imagine that when the Almighty created the human race he gave to the Anglo-Saxon a monopoly of every martial perfection. But when the whole

world looking on saw how one Boer put to flight from two to ten English soldiers, people opened their eyes in amazement and inquired: "Where is that boasted English pluck about which we heard so much?"

For a long time too, the English had been boasting of their "Anglo-Saxon coolness" in battle, and criticising the Irish for their hot-headedness, which they alleged, would prevent them from ever becoming successful soldiers. The English had forgotten what we have related in a previous chapter about the coolness of the Irish, when under Hugh O'Byrne they entrapped the English in a ravine and waited calmly without firing until the enemy was entirely enmeshed in the snare; when they were completely thrown into a panic and fled in all directions. Where was the famous Anglo-Saxon coolness then? Anglo-Saxon coolness is a myth, like the myth about Anglo-Saxon pluck and a great many other English myths.

The English are as easily panic-stricken in battle as any other race under the sun and probably more so. We have seen how on one occasion the whole English army was thrown into a panic when they saw their cavalry rush headlong into some pits constructed for them by the strategy of Hugh O'Neil. So in the late Boer War how often a stampede among the American mules was sufficient to deprive the cool-headed Englishman of his boasted coolness and to throw the whole British army in an uncontrollable panic! In fact the British generals put the blame for nearly all their defeats on the American mules and the poor dumb animals were not able to contradict them.

But, while we find the English not guilty of any extraordinary bravery or coolness on the battle-field, we must frankly confess, to give them their due, that they certainly do possess a great deal of what they call "Anglo-Saxon bull-dog tenacity." The bull-dog is not by any means a noble animal; nor is he the strongest of the canine species; for the Great Dane and the Newfoundland dog are much stronger; yet it is said that no other dog is a match for the bull-dog, because when once he gets a hold it is impossible to break his grasp. So the English, though not at all the strongest or the bravest race, have been by their dogged tenacity, aided by their cunning and trickery, about which we shall speak more later, a match for even more powerful races than themselves. No matter how often they have been defeated, the English will again return to the attack; and there is no doubt that they can endure a great deal of punishment. The secret of it is that the English Government cares very little for the life of her common soldiers; so she is ready to sacrifice any number of them in order to win the victory. She does not care as long as the English nobility do not fall in battle. England considers the life of one English lord more valuable than the lives of a thousand common soldiers.

Yet England's tenacity of purpose is generally manifested only to a weaker power, but before a strong adversary she is not at all so determined. Twice at least in her career she has ingloriously relinquished the contest — once when she abandoned the conquest of France and again when she was

compelled to grant independence to her American colonies.

But there are other races just as tenacious of purpose as the English people and perhaps more so. After all the horrors that our Irish forefathers endured under Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell they did not give up the great battle for their freedom and independence. Though decimated by the sword, wasted by famine, and reduced to a meer handful, they were not afraid to leap to arms again in 1798 and 1848, and to defy the whole power of the British Empire. Yet, as the poet says, where is the Irishman at home or abroad to-day

"Who fears to speak of ninety-eight
Who blushes at the name?"

The Irish are just as enthusiastic as ever to-day to renew the contest should a favorable opportunity offer, and they will never give up the struggle as long as there is a single Irishman left, until England has been forced to do justice to their native land. Another Irish poet, the late T. D. Sullivan, sums up well the sentiments of every loyal Irish heart:

"But on the cause must go,
Amidst joy, or weal, or woe;
Till we make our isle a nation free and grand."

Having thus made a comparison of the Irish and English races on the three qualities required to constitute a good soldier we find, according to the most convincing evidence, that the Irish, while not lacking in coolness, surpass the English in bravery and de-

termination. Consequently, as they excel in two out of three of the essential requisites, we must naturally conclude that the Irish make the better soldiers.

Even the English themselves tacitly acknowledge this, because in time of trouble they are so anxious to get their Irish subjects to go and fight for them. That is about the only time Ireland can get any concession from England; just as at the present time, when she expects trouble in the East with Russia, she tries to conciliate Ireland by passing "The Land Purchase Act." But, if the Irish are wise, they will let England henceforth fight her own battles. I suppose that the Irishmen who enter the English army join it because they can find nothing to do at home, as industry is at a stand-still, because of English oppression. No doubt too, there are some scapegraces in Ireland, as in every other country, who drift into the army as their national goal; but they make excellent soldiers for England. Is it not sad to think that the Irish have thus unintentionally helped England to crush many another brave race such as the Boers, just as she has oppressed Ireland herself? Only for the help that the Irish have given thus to England, she would be down on her knees long ago. She has been living for a hundred years on the reputation of the Duke of Wellington; and Colonel Blake who fought against her, as the leader of the Irish brigade, in the Boer War, declares that the native English soldiers to-day are a race of degenerates who have greatly deteriorated from the standard of the English soldier of days gone by.

On the other hand, all the great generals that have won fame and renown for England during the past century were Irishmen, from Lord Wellington who conquered the great Napoleon, down to Lord Wolsey and even still later to Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, who recently conquered the Boers. No doubt the English will say that all these were of English descent; but it will be very hard for them to answer the question: "Why does not the English race produce such heroes at home? Why must the Anglo-Saxon, be transplanted over in Ireland in order to reach his highest development? We should imagine that if there is any virtue in a race at all it would manifest itself in its native soil. It is clear therefore that England has to go to Ireland for her military geniuses; for Erin with her lovely vales and her pure air is the natural home of heroes.

Since then the English have no reason to lord it over the Irish from an exhaustive comparison of their respective achievements in war; they will have to fall back now on their second argument, their achievements in peace. So in the succeeding chapters we shall have to compare the alleged prosperity of England and her success in the arts and sciences with the alleged poverty and illiteracy of Ireland.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

The Poverty of the Irish.

THE second great argument advanced by the Anglo-Saxons to prove their superiority over the Celtic race is the prosperity of the English and the poverty of the Irish. It is an indisputable fact that England is a far more prosperous country than Ireland. Everyone admits that. The most unprejudiced travellers tell us of the enterprise, the industry, and the prosperity witnessed in the most comfortable homes in England; whilst in Ireland they saw nothing but poverty, squalor, stagnation, and decay. What wonder that the Anglo-Saxon speaks of his country as "Merry England," whilst Ireland is described as

"The most distressful country that ever you have seen!"

Before investigating the cause of these diverse conditions in the two countries, it may be well to remember that poverty and riches are a very poor criterion by which to judge a nation or an individual. All philosophers and Holy Scripture itself tell us not to judge a man by the coat he wears. Did not the great Diogenes live in a tub as a dwelling? Yet Alexander the Great declared that if he were not Alexander he would like to be Diogenes. But a still more striking example was our Divine Saviour Himself, Who, though the Lord of all creation and Master of the thousands

of bright spheres that revolve in the vast realms of space, could truly say: "The foxes have their dens and the birds of the air their nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Yet, some people are continually reproaching the Irish with their poverty, as if it were a great disgrace to be poor. But honest poverty is no disgrace; on the contrary it makes them more like our Blessed Saviour Himself. The only poverty that is disgraceful is that which people have brought upon themselves by their own prodigality, intoxication, and debauchery. That is criminal, but poverty that is unavoidable through sickness or misfortune, in spite of industry, temperance, and economy is truly honorable. Thanks be to God, with very few exceptions, the Irish people have no reason to be ashamed of their poverty. Indeed, I sincerely believe that it is mainly due to their poverty that the Irish people have always remained so faithful to their holy religion, whilst other nations more prosperous have made shipwreck of the faith. It is their poverty that has always preserved in their hearts that spirit of humility which is the foundation of all virtue; and on whom does God shower down His heavenly gifts but on the meek and lowly of heart? Our Blessed Saviour Himself said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven." So the Irish, though poor in earthly possessions, are rich in the gifts of heaven.

It will not be at all to the advantage of the Irish people if they lose this spirit of poverty. If ever they become rich and wealthy, then farewell to their faith!

St. Paul tells us that "They who become rich fall into temptations and into the snare of the devil, and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires which drown men into perdition and destruction." Does not experience prove this? Look at those Irish people and their descendants who have become wealthy in the United States! What has become of their faith? With some honorable exceptions, either they or their children are lost to the Church; for as soon as they became rich they considered that their poor Catholic neighbors were no longer fit to associate with them, so they began to form non-Catholic acquaintances, and then by entering into marriages with Protestants they lost the faith.

So I confidently trust that our Irish people will never become over-burdened with wealth. I should like to see them comfortably situated, with a nice neat home and a modest competence, sufficient to maintain themselves and their families in frugal comfort, but no more. That is all that our Saviour directs us to pray for: "Give us this day our daily bread."

Yet, some of our leading Irish statesmen in this country are constantly bemoaning that the Irish race are falling behind in the great industrial struggle in the United States. Let the struggle rage! The Irish people are striving for something better. Instead of building for themselves houses on this earth made by human hands, they are building mansions in heaven. Instead of accumulating for themselves the dust of this world, which men call gold and silver, they are laying up for themselves treasures in heaven, "where

neither moth nor rust doth corrupt nor thieves break through and steal." Look at all the churches, schools, and convents which the Irish have erected out of their poverty all over the world! What wonder that the renegade Catholic, Michael McCarthy, in his venemous book entitled: "The Priests and People of Ireland," declares that it is the Church which has impoverished the Irish people. But even if the base charge were true—happy! yea, thrice happy the race that has become poor for the glory of the Saviour, Who became so poor for us! In what better way could they spend their means than for the glory of God, the spread of his holy religion, and the salvation of souls?

But let us now inquire what is the real cause of the poverty and distress of the great majority of the Irish people. It would be unfair to say that it is due to any one cause; but, like most other things, it can be traced to a variety of sources. We must candidly but regretfully admit that a great deal of it is due to the undeniable weakness of our race for intoxicating liquor. That is the curse which has undoubtedly held them back for centuries and has done much to impede their progress in the great industrial race in this country. But for their propensity to intoxicating liquor, the Irish would be the greatest power in this country to-day. They have all the qualities necessary to win success. They have the brain, the brawn, and the industry. All that is necessary to win success with these is sobriety. Through lack of this cardinal virtue the Irish are falling behind other nationalities in the great industrial race; and the Hebrews, the

Italians, and the French, though later arrivals in New England, are rapidly forging ahead of them. Yet, to give the Irish their due, it must be acknowledged that these other races have not been at all handicapped by their devotion to their religion, as the Irish people have been; for not only have the Irish built fine churches for themselves but for the French and the Italians as well. French and Italian priests in Boston admit that most of the contributions for their churches came from the generous Irish people.

Some of our English cousins tell us that another great cause of poverty among the Irish is their lack of industry, in other words their laziness. But I believe there is a far more deep-lying cause than either of these, and that is the robbery and spoliation of the Irish people by a tyrannical English Government, for hundreds of years. That is the *causa causarum*, the radix or root to which all other causes may be traced.

How can we expect a man who has been waylaid by a highway robber and despoiled of all his possessions to be rich? What a mockery for a burglar after he has rendered his victim unconscious with a club to say: "Why don't you stand on your feet and walk like everybody else?" That, in a nutshell, is the way that England has treated Ireland. She has robbed her not only once but a dozen times and then reproached her for her poverty saying: "You miserable, unfortunate beggar! why are you not rich and merry like me?" In fact the history of Ireland for seven centuries is but one continual act of spoliation and robbery on the part of England.

Ireland was first despoiled by Henry II. and the Normans; then by Henry VIII.; but that was nothing to the devastation of the whole island with fire and sword, from one end to the other, under Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James I. Five hundred thousand acres of the richest lands in all Ireland, with all the buildings erected upon them, were then confiscated and handed over to English and Scotch adventurers, whilst the original Irish owners were turned out upon the roadside to starve or to be hunted down like beasts of prey by the new settlers.

Yet, even the spoliations of the vindictive Elizabeth pale into insignificance in comparison with those of the butcher Cromwell. Everybody knows how he confiscated the three fairest out of the four provinces of Ireland and banished the natives into the most barren and desolate corner of the island, telling them to: "Go to Hell or Connaught." The few that were permitted to remain were doomed to be the serfs of the new colonists.

But England did not consider it sufficient to despoil and impoverish the Irish; she was determined that she would always keep them poor. So she closed all the avenues of industry against them. In the reign of King William and Queen Anne the English Parliament devised a series of penal laws against the Irish far more severe than those of Nero or Diocletian against the early Christians. Even the Devil himself could scarcely have devised a more infamous series of enactments to enslave a whole race. How often at the present day we hear the English reproaching the

Irish for their illiteracy. Yet who is to be blamed for their ignorance but the English themselves; since the English Parliament under the severest penalty forbade the Irish to educate their children either at home or abroad? At the present day too, how frequently we hear the Irish reproached for their lack of industry; but, again, who is to blame for that but the English likewise; for the English Parliament took away from the Irish all incentive to industry? Not only were they despoiled of their property but they were forbidden to acquire any property in future or even to receive it as a gift. An Irish Catholic was not allowed to possess even a horse worth more than £5.

Moreover, fearing that Ireland, even in her lowly state, might become a dangerous commercial rival, England forbade the Irish to engage in any foreign commerce. Only the English colonists planted in Ireland were allowed this privilege. They had a monopoly of the trade; and yet English writers even at the present day pretend to be astonished that a Protestant city like Belfast is more thriving and prosperous than a Catholic city like Cork. They would like to give the impression that it is all on account of the difference in race and religion—the enterprising spirit of the Protestant Englishman and the sluggishness of the Catholic Irishman. But nothing is further from the truth. It is all due to the merciless tyranny of England in treating the Irish as a nation of slaves for three hundred years. They were just as much enslaved as the Negroes of North America were until they were liberated by Abraham

Lincoln. So it was only a little more than half a century ago that the great Irish agitator, Daniel O'Connell, compelled an unwilling English Parliament to pass the great Irish Emancipation Bill, in 1829; and thus once more restored to his countrymen the dignity of freemen.

No wonder then that the Irish are poor as a rule both at home and abroad! The effects of three centuries of slavery are not undone in an hour. See how long it took the chosen people to recover from the effects of their Egyptian bondage! They had to remain for forty years in the free air of the desert and one whole generation had to pass away before their descendants acquired the spirit and heart of freemen. So when the Irish were emancipated seventy-five years ago they were in no condition to compete with their Anglo-Saxon neighbors in the fields of industry and commerce.

The English had already acquired possession of all the markets of the world; whereas the Irish, after being robbed so long by England, had no capital to start in any great enterprise and even if they had the capital, they lacked the knowledge of the mechanical arts to invest it to good advantage; as the English penal laws had so long forbidden them to receive an education or even to learn a trade. So their only industry was the cultivation of the soil. Hence when the great Irish exodus started to the United States in the famine days of 1847, the Irish found themselves homeless, friendless, and helpless, cast on a foreign shore without any trade or education in most cases.

The native Americans already settled there had a great start ahead of them and even foreigners coming from other countries had generally the advantage of an education and a trade which they had learned at home. So what remained for the poor Irish but to become the laborers—"the hewers of wood and the drawers of water"? What wonder then that they found it difficult to compete with other races in the great industrial struggle even up to the present day! However, in the western portions of the United States, which have been more recently settled, where the Irish started more on a footing of equality with other races, many Irishmen have risen to the very highest position in the state by their industry and character. There are now many Irishmen in the West who are multi-millionaires. Among others may be mentioned Mr. Cudahy of Chicago. But even here in the East, in spite of every disadvantage, have we not many Irish millionaires too, notably Mr. Cremins of New York and Mr. Prendergast of Boston? Have not two Irishmen, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Collins been more than once elected mayor of the Puritan city of Boston; and who has more influence in the halls of Congress at Washington than another Irishman, the great orator, Mr. Burke Cockran? Who then will presume to say that Irishmen, given an equal opportunity, cannot compete with any other race on the face of the earth?

But why cannot Irishmen be as successful as this at home? Because the opportunity is denied them by the English Government. Though for over a half

century the Irish are nominally under the very same laws as govern the English, just as it is hard for an athlete to overtake a sprinter who has a mile handicap, so it will be a long time before the Irish can compete with the English, after all the laws of repression passed by an English Parliament against Irish commerce and in favor of English industry.

Even yet the Irish have many disadvantages to contend with from which the English are entirely free. Only a few years ago, Mr. John Redmond, M. P., had a royal commission appointed to investigate the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland; and, although the commission was composed almost entirely of Englishmen, it reported practically unanimously that Ireland was taxed every year upwards of $12,500,000 above her proportionate share of so-called imperial taxation. Yet nothing has since been done to redress this crying injustice.

No wonder then that the Irish are poor! They will always remain so until Ireland becomes again an independent nation. No country that has been held in subjection by another country has ever prospered. Look at Canada—a great country almost as rich in natural resources as the United States and far larger. Yet the United States has over 70,000,000 of people, most of them quite prosperous and Canada has only 5,000,000. Even of these few millions there is a regular exodus every year to the United States; and Canada would soon be depopulated but for her European emigration. Why this disparity between Canada and the United States? Because the United

States is an independent country, where there is an incentive to industry; because the people know that they are working for themselves; but in Canada there is no incentive to industry, because the Canadians know that the fruits of their industry will not be for themselves, but to enrich "Mother England."

A similar condition still exists in Ireland. What incentive has an Irishman to work when he knows that all the profits of his labor will go into the landlord's pocket? Even if he makes a little improvement on his land, the landlord will raise the rent on the pretext that his holding is worth now more than before. Thus the Irish farmer is taxed for his own industry. What motive is there then to impel the Irish to be industrious? Can we be astonished therefore if there is some truth in the English accusation that the Irish are not an industrious people?

Not only have they the English landlords to support but an English garrison as well, comprising the Lord-Lieutenant and 13,000 constabulary. That poor degenerate Irishman, Mr. McCarthy, already referred to in this chapter, has made the allegation that it is the Irish priests that have impoverished the Irish people. Now certainly the priests of Boston receive as much salary as the priests in Ireland; and the salary of a secular priest in this city is only $600 a year. Who would call that too much salary for a man who spends so many years in training as a priest does? Indeed it does not deserve to be called salary at all. It is simply intended to pay his expenses. But the

priest in a religious order gets no salary at all but only his miserable subsistence.

On the contrary, the salary of the Irish Lord-Lieutenant is £20,000 or $100,000 a year. Just think of it! the ruler of a little island only three hundred miles long getting twice the salary of the President of the United States with its seventy millions of people! Thus the salary of the Irish viceroy alone would pay the salary of one hundred and sixty-seven secular priests or any number of regulars. Yet besides the Lord-Lieutenant there are in Ireland twenty-three English judges of the superior court who receive a salary of from £2,000 to £8,000 a year, besides a host of minor magistrates. Add to this the salary of thirteen thousand constabulary, who are of no benefit to the people but are there only to dragoon them and force upon them the odious laws of England; and then answer if it is true, according to Mr. McCarthy, that the Irish give: "Every Penny to the Church." After they have paid the salaries of the English garrison, we may be sure that they have very little left for the Church or anything else.

That is the reason why Mr. McCarthy himself had to abandon his profession of law and turn to writing books for the English public; because his own countrymen did not have the means to employ him, after they had satisfied the English tax-gatherer, if indeed it is ever possible to satisfy that individual. A short time ago I had a conversation with an Irish priest who was taking up a collection for his church in this country. Now that priest was a cousin of this McCarthy who

wrote that vile book against the priests and people of Ireland; and he told me that "though McCarthy was his cousin there was a yellow streak in him and his father before him." "McCarthy," he said, "is a clever young Irishman who graduated from Trinity College, Dublin. That of course is an English and Protestant institution; but whether he imbibed his vile principles there or not I cannot say; as many Irishmen have in recent years graduated there and still remained loyal to faith and fatherland. At any rate, after his graduation McCarthy, like a great many other young lawyers, found that he could get very little to do in the practice of his profession. In a word he became a 'briefless barrister.' So he thought that he might win the attention of the English Government, and perhaps be appointed a magistrate, if he should write a book against the Home-Rule movement in Ireland. Hence he soon became the author of: 'Five Years in Ireland,' which was a most scathing attack on the political aspirations of the Irish people. Yet the English Government took no notice of it and the magistracy that he longed for never came.

"So McCarthy next penned a still more venomous book entitled: 'The Priests and People of Ireland.'" No more dastardly attack was ever made by human hand upon the race and religion of his countrymen. I do not say that every word in that book is a barefaced lie. No doubt there is some foundation in fact; but what little grain of truth there is in it is so enveloped in the chaff of error, exaggeration, and misrepresentation that it will do far more harm than an

open calumny. Nothing is more dangerous than a half-truth. A direct calumny can be easily refuted; but Mr. McCarthy's stock in trade in attacking the Irish priests and people consists in putting a false construction on their actions and a wrong interpretation on their motives; in passing over their virtues entirely and putting the few petty little faults which they have under a magnifying glass.

I shall not attempt to refute one by one the charges which he makes. That would be an endless chain; but what I do criticise is the method he follows. According to the same method I might get a powerful telescope, search out the spots on the sun and convince myself that it is all black and that there is not a single luminous point in it. On the same principle I might paint the character of the Anglo-Saxon so black that there would not be a single redeeming feature in it. If an Englishman wrote a book like McCarthy's about England he would be thrown into the Thames.

The best way to judge of a book is from the impression it creates. It is therefore sufficient condemnation of McCarthy's book that it has made his countrymen—the few that read it—sad, and the enemies of his country to rejoice. What greater condemnation for any book? After reading that book the question naturally arises: "I wonder if there is any good at all among the priests and people of Ireland," or as one witty priest has said: "Is it not a wonder that God allows such a people to live at all?" The natural inference that you derive from the book

is that there is only one good and wise man in the whole island and that is Michael McCarthy.

Has McCarthy got no scruples of conscience in thus blackening the character of his countrymen? What does he care? His book aroused the curiosity of the English Protestant Bible societies and passed through several editions. So the shekels soon began to pour in upon him and he found this much more lucrative than to practice law among his impoverished countrymen. Accordingly, he promises to publish another book still more sensational before very long.

What worse indictment can be found against the English misgovernment of Ireland than that a talented young Irishman can find no more profitable way of earning a livelihood than in traducing his own countrymen? Indeed England has always encouraged such disgraceful proceedings, following out her well-known policy: "Divide and Conquer." We know how in the time of Queen Elizabeth the children of Irish parents were often taken over to England and trained up in hatred and horror of their native land, so that they might afterwards serve as England's tools against their countrymen. In fact one man called Murrough O'Brien, brought up in this way, was afterwards sent over to Ireland under the title of Lord Inchiquin, and butchered his own countrymen, men, women, and children, aye the very priests at the altar, in cold blood.

We can now understand how Ireland could produce such a creature as Michael McCarthy. But still, what a despicable fellow he must be to make capital

by ruining the character of his fellow-men! As a well-known English poet has said:

"Who stealeth from me my purse steals trash;
But he that filcheth from me my good name
Deprives me of that which not enricheth him and
makes me poor indeed."

But what shall we say when this base calumny is uttered against a man's own countrymen in order to please her traditional foes? Dermot McMurrough is called a traitor, because he turned his arms against his own countrymen; but if the pen is mightier than the sword, what kind of a double-dyed traitor is Michael McCarthy who turns his weapons not only against his own country but what is still more sacred, his own religion also?

Worse still, whilst making this attack he has the effrontery to remain within his country's gates and to declare that he is still "a true Irishman and a true Catholic." If he only had the sense of decency to renounce his religion and his country before assailing them, there might be some palliation of his conduct; but no doubt he is fully aware that an enemy within can do far more harm than an enemy from without. So under the guise of friendship he gives his religion and nationality the kiss of Judas.

If an Englishman had written such a book everyone would say that it was due to his national prejudices; but as it was written by a man professing to be a true Irishman and a true Catholic people will say: "Surely he must be a good authority"; and thus there is danger that it will do a great deal of injury to our race in the

English-speaking world. Yet it is very evident from the rancour of his style that McCarthy is neither a true Irishman nor a true Catholic. If he ever possessed the Catholic faith at all, it is very manifest that he has lost it completely. What can we think of a man professing to be a Catholic who declares that: "A simple prayer said by an Irish hedge on a Sunday morning is just as good as the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass"? What can we think of a Catholic who is offended at the number of churches erected to the glory of God and who declares that the money might be spent better to relieve the poor? Was not that the argument of Judas just before he betrayed our Lord? He was offended because Mary Magdalen poured the precious ointment on our Saviour's head, saying: "This might be sold for much and given to the poor." But our Saviour replied: "The poor you have always with you; but Me you have not always with you."

Neither does McCarthy deserve to be called "a true Irishman"; for a true patriot never reviles his country. If he thinks she is going wrong he may criticise her, yet with kindness and forbearance; but he will never flaunt her faults before the whole civilized world. As a distinguished American has well said, the patriot's motto should be: "May my country always be right; but right or wrong it is always my country." The great Jewish historian, Josephus is sometimes accused of exhibiting in his writings a certain spirit of hostility to his own countrymen and of partiality for her enemies; but there was some ex-

cuse for him; as he was an exile and a captive. Yet even Josephus gave utterance to these noble words: "May I never become so debased a slave as to revile my country or forget my native land."

Shades of Josephus! Where is the patriotism of McCarthy who has not a word of praise even for the beautiful valleys and charming scenery of his native land? As the great Scottish poet, Sir Walter Scott, has well said:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
'This is my own, my native land,'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned;
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

"If such there be, go! mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self.
Living shall forfeit fair renown
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

So will Mr. McCarthy go down to the vile dust as the traducer of his native land, its priests, and people.

Though he has not said anything new, but only rehashed the same old calumnies that the English have been circulating against the Irish for hundreds of years; yet coming from the lips of an Irishman himself these old accusations will be doubly harmful in their new disguise. But certainly, no Englishman has ever written against the Irish people with half the bitterness that this denationalized Irishman has employed against his own race. On the contrary, many English travellers who have passed through Ireland, especially in recent years, have spoken in very complimentary terms of the inhabitants thereof.

Froude is not generally considered a very dear friend of the Irish; yet he marvels at the extraordinary honesty of the people saying: "They sleep without any bolts on their doors or fastenings on their windows as securely as if they were with the angels in paradise." Still more complimentary to the Irish people is the account of them which the English writer Thackeray has left us in his "Irish Sketch Book." If only Mr. McCarthy had read that book it would make him so proud of his native land, its priests, and people that it is extremely doubtful if he would ever have published his infamous book entitled: "The Priests and People of Ireland."

Besides reaping a rich harvest from the English reading public, it would seem as if the second object of McCarthy's book was to divide the priests and people of Ireland; to set the laity against the clergy, as the apostate Combes is endeavoring to do in France at the present day, by striving to persuade the people

that it is the Church and not the tyranny of the government that is the cause of their poverty. But it will require more than McCarthy to antagonize the people against the priests. The people know well that their clergy take very little from them in return for all that they do for them; and of what little they do take very little indeed is for themselves. It is spent for the glory of God in building or repairing churches, schools, and convents. Thus it returns again to the people in furnishing useful employment for carpenters, bricklayers, and laborers. The people know very well, too, that they would spend far more in one law-suit in hiring a lawyer like McCarthy than they would be called upon to contribute to the Church for years. The people know also how many vexatious law-suits they are spared by the kindly arbitration of their priests, who settle many a quarrel of their parishioners out of court without any expense to them. Perhaps that is one of the reasons that makes Mr. McCarthy so extremely bitter in his book against the priests; because unintentionally they have kept him from exploiting the people.

Oh! no Mr. McCarthy, you cannot deceive the Irish people as easily as that. They know that their priests are their best friends, to whom they naturally turn for consolation in the hour of their greatest need, the hour of sickness and death. It is then they thank God that they have their *soggarth aroon* by their side; and he never refuses to come, no matter how loathsome or dangerous the disease; no matter how biting the frost on a cold winter's night.

"Who was it on a winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon;
Came to my cabin door;
And on my earthen floor,
Knelt by me sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?"

What wonder that the Irish people love their priests! What wonder that the tender affection they cherish for their clergy is the cause of no little envy in the hearts of non-Catholics and renegades from the Catholic Church! But there is one thing that the Irish people will never forget; and that is an act of kindness done them. They know that their priests did not forsake them when they had nothing to hope for from their flock; and when the same reward was offered for the head of a priest as for the head of a wolf. Yet the priests braved death itself in order to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for their flock, in the depths of the forest, in the caverns of the earth, or on the lonely mountain side.

No wonder that the generous-hearted Irish people sometimes show their appreciation by remembering their priests in their wills, even though it should shock the tender heart of Mr. McCarthy! It is very seldom indeed that the Irish, after satisfying the demands of the English Government, have the means thus to show their gratitude to their clergy; but if in one case out of a hundred, a wealthy man should leave a little money

for Masses, for the repose of his soul to what better use could he put it? Do we not read in Holy Scripture itself that: "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins"?

However, Mr. McCarthy says that it would be better to leave the money to the poor. But the best way to reach the poor is through the priests, since they are always giving to the poor, though of course they do not sound a trumpet before them every time they give an alms. Our Catholic people of means know this full well, and that is why they sometimes leave a bequest to their priests; because they know they will put it to the very best use.

We cannot better conclude this chapter than by referring to the beautiful poem of the late John Boyle O'Reilly entitled: "The Priests of Ireland." If only Mr. McCarthy would read that grand production, I have no doubt that it would be of great benefit to him. What a contrast between McCarthy's splenetic attack on the Irish priests and John Boyle O'Reilly's noble, soul-stirring, eulogium:

"Heaven bless you, priests of Ireland,
You, the soggarth in the famine and the helper in the frost;
You, whose shadow was a comfort when all other hope was lost."

There is just as much contrast between John Boyle O'Reilly's estimate of the Irish priests and Michael

McCarthy's as there is between the character of these two gentlemen themselves. McCarthy seems to be a poor soul that has shrunken away under the tyranny of the British Government, and is now so shrivelled up that it actually prefers to be in bondage; but the most debased slave of all is the one that kisses the chains which bind him. O'Reilly on the other hand was a grand, fearless, and noble character, who hated the English Government as the cause of all the poverty and misery of the Irish people, but loved his priests as the greatest benefactors of his race. Whom shall we believe, Michael McCarthy or John Boyle O'Reilly?

CHAPTER II.

Prosperity of England.

AS we intimated in our previous chapter, it would be manifestly unfair to compare a free and independent country with one that has lost its independence and has been for centuries ground down in the dust. In all ages the loss of a country's freedom has affected it like a blight upon the crops. Just as soon as the blight falls upon the crops they begin to wither and decay. So whenever a country lost its independence, it invariably ceased to develop and straightway entered on its downward course. Thus Persia, Greece, Rome, and Carthage were great and prosperous as long as they retained their freedom, but what are they to-day? So to compare the prosperity of Ireland and England at the present time would be the same as comparing the twelfth century with the twentieth; for Erin has never made any advancement since she came under the yoke of the Anglo-Saxon. On the contrary she has never ceased to go backward from that fatal period even to the present day.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that England has during that same period generally enjoyed great prosperity. But we shall now see that this prosperity has been gained by the robbery and spoliation of the weaker nations of the earth. We shall observe too that England's prosperity is not a genuine healthy

prosperity; because the masses of her population are trodden down in poverty and degradation in order that a few of the privileged class may live in luxury and ease.

There has never yet existed on this earth a nation that has been such a notorious spoiler as England. Everybody knows how shamefully she despoiled Ireland, not once but a dozen times; and now after she has taken everything that Ireland possessed, she has the effrontery to pose before the nations of the world as the generous conqueror; and she offers to sell back to the Irish at a twenty years' purchase the very land that she robbed from their forefathers. He is certainly a magnanimous thief who first despoils his victim and then offers to sell back to him the very property of which he has robbed him.

Just as England robbed Ireland she despoiled Scotland and Wales likewise. Like that little animal called the weasel she, as it were, sucked the very life-blood from their veins and waxed fat on the very marrow of their bones. What wonder if Ireland, Scotland, and Wales would be poor, wretched, and emaciated; while John Bull is growing more corpulent every day!

But the British Isles were not a sufficiently wide field for the depredations of the Anglo-Saxon. History tells us how in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at a time when England and Spain were at peace, the English freebooter, Sir Francis Drake, enriched his native land by plundering the Spanish galleons returning from the West Indies laden with gold and

silver. We can form some idea of the extent of his depredations from the fact that in a single Spanish ship which he captured he seized an enormous treasure amounting to $800,000. Yet, though his conduct was nothing more or less than piracy pure and simple, on his return to England, Queen Elizabeth visited him on board his ship and bestowed on him the order of knighthood for his distinguished services.

But the treasures which thus far flowed into the coffers of England were nothing in comparison with what she was now to gain from the spoliation of India. Before the discovery of America, India was looked upon as the richest and most fertile country in the world. For centuries vague traditions of its countless treasures hung like a vista over Europe; and the fondest dream of European navigators was to discover a shorter route to its golden shores. In fact it was whilst seeking for the East Indies that Columbus by mere accident discovered America.

Judge then what must have been the spoils which England gained from the conquest of India, that land so noted for its gold, silver, and diamonds; its costly robes of silk, grand tapestries, and all the splendor of Oriental luxury. Suffice it to say that those English adventurers who went out thither poor and needy returned in a few years to dazzle their countrymen by their enormous wealth, so that they received the title of Nabobs, an appellation formerly applied to only the viceroys of India. The great English novelist, Mr. Thackeray, has an excellent description of the arrogance, the ostentation, and the

vulgar display of wealth of these English Nabobs in his famous novel called "Vanity Fair"; for one of its leading characters is a young man called Mr. Joseph Sedley, who went out as a clerk of the East India Company, accumulated an immense fortune, and then came back to England to spend his wealth in riotousness and debauchery. But as the great Latin Poet, Virgil, said: "*Ex uno disce omnes.*" From the conduct of one you may judge them all; for as Mr. Sedley acted so did Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, and all the other English harpies despoil the natives on all sides. Even up to the present day England maintains in India a standing army of 300,000 men besides 145,000 police. This vast garrison has only one object in view, to rob the poor defenceless natives in order to enrich themselves and fill the English exchequer. As a result England derives every year from the internal revenue of her Indian empire $450,000,000, and her receipts for commerce with India amount to $600,000,000. What wonder that England has become enormously wealthy from the spoliation of India!

But alas! for India herself. She may well curse the day that the English first set foot upon her shores. Before the arrival of the Anglo-Saxon India was blest with prosperity and plenty; because it is a country which is naturally most fertile and productive. Like the United States of America, it enjoys every variety of vegetation and climate, for it extends from the tropic shores of Bengal to the frigid regions of Mt. Everest, with its peaks of perpetual snow. Hence

in all the literature that has come down to us up to the eighteenth century, whether from the early Greek historians, or from the French, who controlled India before ever the English set foot upon the soil, or from the native Indian writers themselves, there is not even so much as a hint of any famine ever having visited that fertile country. Yet since the English became masters of the land it has been devastated by six terrible visitations of famine during which hundreds and thousands of people suffered the awful death of starvation in a country naturally flowing with milk and honey. We all remember how even in our own day, only a few years ago, whilst the English were shooting down the Boers, a brave people fighting for their rights, that same terrible scourge of famine again fell upon India and swept away tens of thousands of its population.

English apologists make the excuse that these famines are due to the failure of the rice crops for lack of rain. But why did not the rice crop fail before the arrival of the English? Moreover, why should the natives of India confine their industry mainly to the cultivation of a little rice sufficient to keep body and soul together, when their lands are capable of producing all kinds of crops? Is it not because they know it would be useless any longer to exert themselves to raise fine crops, when all the fruits of their labor will go only to enrich their English oppressors? Have we not here an exact counterpart of the famine in Ireland owing to the failure of the potato crop? In both cases the real cause of the famine is not the

failure of the crops, but a cause whose roots go much further back than that, viz. English tyranny.

As England has despoiled and impoverished India, so has she done to every country throughout the world wherever she could get a foothold, whether in Canada, Australia, or South Africa. It is the same story of tyranny and oppression everywhere. Canada was discovered, explored, and settled by France, yet like a genuine robber, England is to-day reaping the harvest planted by the French. Australia was discovered by the Spaniards and Dutch; but to-day they have not a single foot of territory in the whole continent. England has grabbed it all. If England had no other foreign possessions but Australia, that alone should be sufficient to make her a rich and prosperous country. Just think of it—Australia pours every year into the lap of England the vast output of $28,000,000 in gold; the revenue from commerce amounts to $500,000,000 more; and the province of Victoria alone has already yielded over $7,000,000,000 from her gold mines.

Why then should we marvel that England is a more prosperous country than Ireland? Has not England the spoils of the whole world to enrich her? She may boast that on her dominions the sun never sets, which means nothing else than that the sun never sets on her robbery and spoliation; though we should expect that the sun and moon would hide their face in shame at the sight of her unblushing depredations.

Still England is not yet satisfied. She has taken

the lion as the symbol of her nation; but the king of beasts is far too noble an animal to be the emblem of England; for it is possible to satisfy the appetite of the lion and when his hunger is satiated he is a perfectly harmless animal. The English should rather have taken as their national emblem the man-eating Bengal tiger, for he is never satisfied, because even when satisfied fully with food, he is still blood-thirsty for slaughter for the mere fiendish delight of it. So England, though she has already more than the lion's share of the world, still craves for more.

It is not at all necessary to scan the pages of history in order to prove this. During the last few years we have had sufficient evidence of that under our own eyes. Wherever gold or silver, or diamonds have been discovered—no matter in what country—England has always under some pretext or another stepped in and said: "This land belongs to me." Just as soon as gold was discovered in Alaska, England immediately set up a claim to the gold-fields of Klondyke. But, as the United States was not a weak nation that she could bully, she consented to submit the question to arbitration, and of course lost.

Again, we remember how a few years ago when gold was discovered at the mouth of the Orinoco, England endeavored to get possession of the gold-fields for herself, claiming that they were in the territory of British Guiana, though it was as plain as day that they belonged to Venezuela. England would hear nothing of arbitration then. Oh! no; until that grand old man of Democracy, Grover Cleveland,

stepped in and quickly brought John Bull to his senses; as we have seen in Chapter VII.

Oh! for an hour of Grover Cleveland a few years afterwards, when England was bullying the two little sister republics of South Africa, because they had the misfortune to have diamonds discovered within their borders. But alas! a very different man from Cleveland then occupied the White House at Washington. McKinley was a very kind-hearted and amiable man, but also a very weak character who was very easily influenced. However, as he now bears upon his brow the halo of martyrdom, it would be unwise to cast any reflections upon him. Yet it must be admitted that he was to a great extent dominated over by the late Republican leader, Mark Hanna. But as the proverb says: "*Nihil de mortuis nisi bonum.*" However, the greatest mistake of McKinley's life was in appointing as his Secretary of State a man who had just been the American ambassador to England and who had become so imbued with English ideas that he was in reality no longer an American at heart. It is said that our American ambassadors to the Court of St. James become so dazzled with English high society that only a very strong character can resist its influence. Most of them become completely dis-Americanized; but John Hay became the worst Anglomaniac of them all. There is little doubt that it was under the influence of this man that President McKinley, though a descendant of Irish parents, displayed such deplorable pro-English sympathies during his administration. In fact he made the United

States the regular cat's-paw of England. Many Americans believe to this day that McKinley's whole foreign policy was directed from London by that astute English politician, Joseph Chamberlain. They are firmly convinced that it was Chamberlain that embroiled the United States in war with Spain over Cuba and directed her to seize upon the Philippine Islands, so that she might serve England as a counterpoise in the East against Russia. Thus the United States is indebted to John Hay and Joseph Chamberlain for the vexatious problem of the Philippines which is puzzling her statesmen even to the present day, and seems likely to cause them much more trouble in future. Chamberlain himself seemed to acknowledge this in a speech to his constituents in England, when he declared that: "Though there was no alliance between England and the United States, there was an understanding that was better than any treaty." No doubt it was by virtue of that "understanding" that during McKinley's administration, for the first time in the history of the United States, two Irish patriots just released from an English prison, were denied admission into this country, on the ground that they were convicts; yet their only crime was in defending their Country's rights; and the great American republic had always made it her proud boast that she had ever extended a welcome hand to the oppressed of all nations. Indeed, never before had the United States repelled from her shores any exile whose only offence was a political crime in behalf of freedom committed in the Old World. What

wonder that one of these deported patriots exclaimed: "Has the United States then humiliated herself to be once more a mere colony of England? The only thing now needed to complete her degradation is to hoist the Union Jack at Washington above the Stars and Stripes."

But the most shameful and disgraceful proceeding of all on the part of McKinley and Hay was to allow England to strangle to death the two heroic little republics of South Africa without a word of protest. Nay, more, they actually permitted England to establish a camp near New Orleans for the purchase of American mules, to ride down the poor Boer farmers; and it is the opinion of Colonel Blake, that brave American, who fought side by side with the Boers, as the leader of the Irish Brigade, and afterwards wrote the history of the war, that but for the assistance which England thus derived from the United States she would have been ignominiously defeated. Well therefore may the United States blush through shame for her share in this nefarious deed; for have we not in the destruction of the two South African Republics an exact counterpart of the biblical narrative concerning the robbery and murder of Naboth by Achab and Jezabel, in order to get possession of his vineyard? But just as the anger of God afterwards fell upon the guilty pair and they paid the penalty with their life, so doubtless God's wrath will also be finally kindled against guilty England for all her robberies and all the blood she has shed. As our gifted Irish-American poet, James Jeffrey Roche, has well said:

Her robes are of purple and scarlet,
And the kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jeweled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations,
Of her golden cup of shame;
She has drugged and debauched the nations
With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
By the power of her wantoness,
And her usurers are as leeches
On the world's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler,
Her mart is a robber's den,
With the wasted toil of the toiler,
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying
Where the East and West are one;
Her drums while the day is dying
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
And the just with an iron rod;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy—
She shall drink of the wrath of God.

If a private individual behaved as England has been

acting for centuries, he would be instantly cast into prison. Indeed many a man is now in prison for life for doing only on a small scale what England has been perpetrating for fifteen hundred years.

A few weeks ago the police of London captured a woman who was called the "Queen of Burglars." Her arrest caused a great sensation in England, because until then she had been considered a lady of exemplary character. She moved in the highest society and was widely noted for her charitable and philanthropic deeds. She had a splendid villa in the suburbs of London, most gorgeously furnished, and she drove through the streets of the capital in a stately carriage, drawn by a span of horses, driven by a footman in stylish livery. She dressed like a queen and had servants galore. Yet, who would believe it?—all that luxury and grandeur she acquired by burglarizing her neighbors' houses at the dead of night, and so skilfully did she cover up her tracks that for a long time not a breath of suspicion fell upon her. Even the Scotland Yard detectives, supposed to be the cleverest in the world, failed to entrap her.

There we have an exact counterpart of England, that has so long passed before the other nations of the world as an exemplary power, which has become prosperous through the industry and enterprise of her citizens; when in reality nearly all her wealth has been accumulated from the robbery and spoliation of the weaker nations of the earth. Hence the poet has well said that

"Her mart is a robber's den";

for, though there are thousands of honest Englishmen who would rather cut off their right hand than steal, what is the property of the great English lords but the spoil of the world?

Yet, in spite of all her plundering and spoliation for centuries, England is not blest with a genuine healthy prosperity. We cannot call that country truly prosperous where the great mass of the people are ground down in poverty and wretchedness in order to keep a few privileged individuals rolling in wealth and lolling in idleness. But that is exactly the kind of prosperity which England enjoys. It is true, a few of her princes, lords, earls, and dukes possess sumptuous mansions, immense demesnes, and a great retinue of servants; but, as we have seen, all this splendor has been derived from the plunder of the world.

However, as the proverb says: "What's got badly, goes badly." Many of these nobles? instead of spending their wealth for the elevation of their fellow-men, the encouragement of commerce, and the promotion of industry, rather squander it in gambling at the Derby or Ascot races or in the notorious gambling resort of Monte Carlo. In fact many of them have thus squandered away a princely estate, and then, in order to repair their wasted fortunes sent orders to rack-rent still more their poor unfortunate tenants in England or Ireland. Other spendthrift nobles are obliged to mortgage their ancestral estates to the last penny and then strive to redeem their patrimony by coming out to the United States to seek in marriage the hand of a rich American heiress who is so foolish

as to purchase an empty title with her father's immense wealth. Thus these proud English lords have become the laughing-stock of the Western Continent, and you can scarcely take up a comic journal without noticing the most ludicrous caricatures of them.

But alas for the common people! Who can describe the misery and wretchedness in which they are steeped? In glaring contrast to the gorgeous splendor and grandeur of the English nobility is the abject and forlorn condition of the common people of Britain. Notwithstanding her boasted prosperity, there is no country on the face of the earth where so much misery and wretchedness exists among the great mass of the people as in England. To be convinced of this all that is necessary is to read that learned work entitled: "Protestant and Catholic Countries Compared." This book was written by the late great missionary, Father Young, a Paulist priest, who had travelled extensively in England and made a critical study of her social system, so that he certainly knew whereof he spoke. Moreover, as he was a convert to Catholicity, and likewise of English descent, it cannot very logically be asserted that he was prejudiced against England.

But he is not by any means the only author who has left us a most vivid description of the degraded state of the English masses. There is another book equally learned on the subject written by an American Protestant gentleman, who relates to us what he witnessed with his own eyes less than thirty years ago. We refer to the famous work of Charles Lester entitled:

"The Glory and Shame of England." The effect of perusing such a book is simply appalling. There is no better proof of the old adage: "Truth is stranger than fiction"; for not even the wildest flight of the imagination would have led us to suspect that there existed so much poverty and wretchedness in England did we not find it narrated by such unquestionable authority. English travellers may marvel at the wretchedness and poverty in the desolate regions of Connemara, in the west of Ireland, but even there after all the desolation wrought by the tyranny of England and the extortion of English landlords, there is nothing in all Ireland that can compare with the poverty and wretchedness in a great English city like London or Liverpool. Mr. Lester assures us that the social condition of twenty per cent. of the population of these two cities is far more degraded than that of the Helots of ancient Greece or the West Indian slaves before their emancipation. Their dwellings are only wretched cellars ten or twelve feet square and six feet high, where father, mother, and children of all ages and sexes are huddled together like cattle, with a total disregard of all the decencies of life. Certainly no Esquimaux or African savage would or could live in such awful dens.

But we are not required to accept this startling narration on the word of a foreigner, however unprejudiced, for the English themselves admit it with shame. A committee appointed by the Cambridge University, in 1850, to investigate the social condition of the poor reported that "they were in a more de-

graded condition than even the beasts in the field and that their wretchedness, filth, and degradation were a disgrace to any civilized country."

We may therefore readily believe Mr. Lester when he assures us that: "There is more misery, more acute suffering among the mass of the people of England than there is in any other kingdom of the world. There are thousands homeless, breadless, friendless, without shelter, raiment or hope in the world; millions uneducated, only half-fed, driven to crime and every species of vice which ignorance and destitution bring in their train, to an extent utterly unknown to the less enlightened, the less free, the less favored, and the less powerful kingdoms of Europe."

But still more dreadful is the account taken by Mr. Lester from an English journal of the horrible degradation existing among the operators in the local mines of England:

"The infernal cruelties practiced upon boys and girls in the coal mines, those graves of comfort and virtue, have never in any age been outdone. We have sometimes read with shuddering disgust of the outrages committed upon helpless children by men in naked savageness. We aver our belief that in cold-blooded atrocity they do not equal what is going on from day to day in some of our coal mines. Young creatures, both male and female, six, seven, eight, nine years old, stark naked in some cases, chained like brutes to coal carriages, and dragging them on all fours through sludge six and seven inches deep, in total darkness for ten, twenty, and in special in-

L. of C.

stances thirty hours successively, without any other cessation even to get meals than is usually afforded by the unreadiness of the miners. Here is a pretty picture of British civilization!" What wonder that John Ruskin called the English coal mines "Hell-pits"!

Perhaps our readers will imagine that a great improvement has taken place among the English masses during the last thirty years, since Mr. Lester wrote his famous book, and that all the old social evils have been abolished. But that is a great mistake. They still exist as flagrantly as ever. Even so strenuous an imperialist as Joseph Chamberlain in an article in the *London Fortnightly Review* as recently as December, 1883, thus wrote:

"Never before in our history were wealth and the evidences of wealth more abundant; and never before was the misery of the poor more intense, or the condition of their daily life more hopeless or more degraded. England has a million of paupers and a million more are on the verge of it."

But, lest our critics may allege that our data is behind the times and that our statistics are not up-to-date, we now introduce as it were a flash-light picture of English social life far more recent than anything we have so far presented. It is a very able article by Judson Grenell in the *Boston Sunday Herald*, dated June 26, 1904. Surely we want nothing more recent than that.

The author relates how, in his travels through England, he came to the town of Cradley Heath, one of the

suburbs of Birmingham, the home of the irrepressible Joseph Chamberlain, and there what a dreadful sight met his gaze! Women whom he styles: "Female Vulcans" were actually working at the forge like men, with one hand operating the bellows and the other wielding the hammer at the laborious task of making chains. Yet for this arduous labor all that they received for wages was thirty-six cents a day. Can we imagine anything more humiliating or more degrading to womanhood than this? Search all the books of ancient and modern times and you will find nothing so revolting even among the Pagans of old. What wonder that the author declares that "Many of these poor women appeared hard-visaged and others sought for consolation in the beer glass"; for is not such unnatural toil sufficient to demoralize any woman? Where but in England can such a horrible state of affairs be found? Ireland with all her poverty and misery would never allow her women to degrade themselves to such a level.

What is the cause of such a dreadful condition of things as exists in England even at this period of enlightenment, the opening of the twentieth century? It is all due to the English Government and its iniquitous system, which exploits the great mass of the population and reduces them to misery and degradation in order that the lords and gentry may live in idleness and luxury. As Mr. Lester says: "The Government of England is a government of privileges and monopolies: the few are born booted and spurred to ride over the many. The working classes are de-

graded and oppressed. All but the privileged classes are taxed from their birth to their death. All are taxed to pamper a haughty aristocracy and the privileged orders."

"The great crime of England lies in sustaining a system which oppresses, starves, and brutalizes the masses of her subjects. The Government of England makes poor men poorer and the rich men richer. I therefore say that no population can be found on the earth that see so much luxury and have so few of the necessaries of life, that dwell in such filthy hovels and dens, that bask so little in the sunshine of heaven."

What is really needed is some industrial shock to the whole British nation which will direct the gaze of the people to the real cause of their poverty and social degradation. There is only one remedy—to abolish the House of Lords entirely, do away with all the privileged classes, and make all men equal before the law, as in the United States. Then all the natural resources of the country will no longer be monopolized by a few privileged lords and gentry who reap where they have not sown and who compel millions of people to crowd into foul slums in order that they and their children may sit in the lap of luxury and be denied nothing. When will the English people learn the lesson?

CHAPTER III.

Celtic and Saxon Architecture and Art.

BESIDES victory in war and prosperity in peace, there are several other marks which indicate the superiority of one nation over another. Prominent among these are skill in the fine arts, such as architecture, sculpture, and painting; proficiency in science, such as astronomy and philosophy; and preeminence in literature, music and poetry.

Who that has ever gazed on the ruins of ancient Egypt, its famous pyramids and its renowned sphinx has failed to be convinced of its great superiority in civilization over other nations of the same period? Where is the traveller who has ever set eyes on the ruins of ancient Greece, its Acropolis, its Parthenon, its Atheanæum and its Areopagus, and can doubt that thousands of years ago it far excelled in civilization all the other nations of antiquity by which it was then surrounded?

So, too, the ruins of the old Roman Colisseum and the Arch of Titus are sufficient to convince us that the old Romans had arrived at a very high degree of civilization before the downfall of their empire.

When we come to draw a comparison between Irish and English art, certainly we have no reason to be ashamed of our ancestors. It is true, English writers sometimes reproach us because our forefathers once lived in houses of wicker-work covered over with

reeds; but they should remember that this was before the introduction of Christianity; and this was the very same style of house which existed in France and Germany at that period. In fact even up to the last century many of the Highlanders of Scotland built their dwellings after the very same fashion.

But in the course of time the artistic skill of our ancestors developed and in the middle ages all classes dwelt in comfortable houses of wood—far better houses than the majority of the inhabitants possess now after the inestimable blessing of seven centuries of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It was during the middle ages also that the Irish constructed against the incursions of the Danes those famous Round Towers, which are the wonder of tourists even to this day and are the nearest approach to the pyramids of ancient Egypt. So substantially were they constructed that after centuries many of them have defied the gnawing tooth of time even to the present hour.

However, it was in the construction of their churches and monasteries that the Irish exhibited their greatest architectural skill and proved themselves a most distinctly religious people. Nothing is more interesting whilst travelling through Ireland now than to study the ruins of the magnificent Irish churches and abbeys erected over a thousand years ago, for they are beautiful even in their desolation and loudly attest the architectural skill of our ancestors. All these great religious edifices were constructed of stone in the Romanesque style, with the circular arch. The walls

were tastefully adorned and the capitols gracefully ornamented with figures totally unlike anything in England or the continent; which shows clearly that the work was executed by native artists and that the Irish at that time were skilful not only at architecture but likewise at sculpture and painting. The gigantic crosses and crucifixes of the Saviour erected also at this period are splendid testimonials of Irish art; and the Celtic cross has since then become famous all over the world.

But the golden age of Irish art was just before the English invasion, in the twelfth century under the great Irish King, Turlough O'Conor, who may justly be called the Augustus of Western Ireland, if not of Western Europe. During his long reign of fifty years he built the splendid Cathedral of Tuam and several other beautiful churches and monasteries, through the instrumentality of that great Irish family of architects called the O'Duffys, who were to Ireland what Macenas was to Rome or Phidias to Athens.

In strange contrast to this architectural skill of our forefathers was the obtuseness of the early Anglo-Saxons who landed in Britain; for they gave no evidence of any artistic skill at all, unless indeed we call plundering an art; and at that they were adepts. They did not even construct their own dwellings but simply took possession of the houses which they robbed from their lawful owners, the Britons. When these abodes fell into decay they would not so much as take the pains to repair them. What wonder that the historian, Guest, though himself an Englishman,

is obliged to confess that at the time of the Norman conquest of England in the eleventh century the English dwelt in "mean and despicable houses." In fact to-day throughout the length and breadth of the land our modern English people cannot point out a single monument or edifice that would testify to the artistic skill of their ancestors.

But from the time of the Norman conquest a new day of architectural splendor began to dawn over England; so that the subjugation of Britain by William the Conqueror was really a great blessing in disguise. The Normans, having learned from their French neighbors the arts and sciences which had been taught them by their Roman masters, were skilful architects and built many beautiful and stately churches far superior to any yet seen in England. Many of the most famous English cathedrals were erected at this period. It is true the celebrated Westminster Abbey was erected just before the Norman conquest; but it was built by Edward the Confessor, whose mother was French, whilst he himself was educated in Normandy and was far more French than English. The original structure in the Romanesque style, with rounded arches, was torn down later by King Henry III. and a nobler edifice in the Gothic style, with pointed arches was erected in its stead. This with a few modifications is the modern Westminster Abbey, which has survived to the present day and which Englishmen with pardonable pride call: "the loveliest thing in Christendom."

Another religious structure of which the English

are very proud is the Canterbury Cathedral; but the church which is the idol of their heart is St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Yet an American priest who has travelled all over Europe has assured me that it is only a poor imitation of St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome.

We fail therefore to see how England with all her resources displays any superiority in art over Ireland. Who could blame poor Ireland at the present day if she did not possess imposing churches and gorgeous cathedrals like other nations, since she has been despoiled of all her resources by England? What incentive had the Irish to demonstrate their architectural skill, when, as the poet says:

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul"!

Yet, in spite of every drawback, Irish art even at the present day will not suffer much in comparison with the Anglo-Saxon. The Irish cities of Dublin and Cork, though not by any means as large or opulent as London or Liverpool, nevertheless display in their public buildings a skill in architecture not surpassed by the proudest city in England. But where is the church throughout all England that surpasses the new Cathedral of Queenstown, which eminent judges declare to be one of the handsomest churches in the world? Yet it is said that the Cathedral just completed at Armagh is even more magnificent than that at Queenstown.

It is true, in those arts which are more ornamental than useful, such as fine statues and paintings, Ireland is sadly deficient. She cannot exhibit beautiful art museums such as the Louvre in Paris or the Vatican in Rome. She has been too much occupied for centuries defending her very existence from the tyranny of England to turn her attention to æsthetics. But even England with all the riches of her spoils has not very much to boast of in this respect. A short time ago a very enterprising firm, Selmar Hess & Co., of New York, published a sketch of over two hundred of the most famous men and women of history. In this learned work we find the biography of all the great artists of the world. Greece has her Phidias; Italy her Leonardo, Bramante, Raphael and Michael Angelo; France her Millet, Meissonier and Gerome; Holland her Rembrandt and Germany her Albert Durer. All these were artists of world-wide reputation and deserve to have a tablet in the hall of fame. It is of their names that we think whenever the word artist is mentioned. But where are England's artists skilled in statuary and painting? The only English artist who was considered at all worthy to have his name associated with these immortals was William Hogarth. I feel quite certain that even his name was inserted by mistake, for the only two paintings which give him any claim to fame have the sublime title of: "The Harlot's Progress," and "The Rake's Progress." Shades of Raphael and Michael Angelo! how can you endure to have this English dross classified with your own heavenly-inspired productions?

It is true, nevertheless, that if you visit the British museum you will perceive a great many beautiful statues and paintings; but it must be remembered that these are not the original productions of English artists. On the contrary, they are generally only a copy, and sometimes a very imperfect one, of some great masterpiece executed by a French or Italian artist. The native English art is very inferior indeed.

CHAPTER IV.

The Celt and the Saxon in the Realms of Science.

WHY should we continue our comparisons between the Celts and the Saxons when the English themselves tacitly acknowledge that the Irish are the superior race? We have seen how England at one time positively forbade any commerce or manufactures on the part of Ireland. What is this but an implicit admission that the Irish were the better business men, to be dreaded as dangerous competitors? Again we have observed how in the penal days the English Parliament prohibited, under the severest penalty, any Irishman from educating his children at home or abroad. What is this, too, but an unwilling acknowledgment that the Irish were naturally the more intelligent race and that the English could compete with them successfully only when they were reduced to a state of ignorance?

The penal laws of England accomplished their dastardly work, though not as thoroughly as their authors had hoped. Although many of our forefathers, despite every danger, kept the lamp of learning still burning brightly in their souls, yet the fine intellect of many others was obscured by lack of mental training on account of England's penal laws, because, as the poet said:

"Fair knowledge to their minds her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll."

It is quite true that during the last fifty years remorse of conscience has caused John Bull to make some amends for his past misconduct by establishing the national schools all over Ireland. Since then it is unquestionable that there has been a great revival of learning among the Irish people, especially of the younger generation. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that there still exists a lamentable want of culture among the children of Erin, because the clouds of ignorance that had been accumulating for centuries cannot be put to flight in an hour.

Hence up to a very recent date it was quite fashionable for English writers to marvel at the ignorance of the Irish and to declare that their illiteracy was beyond all comprehension. Some bigots have even asserted that the Irish were kept in ignorance by the Catholic Church for her own selfish purpose. So the poor Irishman was made the butt of every ancient English witticism, if indeed the Englishman possesses any wit, and the laughing-stock of every "smart" English comedian. But if these English were not the most consummate hypocrites, they would frankly acknowledge that if the Irish are ignorant their lack of culture is the work of their own hands and those of their fathers. What a spectacle for angels and men, to prevent a noble race from receiving an education and then to reproach them for their ignorance!

However, it was not always thus. More than fifteen centuries ago, when, as the English historian, Guest, says: (*Guest's English History*, page 47) "The

English hardly deserved a better name than sea-wolves and pirates," Ireland was already noted for her science and learning, her schools and her scholars. To be convinced of this all that is necessary is to read that learned book of the great Irish Bishop, Rt. Rev. J. Healy, entitled: "Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars."

Our Irish forefathers were highly civilized even before ever St. Patrick brought the light of Christianity to their shores. What was so rare at that time, they knew how to read and write, though we cannot say the same thing now after seven centuries of Anglo-Saxon enlightenment. At the present day we are accustomed to look upon Harvard, Yale, Oxford, and Cambridge Universities as very venerable because they were founded a few centuries ago; but it is a historical fact that the great Irish King, Cormack, established a college at Tara, nearly seventeen centuries ago, about two hundred years before ever the Anglo-Saxons set foot in Britain. The course of study in that college included such subjects as history, poetry, military tactics, and jurisprudence.

However, it was only after the introduction of Christianity that learning and science bloomed forth in Ireland like a beautiful lily in all its grandeur, and for three centuries Ireland became known all over Europe as the "Island of Saints and Scholars." This was no empty, high-sounding name; for, as if by magic, a score of celebrated schools or colleges sprung up all over the island. To narrate the merits of each of these great institutions of learning would be an endless

task. In order not to weary the reader with details, we shall confine ourselves to the description of one of the most famous. As Virgil says: "*Ex uno disce omnes.*" From a single one we may judge all.

Perhaps the most celebrated of all the great Irish colleges was the renowned School of Armagh. It is supposed to have been founded by St. Patrick himself and seems to have been primarily a theological seminary. But soon it branched forth and developed into one of the most celebrated universities in Europe. One of its first presidents was St. Gildas surnamed the Wise on account of his great learning and so famous did the university become under his guidance that crowds of students flocked over from England to hear him. In fact so numerous did they become after a while that one particular part of the city had to be set apart for their accommodation, after the manner of the Latin Quarter in Paris at the present day. We are not required to accept this on the authority of an Irish historian, for we have it on the testimony of an English author, the Venerable Bede of the seventh century. How exceedingly grateful should not England be to Ireland for having thus instructed her youth at the great fountains of learning! Yet what base ingratitude she displayed afterwards by making it a penal offence for an Irishman to educate his children at home or abroad!

Not only was Ireland full of saints and scholars herself, but she likewise sent forth a vast number of missionaries and eminent scientists to bestow upon other less favored nations of Europe the blessings of

Christianity and the light of civilization. At the present day our Scotch Highlanders, or as they are sometimes called, the Scotch-Irish may boast as they please, but they must admit that it was from the great Irish missionary, St. Columba, that they received the light of the gospel and the first rudiments of civilization. No less remarkable was another great Irish missionary, St. Columbanus, who brought the glad tidings of the true faith to the people of Switzerland.

But probably still more famous was the celebrated Irish missionary, St. Virgilius, who preached the gospel in Bavaria and afterwards became Archbishop of Salzburg, in the eighth century. Though a great theologian and a powerful preacher, he was still more renowned as a scientist. When we speak of science as it existed a thousand years ago, we must remember that it was not nearly as developed then as at the present day. The age of modern science had not yet begun to dawn. There was scarcely any such thing as science in the present sense of the word. Chemistry, Geology, and Biology, were then unknown, and even Astronomy was only in its cradle. Yet even at that remote period this Irish missionary, St. Virgilius, manifested a knowledge of science centuries in advance of his time; for he actually taught that the earth was a sphere, though during hundreds of years before and after him, even down to the time of Columbus, in the fifteenth century, it was the common belief of mankind that the earth was a flat surface, with the ocean surging round it.

In the following century, history tells us of a still

more expert scientist, by the name of Dungal. Strange to say, he was an Irish monk, and so great was his fame that even the Emperor Charlemagne himself wrote to him for an explanation of the two solar eclipses which are said to have occurred in the year 810. The letter of Dungal in reply is still preserved in the Archives of France; it is written in excellent Latin, and it is very doubtful if even the most learned scientist of the present day could give a more lucid exposition of the cause of an eclipse than that given by this Irish monk, a thousand years ago.

But the king of all the Irish scholars before the English conquest of Ireland was a man by the name of John Scotus Erigena. He was undoubtedly the most learned man in all Western Europe during the ninth century. So great was his learning that he was spoken of like Plato as the "Master" by excellence, and was considered as "a miracle of knowledge." He was certainly one of the greatest philosophers that the world has ever seen and his name will ever be ranked with those of Aristotle, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas Aquinas. As the Dominicans have their champion in St. Thomas Aquinas, so the Franciscans follow the teaching of Scotus, and are called Scotists.

So distinguished did Scotus become that the French King, Charles the Bald, invited him to his Court, made him head of the royal academy in his own palace, and afterwards promoted him to be the Rector of the Royal School of Paris. It was there that he wrote the great work on Predestination which has made his name famous. It is true this book was once placed tem-

porarily under the ban of the Church. However, it must be well understood that it was not in reality the teachings of Scotus that were condemned, but other doctrines attributed to him by his enemies, but which he never professed.

Like many other good things which Ireland has produced, both England and Scotland have claimed Scotus as their own. We should not be astonished at this, since they have lately laid claim even to St. Patrick himself. But anyone who has the least knowledge of the Irish tongue will see at a glance that the very surname of Scotus is sufficient evidence to prove that he was an Irishman, not an Englishman or a Scot.

Since the English conquest of Erin, the island has not produced any more scientists or philosophers like Dungal, Virgilius, or Scotus. A blight seemed immediately to fall on the mental development of the Irish; which is the greatest condemnation of English misgovernment of Ireland. Nevertheless, a few geniuses like Thomas Moore, Henry Grattan, and Daniel O'Connell beamed forth from time to time like stars in the heavens. However, this was not due to Anglo-Saxon civilization, but in spite of it. Yet, though England has now held her rival bound down in chains and slavery for seven hundred years, what has she to-day that can compare with Erin's glorious record in science and learning?

As we have already observed, the first Anglo-Saxons who settled in Britain were a band of rude barbarians, and whatever knowledge or civilization they acquired,

they received either from the missionaries of the Catholic Church, who went over to convert them, or else in the celebrated schools of Ireland.

Even the famous English author, Alcuin, who was one of the most distinguished scholars of Europe during the eighth century, completed his education in Ireland, though his English biographer seems unwilling to give Erin credit for it; because in English history it is stated that he was educated in the famous English school of York. Fortunately, however, there still exists a letter written by Alcuin from the Court of France to his former professor in Ireland, which shows clearly that he was once a student in the great Irish school of Clonmacnoise, near the modern city of Athlone, as we read in the "Ancient Schools and Scholars of Ireland," by Bishop Healy.

For five hundred years after Alcuin, England did not produce a single scientist or philosopher worthy of the name, until the rise of Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century.

To give him his due, he certainly was one of the most brilliant philosophers and scientists of his day so that he received from his contemporaries the title of "Doctor Mirabilis." Yet, when our modern English writers talk so glibly of the middle ages, which they call the "Dark Ages;" when they declaim so eloquently about the ignorance of the monks of old; when they denounce the Catholic Church as the sworn enemy of science, they little dream that the great Roger Bacon himself was a Franciscan monk who completed his studies, like many of his countrymen,

at the Catholic University of Paris, where he received the degree of Doctor of Theology.

His principal work was the "*Opus Majus*," or great book in which he abandons entirely the old deductive system of philosophy and strives to inaugurate a new process of acquiring science by means of observation and experiment. He might have been successful if he had been more discreet, but his intemperate zeal in the cause of science prompted him to abuse Scholasticism, the prevailing philosophy of that time, and to make the most violent attacks upon the clergy who would not accept his new scientific theories. Finally his language became so abusive that he was imprisoned by the members of his own order, but was soon released by order of the Pope himself. Nevertheless, instead of learning a lesson from past experience, he soon became more insubordinate than ever and was incarcerated the second time, though some modern historians make the ridiculous assertion that he was cast into prison because he so excelled in science the people of his time that he was regarded as a sorcerer. But it is very hard to see any grounds for regarding him as a magician. Some English writers of recent date claim that he was acquainted with the use of the telescope two centuries before its invention by Galileo and that he understood the principle of the locomotive hundreds of years before James Watt invented the steam engine. But these assertions are based rather on fancy or legend than on real authentic history. So the only rational ground for accusing Bacon of sorcery was that in spite

of all his scientific knowledge some nonsensical speculation was mingled with it; for, like most learned men of his time, he believed in astrology, that so-called science which regulates the destinies of men by the stars, and also the philosopher's stone, which was supposed to have the power of changing the baser metals into gold.

Yet, notwithstanding all his mistakes, Roger Bacon did a great deal for science by calling the attention of men to the investigation of nature and to the observance of natural phenomena. Three centuries later, a namesake of his, Francis Bacon, developed the principles laid down by Roger Bacon and upon them as a foundation built up an elaborate system of inductive philosophy which has prevailed to the present day. Hence Francis Bacon is called "the father of modern science," though it would seem far more just to bestow the title on the Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon, who sowed the seed, while Francis Bacon reaped the harvest. However, both made a great mistake in discountenancing entirely the old deductive system of philosophy, for it is now universally recognized that in the acquisition of science deduction and induction must go hand in hand.

Long after the time of Francis Bacon it was almost universally accepted as a fact that almost all scientific progress of modern times was due to the scientific method which he perfected. Recently, however, a more moderate view has begun to prevail and it is now the general opinion of scientists that Francis Bacon

as a philosopher has been considerably overrated. Yet it cannot be denied that it was his inductive system that led another great English scientist, Sir Isaac Newton, to discover the law of universal gravitation from the mere fall of an apple from the tree. On the same principle he ascertained the cause of the rotation of the earth on its axis, the rise and fall of the tides of the ocean, and the motion of all the planets in the heavens. This was undoubtedly one of the grandest of modern discoveries and crowned Newton as the greatest of all English scientists. Yet even Newton himself acknowledged that his law of gravitasion is based on the discoveries of a great German scientist by the name of Kepler.

But, since the time of Newton, a period of more than two hundred years, England has not produced a single scientist or philosopher worthy of the name. With the exception of Joseph Priestly, who discovered oxygen in 1776, and Dr. Jenner, who invented vaccination as an antidote against the terrible scourge of small-pox in 1796, not another Englishman has added one additional fact to the sum total of scientific truth.

It is true, during the last two centuries England has given birth to a great many so-called scientists and philosophers, such as Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Spencer, Mill, Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin; but their writings are as entangled as an African jungle and the poor men seem to be continually groping their way in the dark. They all seemed to consider it a sign of superior intelligence to call in question all that

their Christian ancestors had considered sacred for nineteen hundred years.

Some like Hobbes and Spencer denied the existence of free-will; others like Hume were mere sceptics or doubters, and alleged that it was impossible to attain certainty of any kind; but the great majority like Huxley and Tyndall were not indeed downright atheists or infidels who denied the very existence of God, yet they declared that God was unknown and unknowable. They did not deny that there might be some first great cause, some such wonderful being, whom men called God, but they candidly confessed that they did not know. Hence they were called Agnostics, or know-nothings—a very good name for them indeed—for Holy Scripture says that: "Only the fool hath said in his heart there is no God." We also read in the Book of Wisdom that: "All men are vain in whom there is not the knowledge of God, and who by these things that are seen could not understand Him that is, neither by attending the works have acknowledged Who was the Workman."

But the crowning folly of the nineteenth century was the theory of the English scientist Darwin, who set at naught the whole biblical narration of the creation and claimed that man, instead of being a noble creature made to the image and likeness of God, was actually a descendant of the ape. Even this absurd doctrine, so contrary to reason, and so opposed to the universal belief of all mankind for thousands of years, for a while found its adherents. But when men began to enquire for the "missing link" between man

and the brute creation, the theory of evolution dashed itself against a rock and was shattered into a thousand fragments, so that now only some poor benighted scholars still make profession of faith in it.

Could anyone but an Englishman originate such an absurd doctrine as that? If an Irishman were the author of it, he would be the laughing-stock of the world. But, thanks be to God! no Irishman was ever the inventor of such nonsense. In the realms of science therefore, we have reason to be proud of the glorious record of our race in comparison with that of the Anglo-Saxon.

CHAPTER V.

A Comparative Glance at Irish and English Literature.

THERE is no better test of the superiority of one nation or race over another than its preeminence in literary culture. As the great Dominican, Father Lacordaire, has well said: "Every remarkable man has been fond of literature." The same may be said of every remarkable nation. But no nation, either of ancient or modern times, has a more glorious record in the field of literature than poor, down-trodden Ireland.

When we consider how often Ireland has been ravaged by fire and sword, first by the Danes and later by the English, could we be astonished if not a single trace of its literary productions had been left in the whole island? Yet at the present day there still remain in the archives of Trinity College, Dublin, and of the Royal Irish Academy, a vast number of rare ancient Irish books and manuscripts, which are a most convincing proof of the literary culture of their authors. As the Irish national poet, Thomas Moore, said in the year 1839, when inspecting these precious documents: "These huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose."

Several of these antique, literary works were translated during the last century by the great Gaelic scholar, O'Curry. It was indeed a task of no small

labor and hardship; but what pained him most was to ascertain how many other invaluable Irish manuscripts are lost forever. Their names alone remain to us preserved in the pages of those venerable books, which are still extant. What a pity that more of our clever young Irishmen and Irish-Americans do not turn their attention to this noble work, in order to demonstrate to the modern world how lofty was the genius of our ancestors! What a shame that when the Catholics of America want at the present day a Gaelic professor for their university, they have to engage a Welshman or a German, to expound to them the sublime literature of their forefathers! Our Irish and Irish-American youth have been trained up to admire the beauties of Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, Virgil, Plato, Cicero, and Demosthenes; but what do they know about the literature of their own ancestors, which is far more sublime than the greatest masterpieces of English literature or the choicest classics of Greece and Rome?

Nearly seventeen centuries ago, that is more than a thousand years before Columbus discovered America, two hundred years before St. Patrick landed in Ireland, and likewise two centuries before England received its present name, Ireland was even then famous for her literary productions in prose and poetry. In this chapter we shall confine ourselves to her prose writings, reserving her poetical compositions to the succeeding chapter.

In the year 250, A. D., the great Irish King, Cormac, wrote a celebrated book called: "Instructions for

Princes," which is preserved even to this day. It contains the last injunctions of the Irish monarch to his son, who was the heir to his throne; and the great Irish historian, Macgeoghegan, assures us that: "It contains as goodly precepts and moral documents as Cato or Aristotle did ever write." But that was not the only literary work composed by King Cormac. He wrote, also, a history of Ireland from the first settlement of the country down to his own time; but unfortunately that has perished in the course of ages. Does not this prove that even in the third century of the Christian era there must have been a considerable amount of literary culture in Celtic Ireland?

Where were our English cousins at that time? They had not yet set foot in Britain, nor for two hundred years afterwards. They were still only rude barbarians inhabiting the forests at the mouth of the Elbe River, between Germany and Denmark, though making frequent excursions to plunder their neighbors, an art which they have never forgotten since, and a science in which they have always excelled. It was only in the fifth century of the present era that they landed in Britain and it took them two hundred years more to produce a single literary man worthy of the name. Their first great author was the Venerable Bede, who flourished in the early part of the eighth century, about five hundred years after the great Irish writer, King Cormac. Bede was certainly a very learned man and he bequeathed to posterity a great many excellent educational works; but his English biographers very seldom mention that he received all

his education from an English monk who had studied in Rome. When our modern English authors revile the monks of old how little they imagine that to them they are indebted, for their first great literary author!

Nevertheless, it is a great mistake to consider Bede the father of English literature, because he wrote all his works in Latin, which was the language taught him by his monastic masters. After him England did not give birth to a single literary author worth mentioning for about one hundred and fifty years, till the rise of King Alfred in the ninth century. Even he, though a very worthy man, hardly deserves to be called an author; because all that he accomplished in the field of literature was to translate into English some of the works of Bede and a few other great Latin writers. It was only in the fourteenth century that England begot her first real great English author, a man by the name of John Wickliffe, who has been styled the "Father of English Prose"; though his chief claim to that title is based on the allegation that he was the first to translate the whole Bible into English.

In the meantime, Ireland had brought her own Celtic literature to a state of muturity even before English literature had well begun. After the introduction of Christianity into the island, there grew up over the old Pagan literature as a foundation a new species of Christian literature, many specimens of which are still preserved in Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy. Though many valuable books written by our Christian ancestors have perished, yet so many

others still remain that it would be a tedious task merely to enumerate their names. However, there are three worthy of special mention—the Book of Armagh, the Book of Leinster, and the Book of Kells. From these we may form a fair estimate of the early Christian literature of Ireland.

The first is called the Book of Armagh because, though it is at present in the custody of Trinity College, Dublin, it belonged originally to the Cathedral Church of Armagh, which was founded by St. Patrick in the fifth century. In its present form it has come down to us from the ninth century; but it is evidently much more ancient than that, for it was then transcribed from a far older document. We can judge of its antiquity from the fact that it contains the life of St. Patrick, the original of which was written in Latin by his own hand, though it bears many annotations in Irish, in the most ancient form of the language now to be found anywhere. Next comes an entire copy of the New Testament with all the Gospels and Epistles written in Latin, the language of the Church. But what is most remarkable, many of the Gospel headings are written in Greek characters. We can judge therefore, what was the literary culture of Irish scholars even at that early day, since they were versed not only in their own language but also in the classics of Greece and Rome.

Next in importance after the Book of Armagh is the Book of Leinster, so-called because it was compiled in the twelfth century from early Irish documents by the Bishop of Kildare for the instruction of the young

Irish Prince of Leinster, Dermot McMurrough, who afterwards betrayed his country. Its contents are of an exceedingly varied and interesting character—heroic tales and poems, genealogies, lives of the saints, and various tracts used in the Irish monastic schools, dealing with both sacred and profane learning.

But probably more interesting than either of these is the Book of Kells; though it is nothing more nor less than a copy of the New Testament written by the great Irish missionary, St. Columba, in the sixth century. He founded a monastery near the City of Kells in the County of Meath, and after his death the monks preserved as a precious heirloom the New Testament which he bequeathed to them. Hence it is called the Book of Kells, though, like most other precious Irish documents, it has passed into the possession of Trinity College.

But what is most remarkable about this famous book is its elaborate ornamentation and brilliant coloring, which has made it the wonder of the world. Indeed no tourist travelling to Ireland from a foreign land would consider his journey complete unless he saw with his own eyes the celebrated Book of Kells. It is said that no description can give an adequate idea of it. It must be seen and studied to be appreciated.

Yet what has been said of the ornamentation of the Book of Kells is equally true of all the other ancient Irish manuscripts. Nobody carried this literary ornamentation to such a high degree of perfection as the ancient Irish monks; which certainly speaks

volumes for their indefatigable industry and their incomparable artistic skill. A certain Welsh traveller by the name of Gerald Barry, who once went over to Ireland during the middle ages, tells us how astonished he was on beholding the brilliantly-illumined Gospel books of the monastic schools of Kildare. All the skill of the monks and of their pupils was exerted to adorn the Word of God in a manner befitting its sacred character. Hence, he speaks of one manuscript of the four gospels which was so exquisitely illuminated with various figures on every page that the people really believed it was the work of an angel. "And indeed," says this Welshman, "the symbolical figures of the Evangelists were so wrought in every variety of coloring, with such subtility and grace, and all the other drawings and figures were likewise so delicate and subtile, that one would really think it was the work of angelic hands and not of mere human skill."

What has England that can compare with the Book of Armagh, the Book of Leinster and the famous Book of Kells? Nothing whatever. For over a hundred years after Wickliffe, the "father of English prose," she produced only a lot of literary pigmies, whose very names have either perished or can be found only in the pages of the Encyclopædia Britannica. It is true that the introduction of the art of printing into England by Caxton in the fifteenth century stimulated the spread of literature; yet of the forty-five books which he published forty-two were only translations from the French or Latin. Not a solitary literary genius made his appearance in Eng-

land until Thomas More, in 1516, wrote his famous "Utopia." Even that is not original; for it is modelled on Plato's Atlantis. Besides, it was first written in the Latin language, though afterwards translated into English.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth is called the "golden age of English literature" yet what literary lights did it produce? Only Spencer and Shakespeare. The plays of Shakespeare are certainly masterpieces that have stood the test of time and are in our theatres even at the present day received with great applause. Nevertheless, the composition of comedies and tragedies is not by any means the highest form of literary genius. Besides, it is now universally acknowledged that many of Shakespeare's dramas were not original. The plots and incidents of at least a dozen are taken from Italian authors. This is especially true of Othello and Romeo and Juliet, which are founded on an Italian novel, though the gallant Englishman has failed to give the author credit for it. In the field of literature, as in every other field the English have no scruple in appropriating other people's property. They seem to think that the whole world belongs to them. How Shakespeare acquired his knowledge of Italian literature, as he never received much education in his youth, we can now only surmise. He may have learned the language from some Italians whom he afterwards met in London; or perhaps his mother may have been an Italian and taught him her native tongue in his childhood. However, it is more likely that whatever knowledge of Italian literature he possessed

he derived from the translations of Italian authors which, as we have seen, were published by Caxton after the introduction of the printing-press into England. Not only did Shakespeare draw the material of his dramas from Italian but also from Irish sources. This is evident from his ghost scene in Hamlet; for it is well-known that the belief in fairies is not a characteristic of the English but a striking peculiarity of the Irish people. In his poetical works too, Shakespeare was likewise greatly influenced by the Italian Poets, Tasso and Ariosto; but, as we are now concerned only with prose composition, we shall refer to that more extensively in the succeeding chapter.

Nevertheless, even with all his assistance from foreign authors, Shakespeare's plays are a pitiful form of literature in comparison with the great Irish literary work that was published a few years after this, and is now widely quoted even by English authors. We refer to the famous history of Ireland called "The Annals of the Four Masters." It is called the Annals of the Four Masters, because the four men who wrote it were so celebrated for their learning and erudition. The editor-in-chief was a Franciscan lay-brother called Michael O'Clery. He was assisted by his brother, Conary O'Clery, his cousin, Peregrine O'Clery, and Ferfeasa O'Mulconry. Though eminent in antiquarian lore, it took them four years to complete this great historical work and no wonder, for it comprises seven large quarto volumes. It is dedicated to a noble-hearted Irish chieftain called Ferral O'Gara, who was the patron of this great literary undertaking

and paid all the expenses of the enterprise. Some years afterwards it was translated into English by Dr. John O'Donovan and is now recognized as a standard authority on all Irish historical subjects; as all its data are taken from original sources. There is no masterpiece of history like this in native English literature. The nearest approach to it is Macaulay's "History of England"; but that is a work of only five volumes and extends over a period of only a couple of centuries; but the "Annals of the Four Masters" comprises the vast range of twenty-three hundred years, from 730 B. C. to 1616 A. D.

This remarkable publication was the last great literary production of the Irish in their native tongue. Henceforth the Irish language gradually ceased to be the medium of literature and since the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Irish people have been compelled, we regret to say, to express their ideas in English, the language of their conquerors. Everyone knows how difficult it is to communicate one's thoughts in a foreign tongue. We can readily realize, therefore, how difficult it must have been for our forefathers to compete with the English in their own native tongue. Yet those who are well versed in English literature and have studied English rhyme of the sixteenth century know without a doubt that what people call at the present time the "Irish Brogue" is in reality the correct pronunciation of English which prevailed three centuries ago. Since then the English themselves have altered their pronunciation; but the Irish have preserved it in its original purity.

Moreover, the Irish have actually outstripped the English in their own language. They have added to English literature a certain warmth and animation. a certain richness of imagery, a certain power of imagination, and a wit and humor which the dull, cold, phlematic Anglo-Saxon has never possessed and can never hope to acquire. Some of the grandest masterpieces of English literature composed during the past three hundred years have been the work of Irishmen.

As the reign of Queen Elizabeth has been called the golden age, so that of Queen Anne may be styled the diamond epoch of English literature. No similar period of English history can boast of so many brilliant literary geniuses, especially in prose composition, as flourished during that time. But of all that grand galaxy of intellectual lights the foremost prose writers were Addison, Steele, and Swift. In the history of English literature these three great luminaries are represented as English authors, but the fact is that only one, Mr. Addison, was an Englishman; and the other two, though of English descent, were real native-born Irishmen. Not only were Steele and Swift Irish by birth, but they likewise received most of their early education in Ireland and their literature, though in the English language, is thoroughly Hibernian in its characteristics. Indeed it was their vigorous Celtic style that made their writings so famous and gave them such a high place in English literature. The candid truth is that the two Irishmen outstripped the Englishman in his own native tongue. As an

essayist, with perhaps the single exception of Lord Macaulay, no other author holds such a lofty station in the estimation of English readers as Joseph Addison. But, when the mists of national prejudice will have passed away, Steele and Swift will hold a higher place in literature than even the gifted Addison.

In reality it was Steele that developed Addison into a literary author by inducing him to contribute articles to his newspapers, the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*. Thus originated those charming essays of Addison which are read with so much pleasure and profit at the present day.

Nevertheless, if we scrutinize closely these literary productions, we cannot fail observing that there is something essential lacking in each and every one of them. Critics judge literature by four marks—excellence of matter, clearness, force, and polish. Three out of these four marks Addison's essays certainly possess. The subject matter is excellent, the thought is elevated, the style is clear and polished; but the fourth mark of literary genius, which is vigor of expression, is sadly wanting. Hence all of Addison's writings are dolefully lacking in the great power of conviction; because of a certain dullness and coldness characteristic of almost all Anglo-Saxon authors.

On the other hand, the great Irish author, Dean Swift, was remarkably vigorous in style but sometimes lacking in polish. While Addison's essays may be compared to a smooth, but deep, gently-flowing river steadily, though imperceptibly, winding its course to the sea, Swift's writings were like a whirlwind which

swept everything before it, or like the waters of the mighty Mississippi, rushing along with irresistible onset to the boundless ocean. Swift was certainly the most powerful writer that flourished during the reign of Queen Anne. Even the highest politicians and the greatest lords in all England dreaded his mighty pen. Never before was so clearly demonstrated the old proverb that "The pen is mightier than the sword." His famous work called "Gulliver's Travels" was certainly a marvel of genius, such as even the gifted Addison himself in his palmiest days could never write. Hence it was said that "Jonathan Swift was the Goliath among English writers in the reign of Queen Anne; and there arose no David who could slay him."

Nevertheless, according to the canons of eminent literary critics, another Irishman, Richard Steele, holds a still higher place in literature than his contemporary, the great Dean Swift; for Steele's works bear in their integrity the four marks of literary genius. His writings had the polish of Addison, the vigor of Swift; and besides, a certain vivacity and charm peculiar to himself, that is simply inimitable.

Though he was himself a rather dissolute character, yet no other one man did more than Steele to elevate the standard of English literature and uplift English society from the degraded condition to which it had fallen at the opening of the eighteenth century. At the accession of Queen Anne to the throne, the state of society in England was truly deplorable. The long wars of King William III. had produced their inevi-

table result. Corruption and immorality existed on all sides, coarseness and ferocity of manners prevailed among all classes, high and low. Gambling was exceedingly prevalent, and drunkenness was universally habitual. But intellectual pursuits were either unknown or confined to a few, and these few regarded as pedants or humorists. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was himself one of the great English prose writers of the eighteenth century, assures us that: "Then men were not ashamed of ignorance and among women any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be criticised."

The first to combat the follies of that coarse age—the first one who manfully labored to raise up the English nation from its brutal ignorance and grovelling condition was the Irish Richard Steele. To accomplish that result he established the *Tatler*, a sort of penny newspaper, whose object was to expose the false arts of life; to tear off the mask of English cunning, vanity, and ostentation; and to recommend simplicity in dress, discourse, and behavior. Before long there was observed a marked improvement in the manners of the people. Instead of debasing pleasures and debauchery they began to practice honesty and sobriety; instead of cunning and hypocrisy they manifested a genuine spirit of kindness towards their neighbor; and henceforth they seemed to have much loftier ideas of duty and honor.

Steele next started the *Spectator*, which has become famous in British periodical literature. It is looked upon as an English classic; and Professor Morley

tells us that: "It was through the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* that the people of England learned to read." Yet how frequently have not English writers almost up to the present day referred to Steele's countrymen as: "The low, ignorant Irish"!

But there is no department of prose literature in which the genius of the Irish so completely eclipses that of the Anglo-Saxon as in the field of oratory. Poor England has been very barren indeed in great orators. Even in our own day she can boast of several clever speakers such as Disraeli, Gladstone, and Chamberlain, but since the Saxons landed in Britain fifteen centuries ago she produced only one man who really deserves to be called an orator. That was the celebrated William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham, and one of the seven great orators of the world.

On the other hand, Ireland has four great orators to England's one. Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, and O'Connell were masters of eloquence such as the world had never heard before; and their names will live in history as long as the world exists. Edmond Burke was great not only as an orator but also as an essayist. His "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" stands in the front rank of English classics, and holds the same place in English prose that Shakespeare does in English verse. His "Reflections on the French Revolution," likewise, has been pronounced the masterpiece of masterpieces. However, it is his wonderful oratorical productions that have given him such a prominent place in the book of fame and rendered his name immortal.

Burke's first great oratorical effort was in the impeachment of Warren Hastings in the House of Commons. His speech, which lasted for nine days, was a masterpiece of oratory surpassing the grandest flights of eloquence by Cicero or Demosthenes of old and its effect was perfectly indescribable. Ladies sobbed and screamed, stern men felt the tears trickling down their cheeks, and Warren Hastings himself afterwards asserted that then he thought his hour of doom had come. What wonder that Lord Macaulay declared that Burke was "the greatest master of eloquence, superior to every orator, ancient or modern"!

Indeed, it is very difficult to say which of these four Irish orators was the greatest. They are like the pyramids of ancient Egypt, with their massive proportions and lofty stature, or like the pinnacles of a high mountain soaring aloft to the sky. When we gaze at one we consider that the loftiest, but, on looking at another, we instantly change our mind. So it is when we compare Burke and Sheridan. The first great speech of Sheridan, too, was in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. It occupied more than five hours in the delivery; and Burke himself declared it to be "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united of which there is any record or tradition." Even the great English orator, Pitt, himself acknowledged that it "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind."

Not only was Sheridan a most eloquent orator, but also a very successful dramatic writer. His comedy called the "School for Scandal" has been pronounced by the highest critics the best in the English language. It created such a favorable impression at the first performance that it was translated into German and won the greatest applause in the cities along the Rhine and Danube. He was likewise the author of an opera called the "Duenna" which was then the best of its kind on the stage; and, by a strange coincidence, these productions were winning wild applause in the theatres of London the very night that the gifted author himself was delivering in the British Parliament the most eloquent harangue ever delivered within its walls.

Yet, notwithstanding all his talent, it is a mooted question whether Sheridan was superior to that other great Irish orator, Henry Grattan, who by the irresistible power of a single speech secured triumphantly the independence of the Irish Parliament and the Irish nation. His biographer assures us that it "was the most splendid piece of eloquence that had ever been heard in Ireland and it vies with the greatest efforts that had ever been made in the English House of Commons." An eye-witness who had heard that famous speech tells us the impression that it produced upon him. "It seemed," he says, "as if I were smitten through heart and brain with such a power of speech as was never heard before except from the great Demosthenes."

At the conclusion of that marvellous oration men

shook hands with one another in an ecstasy of delight, threw up their caps high into the air, and thundered forth such cheers and applause as shook the very walls of Dublin Castle to its foundation. Dreading the effect on the public mind, the English Government ignominiously surrendered and granted an independent Parliament to Ireland.

What wonder, therefore, that the famous Irish poet, Thomas Davis, says: "The speeches of Grattan are the finest specimens of imaginative eloquence in the English or in any language. His force and vehemence are amazing—far beyond Chatham, far beyond Fox, far beyond any orator we can recall!" Even the great English poet, Lord Byron, said that Grattan was—

"With all that Demosthenes wanted endowed
And his rival or master in all he possessed."

Nevertheless, taking everything into consideration, we must conclude that the king of all Irish orators was the great Irish emancipator, Daniel O'Connell. In many respects he towered far above all the other Irish leaders before and since his time. In striking contrast with the physical infirmity of Grattan, O'Connell was a man of herculean frame and commanding presence; the light of genius was in his eyes; and he had a voice of immense power, sweetness, and variety of tone. Even the English Premier, Disraeli, declared that he never heard any voice that could compare with the thrilling tones of O'Connell." Endowed,

moreover with an extraordinary intellect, he seemed destined by nature to be a born-orator and a born leader of men. It was only a man of such marvellous powers that could win for his people from a tyrannical English Government the precious boon of Emancipation.

What wonder that his grateful countrymen style him the "Liberator," the "Father of his Country," and the "Uncrowned King of Ireland"! What wonder that the great Irish Dominican preacher, Father Burke, gave him the appellation of "Ireland's greatest son"! What wonder that he is recognized in history as one of the seven greatest orators that the world has ever seen! What has England to compare with the matchless genius of Daniel O'Connell?

There is only one department of literature in which the English surpass the Irish. That is in the province of fiction. The English authors, Dickens and Thackery, are still the kings of modern novelists. Why the Irish have not been as successful in fiction as in other departments of literature it is difficult to determine, unless the reason is that fiction means falsehood, and the Irish love the truth too well to invent a falsehood even for the sake of afterwards drawing a moral from it.

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that "Gulliver's Travels," which was written by the Irishman, Dean Swift, was the forerunner of our modern novel. It must be admitted, too, that to another Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith, belongs the great merit of purifying the novel and raising it above the sensual

and obscene. He was also the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," one of the very best novels in the English language. But the greatest of all the Irish novelists was Gerald Griffin, the author of "The Collegians," and "The Rivals," which are masterpieces in the field of fiction and hold the very first rank among novels even to the present day.

In more recent times, likewise, our Irish and Irish-American writers have produced some very creditable novels. "When We Were Boys," composed by William O'Brien, M. P., would be indeed an excellent description of Irish life thirty years ago, did it not contain a certain absurd and inexplicable hostility to the clergy of Ireland, who are stigmatized unjustly as the opponents of every national movement for the freedom of their native land. Yet it is a historical fact that it was an Irish priest, Father Murphy, that led on his countrymen against the veteran troops of England at the Battle of Vinegar Hill, in 1798; and the Irish priests have always seconded every Irish organization in which they could see any hope of Irish independence; though of course they, like good shepherds, they sometimes warned their flocks against certain ill-planned and ill-advised attempts at insurrection which they foresaw only too clearly would end in disaster.

Another great Irish author, who has lately won renown as a novelist, is the well-known Irish priest, Father Sheehan. His beautiful novel, "My New Curate," is certainly a gem that has already secured a very high place in literature and will always be read

with pleasure not only by the clergy but also by the laity. But probably no Catholic novel that has ever been written surpasses "Lalor's Maples," which has recently been written by that talented lady who is the Assistant Editor of the *Boston Pilot*, Miss Catharine Conway. It was certainly a much-needed book and ought to do an untold amount of good among Irish-American Catholics.

Nevertheless, when we compare the novels of Irish and English authors, we see at a glance that fiction is not at all the proper sphere of the Celtic race. The principal part of a novel consists in weaving a clever plot; but at that the Irish have never been very successful. They are too honest and straightforward to plot. That is why the novel of an Irish author is as tame as a Sunday-School story in comparison with the thrilling plot of an English novelist. It requires an Anglo-Saxon to invent a plausible story or to concoct a skilful plot. At that our English cousins are perfectly as home. This explains why they are clever novelists.

CHAPTER VI.

Celtic and Saxon Music and Poetry.

IN all the vast realms of science and art there is no more beautiful accomplishment than proficiency in music and poetry. There is no better test of true genius, no surer mark of a lofty state of civilization.

The Irish have always been an exceedingly musica people. The Celtic harp is the most ancient form of musical instrument now in existence; and we can judge of its perfection from the fact that after the lapse of centuries it still survives to the present day, just like

> "The harp that once through Tara's Halls
> The soul of music shed."

How strange that our English cousins have no musical instrument that has been handed down to them by their ancestors! Is not this a clear indication that the musical talent of the early Anglo-Saxons was far inferior to that of our Irish forefathers?

It is true, indeed, that neither Ireland nor England can boast of any great musical composers like those of Germany, Italy, or Austria. Germany has her Beethoven, Wagner, and Mendelssohn; Italy her Verdi and Paganini, Austria her Mozart and Haydn. These are the names of the immortal geniuses that we

naturally think of when we speak of musical composers; and we seek in vain for their compeers in the British Isles. Poor Ireland has some excuse for not producing musical geniuses like these; for what inspiration did Erin have to expand her musical soul during the last seven centuries of English tyranny and oppression? As the Hebrew exiles hung their harps on the willows of Babylon, saying: "We cannot sing in a strange land," so the children of Erin could not be expected to produce grand soul-stirring musical compositions in chains and slavery. But England has no such excuse; and yet she has never given birth to a musical composer who has acquired even a national, not to speak at all of a world-wide reputation.

However, in the field of poetry neither England nor any other country in the world can compare with Ireland. As the late lamented Abbe Hogan, President of our Boston Ecclesiastical Seminary, was accustomed to say: "Every Irishman is a poet; for he has that lofty flight of the imagination which constitutes the first essential of the true poet." Indeed, history confirms this; for in no other country on the face of the earth was the art of poetry so cultivated as in ancient Ireland. There alone it was reduced to a science and looked upon as one of the learned professions.

Who has not heard of the ancient bards or poets of Ireland? Whole volumes have been written about them. Their poetical compositions were not like the hap-hazard doggerels written by certain individuals,

who imagine that they are poets at the present day; the bards had to study the art of poetry for twelve long years before they were permitted to afflict the public with their poetic strains.

What wonder that there were great poets in Ireland in these days! In spite of all the ravages of the Danes and the English, certain very ancient specimens of their poetry have come down to us through the mists of ages and give us some idea of the poetic fire which burned in the hearts of our ancestors twenty-three centuries ago. We may talk of the beauties of the great Greek and Latin poets—Homer, Euripides, Virgil, and Horace; but how many Irish or Irish-Americans ever heard of the great Homer of Ireland? His very name will sound strange and unfamiliar to them.

The greatest of all of Ireland's ancient poets was the celebrated Ossian who flourished about the third century of the Christian era, nearly two hundred years before St. Patrick landed in Ireland. A few fragments of his poems are still preserved in Trinity College, Dublin; but even these are sufficient to put him on a par with the author of the Iliad and the Odyssey; for in point of grandeur and flowers of rhetoric they excel almost everything that has come down to us from these early ages. Like the English poet, Milton, this great Irish bard became blind in his old age; and in the following beautiful apostrophe to the sun sadly laments his loss of sight. Though the translation is but a faint echo of the original, it will give us some idea of his poetic genius:

"Oh, thou that revolvest above, circular as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams Oh, Sun, thou everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave, but thou, thyself, movest alone. Who can be the companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall, the mountains themselves decay with years, the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon itself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempest, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain—for he beholds thy beams no more—whether thy yellow hairs flow on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth. Age is dark and unlovely. It is like the glimmering of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller sinks in the midst of his journey."

What has England to compare with this great ancient Irish bard? Absolutely nothing. The Encyclopaedia Britannica sadly informs us that before the introduction of Christianity, "literature either had no existence or was in a state not less elementary, consisting of a few songs and oracles, and nothing more."

It is indeed a great relief to turn from the barren Anglo-Saxon desert to the rich and fertile fields of Irish poetry. Not only has Ireland had her Homer but her Virgil also. Just before the conversion of Erin by St. Patrick, a certain enterprising Irishman by the name of Shiel travelled to Italy to study philosophy and poetry. There his name was latinized into Sedulius and he afterwards became such a celebrated poet that he is called to this day the Christian Virgil; because he modelled his poetry on the heroic metre of that great Latin poet. His principal work was the Carmen Paschale, which is a sort of poetical version of the Old and New Testament, written in all the grace and elegance of diction of which only Virgil himself was thought capable.

There is only one thing to be regretted, it is that Sedulius did not write his poetic works in his native Irish tongue instead of Latin. However, perhaps it may be all the better in the end, for it is this which has made the name of Sedulius immortal, because the Catholic Church has incorporated a part of his poetical writings in her liturgy, so that his fame will live as long as the Church will last; and that is forever. The Latin hymn "*Crudelis Herodes Deum*," which we sing at Vespers on the great feast of the Epiphany is taken from the poems of Sedulius; so likewise the Introit of the Mass of the Blessed Virgin—"*Salve Sancta Parens.*"

Yet it was the great Saint Patrick himself that transformed the whole system of ancient Irish poetry and changed it from a pagan into a Christian institu-

tion. Before the coming of our national apostle the office of the Irish bard was to sing the praises of his ancestors and to chant the heroic deeds of Irish chieftains on the field of battle. St. Patrick, however, was no meddlesome or revolutionary reformer. Whatever was good in Irish civilization he retained and consecrated to the service of God. So he allowed the Bards to retain their harps and sing the songs of Erin's heroic youth as in the days of old. But the great Saint taught them to tune their harps to loftier strains than those of the royal banquet-hall or the battle-field. He sought to banish from their songs the pagan spirit of undying hate and rancorous vengeance, to impress the poet's mind with something of the divine spirit of Christian charity, and to soften the fierce melody of his war-songs with cadences of pity for a fallen foe. He taught the sons of the Bards how to chant the psalms of David and to sing together the sweet music of the Church's hymns.

St. Patrick was quick to see how passionately fond of music our ancestors were. Hence, like a wise apostle, he prudently employed the grand musical strains of the Church to attract converts to the true faith. Everywhere that he established a church he made provision to have some of the congregation trained in psalmody. Accordingly, in the biography of our national saint we read that "his choir-master was Benignus, whose duty it was to organize the choir and conduct the musical service."

Instead, therefore, of hampering the talents of our forefathers and checking their progress, Christianity

rather ennobled all their powers and developed them to their fullest extent. Accordingly, soon after the time of St. Patrick, Erin gave birth to a most remarkable man who was one of the best specimens of the scholar, the saint, and the poet that the world has ever seen.

This was the great Irish missionary, St. Columba, or Columbkille, who was born in the county of Donegal, on December 7, A. D. 521. This celebrated man wrote verses not only in his own native tongue but also in the Latin language. Thirty-six of his Gaelic poems are still preserved in Oxford University and they are certainly masterpieces. To be fully appreciated they must be read in the original; they lose all their beauty when translated into the cold Anglo-Saxon tongue. The great French writer, Montalembert, tells us that after St. Columbkille, Ireland produced two hundred other celebrated poets whose works have long since perished; but we must now once more turn our attention to England and see what poetical works she produced after her conversion to Christianity.

England was converted to the Catholic faith in the year 597, A. D. Thus she received all that was grand noble, and sublime; everything in brief which would cause a generous heart to burst forth in poetic strains of gratitude to God for all His inestimable blessings. But it seems that the mustard seed of Christianity brought into England fell upon very barren soil; for it took her over a hundred years to produce even a single Christian poet. The first English Christian

poet was a man called Caedmon who is supposed to have lived during the seventh century. His poetical works consisted of a mere paraphrase of the Penteteuch and the New Testament. Another early English poet was Cynewulf who composed a poem called Crist, narrating the blessings and benefits of Christianity. Some authors claim that he lived during the eighth, others in the eleventh century; but it does not matter much, as the names of both poets have long since sunk into oblivion.

But the real father of English poetry was not born for nearly eight centuries after the conversion of England to the Christian religion. This was the famous Geoffrey Chaucer, who was born in London in the fourteenth century. Until his time English was looked upon as a rough and barbarous dialect; but by imitating the literary masterpieces of Italian and French authors, such as Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Lorris, he so polished his native tongue that it was henceforth considered one of the refined languages of Europe. His chief poetic work which has survived to the present day is entitled "The Canterbury Tales"; but, like a true Englishman, he never gives any credit to the authors from whom he borrowed much of his literary material and style.

After the death of Chaucer, not another English poet of any consequence appeared for over two hundred years, until the rise of Shakespeare in the sixteenth century. He is called England's national poet and is lauded as one of the three greatest poets the world has ever seen, on a par with Homer and Virgil;

but his title to that dignity rests certainly on very dubious credentials. He had no great reputation as a poet in his own day; nor did his poetic works excite much admiration. Even a century later, during the reign of Queen Anne, Shakespeare's poems were entirely ignored and Pope was considered England's national poet.

However, the fact that Pope was a Catholic was a most serious obstacle to his permanent retention of that honor. The English nation that would not tolerate even a Catholic king on the throne was not likely to retain very long a Catholic as her national poet. Accordingly, poor Pope was soon deposed from his lofty pedestal and during the last century a great wave of enthusiasm has swept over England in favor of Shakespeare, so that he has become a much overrated poet. He has bequeathed to us only seven short poems of questionable merit. Only two of them, "The Rape of Lucrece" and "Venus and Adonis" are ever referred to as exhibiting any poetic genius above the ordinary. But even they are far from the sublime; for, while the melody is certainly beautiful, the poems themselves are very sensuous. Worse, still, all of Shakespeare's poetic works are lacking in originality; for his warmest admirers are obliged to acknowledge that he borrowed much from the Italian poets Tasso and Ariosto.

Instead of being called England's national poet, he should rather be styled her national playwright. His plays are five times more numerous than his poems. In a book edited by William Clark containing all of

Shakespeare's works, a thousand pages are devoted to his plays and only fifty four to his poetry. In reality, it is Shakespeare's plays and not his poems that have made his name so famous. It is true there is a great deal of latent poetry in his comedies and tragedies; but the real secret of his popularity with the English people and their descendants lies in his glorification of the English nation in all his dramas from "King Henry IV." to "King Henry VIII." A little flattery exercises great influence not only over individuals but even nations; and nobody knew the art better than Shakespèare; but when another English poet will arise who is more adroit at adulation, then the tide of popular favor will recede from poor Shakespeare; and he will be left stranded high and dry upon the rocks. In future ages, when the mists of national prejudice will have melted away, he may not even be recognized as a first-class poet, having sunk back into the obscurity which enveloped him in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

There were several other English poets as great as and perhaps greater than Shakespeare ever was. Though Milton usually wrote in blank verse and borrowed much from Dante, his "Paradise Lost" is far more majestic and sublime than anything Shakespeare ever composed. So likewise there is nothing in all Shakespeare's writings that can compare with Byron's magnificent poem, "Childe Harold," or Tennyson's sublime production, "The Holy Grail." But for loftiness of thought and exquisite beauty the very best poem of Shakespeare becomes mere dross in com-

parison with Wordsworth's noble "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," which some people believe to be inspired like Holy Scripture itself.

With such a gallant array of English poets we should imagine that poor, oppressed Ireland would have nothing to compare. Her last great poet who sang in his native tongue was St. Columbkille, who died just at the dawn of the seventh century. Soon afterwards, during the eighth century, the Danes began to make their plundering incursions into Ireland and then the Irish poet had to cast aside his harp to fight the battles of his country.

"The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him."

Scarcely had Erin recovered from the depredations of the Danes when she was compelled to defend her very life against another enemy, the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans. After a gallant struggle of five hundred years, she was finally overpowered by brute force and reduced to a state of slavery. In such circumstances who could expect her to pay much attention to poetry and the fine arts?

"Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery."

Not only did Ireland lose her independence but even her native tongue; and she was compelled henceforth to express her thoughts in the language of her

conqueror. When we consider how extremely difficult it is to master a strange tongue, and especially one which we have good reason to dislike, who would imagine that generous, warm-hearted Erin would ever burst forth into song in cold, chilly Anglo-Saxon?

Yet, wonderful to say, such is the marvellous versatility of the Irish that they have actually conquered their conquerors in their own chosen field, not only of English prose but of English poetry also; for the very grandest poems in the English language have been composed by Irishmen. Ireland has given birth to four great writers of English poetry who far surpass any native-born English poet that ever lived. What has England to compare with Oliver Goldsmith, Gerald Griffin, Thomas Davis, and Thomas Moore?

One of the dearest and brightest names in English literature is Oliver Goldsmith, who was born in the County of Longford, in the year 1728. As an author he stands in the very first rank of English poets. But of all his poetic gems the finest, most polished and most precious is "The Deserted Village." For tender pathos, simple, charming, life-like description, exquisite harmony, and matchless beauty of expression, it is a poem perhaps unequalled in the whole range of literature. It will last as long as the English language exists and the name of its author will be forever immortal. As Doctor Johnson said of him in his epitaph: "He left scarcely any style of writing untouched and he touched nothing that he did not adorn."

Almost equally famous as a poet was Gerald Griffin,

who was born in the city of Limerick on December 12, 1803. His poetry glows with all the fire and feeling of youth and is noted for its pure beauty, freshness, and originality. His poems entitled "The Queen of May" and "The Sister of Charity" are among the very finest productions in the English language.

But a name dearer to the Irish heart than either of these is that of Thomas Davis, the great Irish patriot poet who was born in Cork, in 1814. By his thrilling patriotic songs he is said to have contributed almost as much to bring about Catholic Emancipation as the great Daniel O'Connell himself. It was his soul-stirring poetry that created, inspired, and moulded the great national movement which rallied all the people around the great liberator of our countrymen and made him simply irresistible. Hence the poems of Davis will be read and admired as long as there is a man of the Irish race alive. They were the expression of his own manly nature, warm heart, and lofty character. They came from the heart and found their way to the heart; for they have the true ring which finds an echo in every soul that can admire the brave and the beautiful. What Irish heart does not throb in unison with his immortal verses: "She is a rich and rare land," "A nation once again," "The Green above the Red," and "On Fontenoy," which is recited by every school-boy, wherever the English tongue is spoken?

Yet, Ireland has another poet even greater than Davis, the immortal Thomas Moore, who was born

in Dublin, on May 28, 1779. He has been deservedly styled "the national poet of Ireland," "the poet of all circles," and the "sweet son of song;" for it is safe to say that no other country on the face of the earth ever produced a poet as great as Thomas Moore; and England's most eminent poets are only second class in comparison with him. This is the opinion not only of Irishmen but even of impartial Englishmen and Scotchmen. An English writer by the name of Shaw, declares that: "In the quality of a national Irish lyrist, Moore stands absolutely alone and unapproachable," and Professor Wilson of Scotland says: "Of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best is verily none other than Thomas Moore."

Moore's "Irish Melodies" are the grandest poetical productions that have ever been composed in any language. That man must indeed be a soulless clod of earth who can read them or hear them sung without feeling himself aroused to admiration. The words are exquisitely beautiful, the calm sweetness of the melody touches the very depths of the soul, and when played, the music strikes the ear as something almost celestial; so that the listener may imagine himself transported amidst the choirs of angels in Paradise.

The poems of Pope, who was really England's greatest poet and was once recognized as such, are only rhymed eloquence and logic, but Moore's melodies are the genuine poetry. As our late Irish-American poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, has well said:

"He may use deduction who must preach;
He may praise instruction who must teach;
But the poet duly does his part
When the song flows truly from his heart."

It is thus that poetry flowed from the heart of Thomas Moore like the sweet notes of the nightingale.

Well, therefore, may we be proud of the glorious record of our race in war and peace, in art, science, literature, music and poetry. Yet a few years ago certain weak-kneed Irish and Irish-Americans were actually ashamed of their Celtic origin and language. This was during the dark days of civil dissensions within the Irish Parliamentary party. But since then there has been a great improvement and a grand revival of the ancient Irish tongue. Now the Gaelic language is taught not only in the national schools of Ireland but even in Harvard College and the Catholic University of America.

This is certainly a most gratifying movement in the right direction. Yet I am not one of those who advocate the complete elimination of English from the course of study of our Irish youth and the substitution of Irish in its place. In the present state of affairs such a step would be neither wise nor practical. To abolish the study of English now would be to throw away the key to the matchless poems of Oliver Goldsmith, Gerald Griffin, Thomas Davis, and Thomas Moore. Why should we do anything as foolish as that? Besides we know how useful English is at the present day as a means of communication

in the business world. Why then should not the Irish take advantage of the opportunity it affords them in the field of trade and commerce? But, above all, I really believe that God has destined the Irish for the great work of keeping the light of faith burning brightly everywhere throughout the English-speaking world. Hence to neglect the study of English would be to prove unfaithful to this grand vocation.

Let us therefore train up the rising generation to love and cherish the noble language of their forefathers; but at the same time let them not neglect the English tongue which has been hallowed and ennobled by the immortal Thomas Moore. Thus they will become bilinguists like the Germans and the French, who settle in the United States and teach their children not only the language of the country but also the language of their fathers. It would also be an excellent undertaking for Irishmen everywhere throughout the world to establish Irish Reading Circles, Historical Societies, and Archaeological Associations, in order to preserve as an inestimable treasure the glorious literature that has come down to us from our ancestors and to hand it down to posterity as a precious heirloom.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

General Characteristics of the Celt and the Saxon.

HAVING compared the Celt and the Anglo-Saxon in war and peace, we must now endeavor to draw a comparative sketch of Irish and English character. After all, it is not so much the achievements of a nation in war and peace as the lofty character of its citizens that determines its superiority. That is the real test.

Though all men are descended from a common father and mother, Adam and Eve, yet, in the course of ages, all the various nations of the world have developed certain characteristics peculiar to themselves. But though the English and the Irish have for so many centuries lived so closely together, it would be almost impossible to find two other races that differ so widely in character.

It seems very difficult indeed for an Irishman and an Englishman to understand each other and for one to do justice to the character of the other; yet even the most impartial observers can see at a glance that there is in the Irish character something far more grand, noble, and elevated than in that of the Anglo-Saxon. Though their enemies frequently depict them as a low, ignorant, intemperate, and envious race, yet even impartial Englishmen themselves acknowledge that the Irish are the brightest, the wittiest, the most

generous, the most warm-hearted, the most moral, and the most magnanimous people on the face of the earth.

The first striking characteristic which an Englishman usually observes in an Irishman is his bright Celtic wit; and yet the average Englishman has only a very poor idea of what real, genuine Irish wit is. He would reduce the Irish wit to the level of the jester or clown, with his fool's cap and bells, whose business it was to amuse kings and nobles during the middle ages by his ludicrous and absurd remarks. Such is the Irishman as he is usually presented on the English stage and sometimes on the American in imitation of the English. His wit never rises beyond that ridiculous creation of the English imagination which is usually called an "Irish Bull," generally something exceedingly foolish and nonsensical. But real genuine Irish wit is something far more clever and intelligent than this fantastical Anglo-Saxon burlesque; and it is high time that this travesty upon our race should be hissed from the stage.

No doubt it must be very difficult for an Englishman to get a true conception of Irish wit, for the English are universally recognized as a dull, cold, calculating, and unscrupulous race, whose only aim in life is to seize upon their neighbor's property and thus amass riches. Though it cannot be denied that the Irish are a somewhat proud, sensitive, impulsive, and improvident race, yet with all their faults, who would exchange his Irish character for that of an Englishman?

How can we explain these divergent characteristics of the two races? It is a nation's history that furnishes us with a key to its national character. Just as a man's daily actions, whether good or bad, make a corresponding impression on his character, so very frequently certain events in the history of a nation stamp upon it that indellible national character which distinguishes it from all other nations. Without a knowledge of these historical events the character of the people in the nation would be perfectly unintelligible. So it is with the character of the Irish and the English.

Nothing is so apt to ennoble the character of a race as a constant striving after some great and lofty principle. It is thus that the character of the Irish, naturally good, has been rendered still more noble by two great animating principles, the one religious, the other national in its aim. As we shall observe still more clearly in the following chapter, the eminent character of the Irish is mainly due to their fidelity to the Catholic religion. The morality of the gospel is the grandest and most sublime that the world has ever seen. He who is faithful to it must not only govern his actions but also his words and even his very thoughts. He must love even his greatest enemies. We can readily understand, therefore, what an influence such a religion must have over a race naturally so magnanimous as the Irish. A striking example of this was afforded at the siege of Limerick by King William of Orange. It deserves to be written in letters of gold. Once during the siege the English

camp caught fire, and the wounded in the hospitals were in danger of perishing in the flames; but the Irish, forgetting for a time the strife of conflict, rushed into the burning building and rescued their enemies from a most frightful death. If our forefathers were a vindictive, unforgiving race they would never have acted thus; but where is the Englishman who would have treated his fallen Irish foe so magnanimously?

Another great principle which contributed much to elevate the character of the Irish race was their incessant struggle for liberty during the last seven centuries. Nothing is more apt to develop true patriotism, unselfishness, and sense of honor than a grand struggle for national independence. It was this which produced such grand characters as Emmett, Grattan, Daniel O'Connell, and hundreds of other noble Irish patriots who suffered, bled, and died for their country.

Strange to say, this, too, explains the defects in the character of the Irish, such as their intemperance, which the English are so fond of putting under a magnifying glass and examining under the glare of a lime light, so that it may appear as hideous as possible; while at the same time hiding their own skeleton in the closet.

But how many Englishmen ever reflect that England herself is responsible for this intemperance of the Irish? Our Celtic ancestors were a very temperate people before the English landed on their shores. In the time of St. Patrick drunkenness was unknown

amongst them. In all his writings the great apostle does not refer even once to Irish intemperance.

It was only after they lost their independence that this vice broke out among the Irish people; and when we take into consideration all that they suffered from English tyranny during the last seven hundred years, can we be astonished that they turned to drink? Everyone who knows human nature is aware how prone men, and even Englishmen are to drown their sorrows in the wine cup. So, when we consider that England has not only stolen their country's independence, but even robbed them again and again of all that they possessed; when we reflect that she has banished their bravest and best into exile in a foreign land, and that she has broken the heart of many a a father and mother by casting their noble son into prison or causing him to die a shameful death upon the scaffold for no other crime than that of loving his country, is it any wonder that the Irish in despondency have contracted the habit of intoxication? A less noble and courageous race would have sought relief from all their troubles in the suicide's grave. Yet, to the honor of Ireland, her rate of suicides is only one fourth that of England, for an equal number of people.

History has likewise left its deep impress upon the character of the Anglo-Saxon; and without the light of English history it would be utterly impossible to understand the English character. To give the English their due, it cannot be denied that they are an intelligent, enterprising, energetic, and thrifty race.

England has produced many noble-minded men and women who were a credit to their country and several of them have been canonized by the Catholic Church as men of unblemished character and saints of God. It would be very difficult indeed to point out in the pages of history a grander character than Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and the late Cardinal Newman.

But these were only individuals. We are now dealing only with the English national character and we have seen already how the English were a nation of robbers from the earliest times. So, we regret to say, they have retained all the characteristics of the robber even to the present day. We sometimes find a snobbish American aping the characteristics of the English; but how little they realize that by acting thus they are only copying the traits of a robber, who has not even yet reformed from his misdeeds!

Even the robber has many remarkable characteristics which elicit, if not our admiration, at least our amazement. The robber is bold and courageous; for a faint-hearted man would never be able to overpower his victim and plunder him of all his possessions. The robber is also cool and calculating; for a hot-headed, excitable man would never make a successful plunderer. The burglar must also be enterprising, vigilant, and wide-awake to observe his neighbor's property and to watch night and day for the best opportunity to seize upon it. But above all things the plunderer must possess in an extraordinary degree the faculty of cunning, to enable him to lay

his plans successfully and to cover up the tracks of his plundering enterprises.

But are not all these characteristics strikingly English, you know? No one can deny that the English are bold and courageous, especially before the weak and powerless, though very civil and courteous to the strong and powerful. Even English writers themselves confess this. The great English writer Thackeray, in his Irish Sketch Book, Chapters IX and X, tells us of a certain English bully who went over to Ireland in his own day and tried to bulldoze the natives, so that his conduct became disgusting even to his country-men. On the other hand he highly praises the Irishman as a true gentleman; and his only wonder is that he could have so much patience and forbearance with the rude, vulgar, insolent, English braggart.

In his Paris Sketch Book, page 10, Thackeray develops still more fully the character of the "English gentleman." "Believe me," he says, "there is not on the face of the earth a scamp like an English one, no blackguard like one of these half-gentlemen, so mean, so low, so vulgar—so ludicrously ignorant and conceited, so desperately heartless and depraved." If an Irishman under the British flag had painted the English character half as dark as that he would be sent into exile for life.

In bright contrast to this sombre picture, the same author relates how hospitably himself, though a perfect stranger and an Englishman, was received in Ireland, so that a Dublin lawyer left his office and a

literary man his books in order to show him the city; and he exclaims in astonishment: "Would a London man leave his business to trudge to the Tower or to the Park with a stranger?"

Another boasted characteristic of the English is their proverbial coolness. They are wonderfully cool-headed indeed in all their spoliations. It is high time that they should be after fifteen centuries of freebooting on land and sea. Their latest exhibition of coolness was displayed in robbing the poor Boer farmers of their diamond fields and their country. That was the most remarkable specimen of coolness recorded in history since Achab and Jezabel conspired to rob Naboth of his vineyard and inheritance. No doubt there were in England a great many upright, honest men who disapproved of this thievery, but their voice was lost in the national din of robbers. Certainly Ireland can show no record of Celtic coolness to compare with this. In this respect the English easily carry off the palm.

The Anglo-Saxon is likewise very vigilant and knows exactly the best time to seize his neighbor's property, when his attention is engaged elsewhere or distracted by civil dissensions. It was thus that England seized upon Ireland, India, and Canada. Indeed from time immemorial England has maintained in her secret service a band of spies in every country of Europe and America so that she may know everything transpiring in these regions which she may turn to her own advantage.

But where the English surpass all other nations is

in a certain low cunning peculiar to the robber. The honest man never has recourse to this base trickery, because he has no need of it. It is only the dishonest that require it to cover up their crooked ways. This explains why the Irish are naturally so credulous, because being thoroughly honest themselves they expect all others to be like them.

But the English are just the opposite, and wherever they cannot succeed by the strength of the lion they have recourse to the cunning of the fox. Their motto has ever been: "Divide and conquer." It was thus that Queen Elizabeth vanquished Ireland by sowing civil dissensions among the Irish chieftains.

Even in this country, which is supposed to be so enlightened, it is remarkable what a great influence English cunning exercises over our American statesmen. An English diplomat has only to speak of "our common Anglo-Saxon blood," "our common Anglo-Saxon language and literature," "our common English bible," and "the immortal Shakespeare," when straightway all our Anglo-Maniacs fall at the feet of England and shed tears of regret because the War of the Revolution ever took place. It is simply astonishing how with all their intelligence the people of the United States can be so easily cajoled. Everybody knows how English flattery came very near dragging the United States into an alliance with "Mother England." In fact it might have succeeded but for the Irish patriot, Michael Davitt. It is also well known what a vast influence the English statesman, Joseph Chamberlain, has during the past decade

exercised over the foreign policy of the United States. There is very little doubt that it was he who drew the United States into war with Spain and induced her to seize upon the Philippine Islands, in order that she might be a counterpoise in the East against Russia and also give England a free hand to seize upon the Transvaal, with all its rich diamond fields. Once having embarked on the business of spoliation the United States lost all her moral influence and forfeited all right to raise her voice in defence of her sister republics in South Africa; because then England might retort: "See what you yourself are doing in the Philippines! Those who live in glass houses must not throw stones." Thus Secretary of State Hay, who pretends to be the greatest diplomatist in the world, has been really only the cat's paw of England, just as Japan is her cat's-paw now in the East against Russia.

Yet Chamberlain who thus cajoled the United States is really her worst enemy; and is now striving by building up a tariff wall to make Canada a dangerous rival of this country. Verily these English are exceedingly cunning knaves!

Nobody should find fault with people for possessing a certain amount of shrewdness and circumspection. Even the Bible itself recommends prudence, telling us to be "wise as serpents." But it likewise instructs us to be "harmless as doves." The Irish may be "harmless as doves" but they certainly are not "wise as serpents"; and it would do them no harm at all to have a little more wordly wisdom. On the other hand, the English may be "wise as serpents" but

they are not by any means "harmless as doves." As we shall see in a subsequent chapter, their wisdom consists of a low, mean, unprincipled cunning. The English are the most unscrupulous people in the world. They will stop at nothing to accomplish their designs. Their history is one continual tale of perfidy, hypocrisy, treachery, conspiracy, robbery, and even murder of the innocent.

CHAPTER II.

Irish and English Morality.

HERE the word morality is not at all confined to its restricted sense as the equivalent of chastity or social purity but is employed in its broadest signification as a synonym for virtue in general. It should be well understood that virtue does not mean merely a certain outward veneer or polish such as frequently passes for respectability among the so-called "good society," at the present day. All that "good society" is concerned about is a fair exterior. As long as a man dresses well, is polite, does not smoke, chew, or drink, nor do anything that shocks the community he is looked upon as a good respectable man, though inwardly his heart may be full of corruption and in reality he is only a whitened sepulchre.

But the Catholic Church has never recognized such a standard of morality for her children. After the example of the Savior, she insists on regulating the whole man—his actions, his words, and even his very thoughts. The true Catholic must not only act rightly but also talk rightly, and even think rightly. He must not single out one or two of the ten commandments of God and say: "I pay my debts, and I never tell a lie"; whilst at the same time neglecting entirely the other eight commandments of the decalogue; but he must carefully observe each and every one of the

commandments. Moreover, there must be no cant, no duplicity, no hypocrisy, no game of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; but he must be thoroughly and sincerely honest in his whole heart and soul.

According to this standard of morality, there is no doubt whatever that the Irish are a far more moral people than the English. We do not make this claim on the testimony of Irish authorities; for then it would be a case of a lawyer pleading his own cause; but all our proof is based on the unwilling evidence of Englishmen themselves, who could not deny the plain truth.

However, it is not at all our desire to depict every Irishman as a regular St. Aloysius and to paint every Englishman as black as Lucifer; because everybody knows that the Irish as well as the English have their faults; and that many Englishmen have noble traits like the Irish. Yet, until quite recently, the average Englishman regarded the Irish as a very turbulent and criminal race. The British newspapers continually referred to them as "The Wild Irish"; because, being a brave, patriotic people, they would not willingly submit to be exploited by the English for their own selfish purposes.

Even in this country, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," many prejudices existed in certain quarters against the Irish until a few years ago. During the recent ante-Catholic agitation, one of the questions asked in the A. P. A. catechism which was published by bigots was: "Who fills our prisons?" and the answer was, "The Roman Catholic Irish."

But little by little the light of truth began to dawn upon the minds of our non-Catholic brethren. The late great English statesman, Mr. Gladstone, deservedly called "the Grand Old Man," though at first the deadly enemy of the Irish, was gradually forced to recognize their sterling virtues, and no doubt, did much to open the eyes of his countrymen to their real character. The last years of his life especially may be well called the era of good feeling and conciliation; for he introduced into Parliament a bill which sooner or later is destined to give Home Rule to Ireland. America's grand old man, too, the eloquent Senator Hoar, who has just passed away, did a great deal also to break down the barriers of prejudice against the Irish in this continent, so that they are now generally recognized at their true value.

Aside from agrarian and political crime, the sad result of English spoliation, and an unfortunate weakness to intemperance, which as we have seen in the previous chapter, is likewise the unhappy consequence of English tyranny, the Irish people are the most moral race in the world. What greater authority in the eyes of an Englishman than the Encyclopædia Britannica! Yet the Encyclopædia Britannica, ninth edition, in its article "Ireland" (table No. LVI.) tells us that for an equal number of population the number of the "more serious offences" are far greater in England than in Ireland. For the year 1878 there were only 3842 in Ireland but 4797 in England. The Cheltenham English Examiner also informs us in an article dated May 16, 1886, that: "Death sentences

are eight times greater in England than in Ireland for an equal number of population. London, equal in population to that of all Ireland, has double the number of indictable offences. Rural crime is also greater in England than in Ireland. For the same population there were in England during 1886, nearly twice as many aggravated assaults on women and children as in Ireland. England had 597 cases and Ireland only 337." The writer who was a Presbyterian also assures us that "The proportion of crime is not only greater in Britain than in Ireland, but is also of a more brutal character."

Mr. French, the agent of the notorious Lord Landsowne, in his Journals published in 1868, Vol. II., page 130, bears testimony that: "There are ten times as many murders in England as in Ireland. The English ruffian murders for money; the Irish murders patriotically—to enforce a principle. The Irish convict is not necessarily corrupt—he may be reclaimed. The English convict is irreclaimable."

Nobody would ever accuse the late James Anthony Froude of any special love for the Irish people. Many people now living remember how he came out from England to this country to discredit them, about thirty years ago; and how the eloquent Irish Dominican, Father Burke, followed in order to defend the fair name of his race. Yet probably never was grander eulogy pronounced over the Irish than fell from the lips of this same Froude in a lecture delivered in New York, in 1872. "Ireland," he said, "was one of the poorest countries in Europe, yet there was less

theft, less cheating, less house-breaking, less robbery of all kinds than in any other country of the same size in the civilized world. In the wildest districts, the people slept with unlocked doors and windows with as much security as if they had been with the saints in Paradise. In the last hundred years at least, impurity had been almost unknown in Ireland. This absence of vulgar crime and this exceptional modesty of character were due, to their everlasting honor, to the influence of the Catholic clergy."

Equally complimentary to the Irish is the great English writer, Thackeray. In his Irish Sketch Book, page 58, he pays the following grand tribute to the women of Ireland: "The charming gaiety and frankness of the Irish ladies have been noted and admired by every foreigner who has had the good fortune to mingle in their society, and I hope it is not detracting from the merit of the upper classes to say that the lower are not a whit less pleasing. I never saw in any country such a general grace of manner and ladyhood. In the midst of their gaiety, too, it must be remembered that they are the chastest of women, and that no country in Europe can boast of such general purity."

On page 111, the same author continues: "There are no more innocent girls in the world than the Irish girls, and the women of our squeamish country are far more liable to err. One has but to walk through an English and an Irish town and see how much superior is the morality of the latter. That great terror-striker, the Confessional, is before the Irish girl, and sooner or later her sins must be told there."

How strange that both Froude and Thackeray agree that the lofty character and high morality of the Irish people are due to their religion and the Confessional, which so many narrow-minded people say tends to increase crime, by making its pardon easy! But experience teaches just the contrary. When a man goes to Confession he must give up sinning. If he relapses into the same sin he is soon refused absolution, the most effective of all spiritual remedies. Hence, those who wish to keep on sinning and leading a wicked life give up going to Confession entirely, because they know that if they go to Confession they will have to amend their lives, to give up their bad habits, to restore their ill-gotten goods, and to repair the injury done to their neighbor.

In all the books which I have read I never found but one that really assails the morality of the Irish, and gives any data to justify such an attack on their character. That is the book to which I have already alluded, "The Priests and People of Ireland," by Michael McCarthy. But it is very evident that the author of that book was, as we say in America, "only playing to the galleries," or in other words only catering to the English people, so that they might purchase his publication.

Yet the only trace of immorality which he seems to have been able to discover in the whole of Ireland was in a small portion of the City of Dublin, which he styled a regular Yoshiwari or Japanese dive. He likewise claims that eighty per cent. of the fallen women of Dublin in houses of ill-repute are Catholics.

But certainly the Irish people may well congratulate themselves, even according to Mr. McCarthy's calculations, to have only one wicked city in the whole island. Where is there another country that has such a glorious record as that? How many immoral cities there are in England it would be indeed difficult to count. But how shall we explain the exceptional wickedness of Dublin that renders it so much out of harmony with the rest of the country? The explanation is easy. Though situated in Ireland, in reality Dublin is not strictly speaking an Irish city at all. It was originally built by the Danes, and has long been a kind of cosmopolitan city, which, like all great seaport towns, becomes a sink for the moral dregs of the world. But what is still more responsible for the degradation of Dublin is the proximity of Dublin Castle, with its degraded English garrison. In reality Dublin is only a suburb of the Castle, and those who are in a position to know assure us that it was the English garrison with its troop of vile camp-followers that debauched the capital of Ireland. This is the only intelligent way to explain why Dublin is so immoral and the rest of the island is so irreproachable.

It is true the Catholic Church is supposed to be supreme in Dublin, but what can the clergy do when they have not the civil power to enforce their demands? People engaged in such nefarious traffic defy the most positive commandments of God and His Church. The only thing that terrifies them is the policeman's club. However, notwithstanding Mr. McCarthy's assertion that 80 per cent. of the inmates of Dublin's

houses of ill-repute are "practical Catholics." I unhesitatingly claim that not one of them is a Catholic. They may have been Catholics once. They may have been born of good Catholic parents and been baptized Catholics, but just as soon as they entered on their evil ways the Catholic Church excommunicated them. She cast them out of her fold as Lucifer was cast out of heaven, and now they have no more right to be called Catholics than the demons in hell have to be styled angels since their fall from grace. But after all, how incomparably virtuous the Irish people must be when even their political enemies have been compelled to praise them!

As Englishmen have spoken so eulogistically of the Irish, we sincerely wish that we could speak equally well of the English race; but unfortunately, regard for the truth will not permit us. Be as charitable as you may, palliate their faults as much as possible, yet as we have already observed in Part II, Chapter V, there is something exceedingly brutal and cold-blooded in the character of the English that is entirely foreign to Irish character. History bears testimony to this fact.

Perhaps there is nothing which better indicates the real character of a race than their native religious belief, unalloyed by any external influences, because a people's religious ideals manifest everything that is noblest and grandest in their nature, and portray the loftiest aspirations of the soul. Yet it is actually a fact related in Sanderson's History of England, page 21, that before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, their idea of heaven was "a bright place

called Valhalla, where they should lie on couches quaffing ale from the skulls of foemen who had fallen in battle." What can we think of a race with such brutal religious instincts as that? Search all history and you will never find such degraded religious sentiments recorded of any other race, even of the lowest savages of the forest.

Another thing which well illustrates the character of a people is their humanity or inhumanity in the infliction of capital punishment. But scarcely had the English gained a foothold in Ireland, in the thirteenth century, when they made a law that any Englishman who dared to marry an Irish woman should be hanged, and whilst yet alive should have his bowels torn out by the executioner, though as Lord Macaulay facetiously remarked: "It was not likely that a disloyal subject could feel himself won back to loyalty whilst the hangman was grabbing at his entrails." Equally barbarous was that form of execution known as "hanging, drawing, and quartering," which meant that the poor, unfortunate victim, when only half hanged was cut down and his body was hacked into four quarters. Then his mutilated remains were hung over a bridge, in the public highway, as a ghastly warning to others. Yet these brutal forms of execution survived to the dawn of the eighteenth century. But the most dreadful of all forms of execution was that of burning at the stake. Yet, as if these barbaraties were not sufficiently cruel, they were frequently preceded by torture on the rack, besides which the horrors of the Spanish inquisition dwindle into insignificance.

Still more brutal, if that were possible, was England's persecution of the Irish people for their fidelity to their religion. To read of the barbarities which she inflicted on the Irish martyrs would freeze the very life-blood in our veins. A single instance will suffice to illustrate her diabolical cruelty. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Bishop O'Herlihy, because he would not acknowledge the Queen as Pope, had his feet stuffed into tin boots filled with oil and then placed in stocks over the fire until the boiling oil had eaten away every particle of flesh up to his knees. During this dreadful torture the heroic bishop groaned and sobbed so piteously that he would move the heart of a Sioux or a Comanche Indian; but his moans had no more effect on his English torturers than they would have on the demons of hell.

Can we be astonished that people of such a character employed the scalping Indians of the forest against their own flesh and blood in the American Revolutionary War? The great English statesman, William Pitt, himself, bears testimony to this, and denounces this uncivilized method of warfare in his speeches, in which he describes the savages as "butchering, mutilating, and even devouring their mangled victims."

No doubt it will be alleged that all this occurred a long time ago and that since then the English character has become much more humane. It is quite true that if you meet an educated Englishman at the present day he appears to be the most polished, the most refined, and the most cultured gentleman in the world. Yet, after fourteen centuries of Christianity, the civil-

ization of England is only skin deep. I think that it was Bismarck who said: "Scratch an Englishman and you find a savage," and certainly the Englishman proved this only a few years ago, in the Boer War.

Though pretending to be filled with horror at the ferocity of the Turks towards the poor Armenians and turning up the whites of their eyes at the Russian atrocities in Siberia, these saintly English did not scruple to use against the Boers Dum Dum or explosive bullets, condemned by all civilized nations and even by the English themselves at the Hague International Peace Conference a short time before. Worse still—even at this era of enlightenment, the opening of the twentieth century, they actually employed the savage Hottentots of South Africa to shoot down the gallant Boer farmers battling for liberty, and to massacre their noble wives, mothers, and children, whilst their heroic sons, husbands, and fathers were defending their country on the battle-field. But most shameful of all—these brave English soldiers themselves actually made war on the poor, helpless Boer women and children, collecting them into what were styled Concentration Camps, where they died by the hundreds of hunger and disease, so that finally, to save them from extermination, the gallant Boer soldiers laid down their arms. Indeed, Colonel Blake, the commander of the Irish Brigade, who fought side by side with the Boers, and afterwards wrote the history of the war, assures us that but for the sake of their women and children these heroic farmers would never have surrendered

What a dreadful story of English brutality! Yet

England's moral turpitude, is, if that were possible, of a still darker dye. A single walk through London, travellers tell us, is sufficient to convince any unprejudiced mind that it is the most immoral city in the world. Here is an extract from an article in the *New York Sun* of November 13, 1892, in which an impartial American relates what he witnessed in London with his own eyes:

"The degradation of woman is more common in London than in any other great city of the world. Nowhere is the social evil so obtrusive and so unrepressed. Vice in London is more repulsive than in more seductive Paris. But what it lacks in gilding it makes up in obtrusiveness and insistence. Nowhere on earth can anything be found to match the scenes in Regent Street, Piccadilly, and the Strand, late at night. Soliciting by women is entirely unchecked by the police. An American gentleman walked along the Strand for a single block one evening last week, (November 3, 1892), without in any way encouraging attention except by his rather slow walk, and he was accosted by no less than twenty-six women. Within a hundred yards of Piccadilly Circus there may be counted on any pleasant evening from 150 to 300 bold, painted faces that mark as plainly as would a branding-iron the name of outcast.

London shuts its official eye to the whole thing, and as a result vice flaunts itself where it will. Even daylight does not shame it out of sight. Criticism is an ungracious task, but when the subjects of it are themselves the critics of all the world, perhaps no apology

is needed. The temptation to point the finger of scorn at London—hypercritical, hypocritical London—is far greater than to join in the chorus of denunciation of gay and slandered Paris. Paris is gloriously wicked, London is guiltily so."

We might imagine that perhaps the moral condition of London has improved very much since the above lines were written over a decade ago. But, on the contrary, it seems to have deteriorated still more, and vice has become much bolder. An American gentleman just returned from Europe has assured me that fallen women as thick as flies still infest that portion of London which is called the Strand, and so audacious have they become that they sometimes snatch the hats of travellers off their heads in order that they may pursue them into some low dive where they are robbed by their male confederates.

England cannot say like Ireland that she has only one immoral city within her borders, for what has been related of London is equally true of all the rest of England. Mr. Joseph Kay, though himself an Englishman, in his famous work, "The Social Condition of the English People," page 118, declares that:

"In the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk illegitimacy is very prevalent. The immorality of the young women is literally horrible, and I regret to say that it is on the increase in a most alarming degree. No person seems to think anything at all of it. There appears to be among the lower class a perfect deadness of all moral feeling upon the subject, and is is absolutely impossible to convince them that immorality is

wrong. They generally say that if they never do anything worse than that they shall get to Heaven as well as other people."

But still more frightful is the account of English immorality from the pen of an Anglican minister, the Rev. J. B. Sweet, Vicar of Devon, in 1883:

"Our fashionable and vulgar morality," he says, 'is the natural product of our popular theology. Licentiousness, dishonesty, profligacy, gambling, and immorality characterize large classes of society. At no previous date in English history, has the marriage-bond, the very basis of society, been so openly violated and dishonored as to-day. The Divorce-Law of the State is eating into the very vitals of the nation. It permits and encourages dissolution of marriage on easy terms, facilitates (whilst protesting against) collusive actions for adultery, and floods the whole realm with vile details of evidence given in the divorce courts. What wonder that marriage is made by multitudes a cloak for sin, that concubinage increases, and that the streets of our metropolis and of various provincial towns are said to swarm with prostitutes, often mere children, to an extent never known before!"

What a horrifying picture of English immorality! Thanks be to God such a horrible state of things would not be permitted for a single day in Catholic Ireland. According to statistics for an equal number of population, there is over three times more immorality in England than in Ireland. But the darkest of all of England's dark crimes is the awful sin of infanticide, that awful transgression which cries to heaven

for vengeance. As Holy Scripture says: "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon." Even the fiercest tiger in the forest will defend her offspring with the last drop of her blood, but the English who claim to be the most enlightened, the most civilized, the most cultured and the most refined people in the world, actually murder their own children, sometimes before they are born at all—and generally for the sake of money, so that the support of their little ones may not be a burden to them or an obstacle to the accumulation of wealth. Can we imagine anything more brutal, more unnatural, more heartless, and more cold-blooded than this? Yet it is no invention of the imagination, no fabrication of an enemy, for even candid Englishmen themselves in shame and sorrow have been compelled with blushes to acknowledge its truth.

Mr. Kay, whom we have already quoted so often, thus sadly refers to this unspeakable crime:

"Alas, these accounts are only too true! There can be no doubt that a great part of the poorer classes of this country are sunk in such a frightful depth of hopelessness, of misery, and utter moral degradation that even mothers forget their affection for their helpless children and kill them as a butcher does his lambs, in order to make money by murder."

A Protestant clergyman, also, the Rev. Canon Humble, in an article contributed to *The Church and the World*, in 1866, furnishes us with still more ghastly details of this indescribable crime:

"Bundles are left lying about the streets which people will not touch lest the too familiar object—a

child's body—should be revealed, perchance with a pitch-plaster over its mouth, or a woman's garter round its throat. Thus, too, the metropolitan canal boats are impeded, as they are tracked along, by the number of drowned infants with which they come in contact, and the land is becoming defiled with the blood of the innocent. We are told by Dr. Lankester that there are 12,000 women in London to whom the crime of child-murder may be attributed. In other words one out of every thirty women between the ages of fifteen and forty-five years is a murderess."

Mr. Kay again assures us that in 1850 it was "a common practice for the degraded poor in many towns to enter their children in what were called 'burial clubs' and then cause their death by starvation, ill-usage, or poison in order to get the insurance money." He cites as an example how in the City of Manchester, "One man put his children into nineteen clubs and one single club boasted of 34,100 members, though the whole population of the town was only 36,000. "

The Rev. B. Waugh, likewise, in an article contributed to the *Contemporary Review*, May, 1890, on "Baby Farming" and another on "Child Insurance," in the same magazine, July 1890, affirms that more than a thousand children—most of them no doubt illegitimate—are murdered annually in England for insurance money. Even so recently as May, 1891, the *London Times* related how the lifeless bodies of ten infants had just been found floating on the Thames, with their skulls fractured, their nostrils flattened over their faces, and their heads all knocked to pieces.

Surely the wrath of God must soon fall upon England for this wholesale murder of the innocents, whose cries ascend to heaven calling for justice on their murderers. For twenty centuries Herod has been justly execrated by the whole world for slaughtering the babes of Bethlehem, but what were the few hundred put to death by Herod to the tens of thousands murdered in England by their own fathers and mothers? Search all the records of all the most wicked pagan cities of old, condemned in the pages of Holy Writ, and you will not find anything so horrible as the moral condition of England at the present day. Tyre, Sidon, and Ninive, which God once threatened to destroy within forty days, were saintly cities in comparison with London. Even Sodom and Gomorrah on which the Lord rained down fire and brimstone were respectable in contrast with it.

What must we think of the character of the English people who are guilty of such brutal, unnatural, cold-blooded crimes against their own offspring, and have no more regard for the life of their children than that of a dog or a cat? Must they not be entirely lacking in every religious instinct, every generous impulse, every noble, humane sentiment? Must they not have the heart of a hyena?

God forbid that we should insult the noble, generous, pure, God-fearing Irish by comparing them to such a totally depraved race, guilty of such hell-born crimes! It is quite true that the Irish have their own peculiar faults and failings like other races, but at least they have never been so wild or savage as to

murder their own offspring, and by destroying the family undermine the very foundations of all society.

But our American readers may ask: "If the Irish are such model people at home why have they such an unenviable criminal record in this country?" At first thought we might be tempted to retort that perhaps the Americans themselves did not always set them good example. But, on more mature deliberation, we are convinced that there are two other causes which are far more responsible for the alleged criminality of our race in the United States. They are emigration and the saloon. Transplanting is rarely beneficial either to a tree or to man. How often a beautiful tree that is transplanted withers and dies! So everybody at all experienced knows that emigration from one's native land is a dangerous trial to virtue. At home a man has everything to strengthen his moral character. He and his family may he well-known and highly respected in the community. Therefore, he has not only to maintain his own good name but also that of his family, since even the humblest Irish family is as proud of its family tree as the greatest royal house of Europe. But when an Irishman leaves his native land and comes into a strange country, where nobody knows him and he has no family honor to sustain, he would not be human if he did not experience a great temptation to indulge in dissipation. This is the conclusion arrived at by an American gentleman by the name of Mr. Charles Brace, after an investigation of twenty years among the emigrants

of New York. The result of his observations he sums up in the following words:

"There is no question that the breaking up of the ties with one's country has a bad moral effect, especially on the laboring class. The emigrant is released from the social inspection and judgment to which he has been subjected at home, and the tie of Church and priesthood is weakened. If a Roman Catholic he is often a worse Catholic without being a better Protestant. If a Protestant he often becomes indifferent. Moral ties are loosened with the religious. The consequence is that most of the criminals of New York are foreign-born, and the majority of these were born in Ireland; and yet at home the Irish are one of the most law-abiding and virtuous of populations—the proportion of criminals being smaller than in England."

CHAPTER III.

Alleged Irish Intemperance.

THIS is a subject which every Irish author approaches with fear and trembling, because he knows that intemperance has been for centuries the curse and the national sin of his race. Do what he will, explain it as best he can, place the responsibility wherever he may, he cannot deny the fact, for everybody knows it, especially here in the United States. Nothing remains but to confess it in shame and humiliation, for "a fault confessed is half redressed."

No imagination can picture, no mind can conceive, no tongue can tell all the evils that this dreadful vice has brought upon our race. How many wives it has made widows, how many children it has made orphans, how many victims it has driven to insanity or to an early grave, how many families it has broken up, how many adherents it has caused to be lost to the Church, God alone can tell!

As we look around this great country to-day it is gratifying to notice how many poor Irish emigrants who came here less than a score of years ago now possess nice, comfortable homes of their own, whilst their sons are going to college and their daughters to an academy. Certainly this speaks volumes for their thrift, their industry, and their temperate habits. But how many other Irishmen who came here at the

same time are still living in wretched hovels not fit for swine! Their wives and children are starving with the hunger, their clothing is in rags, and they would perish with the cold in the Winter if the Church did not take pity on them; whilst their miserable husbands and fathers spend all their earnings for intoxicaitng liquor on a Saturday night, instead of bringing home their wages for the support of their families.

In times gone by how many other Irish fathers and mothers, unworthy of the name, did not intemperance plunge into prison or into an early grave! But what became of their poor, unfortunate children? Before Catholic homes were erected to receive them they passed into the hands of the State—a Protestant State. The State transferred them into the custody of Protestant families, hundreds of them were shipped out West to other Protestant families, and brought up Protestants. That is one of the principal reasons why to-day we find so many Protestants having good, old, Irish-Catholic names. But that is the only thing Catholic about them, for they are the most bigoted of all Protestants, and they hate the Catholic Church more than all other Protestants, because that is the way they were instructed by their Protestant foster-parents. It is estimated that 10,000,000 souls have been lost to the Catholic Church in this country alone. There is no doubt that many of these losses are due to the evils of mixed marriages and the scarcity of priests in the early days of American history, but no inconsiderable part of this leakage may be attributed to the conduct of unworthy parents, through whose intem-

perance many children were lost to the true faith. But for these defections the number of Catholics in the United States would be double what it is to-day. Instead of only 10,000,000 Catholics we should have 20,000,000. Thus we have lost more by perversion than we have gained by conversion.

It is very hard to understand how the Irish, whose character, as we have observed in the previous chapter, is naturally so noble, could degrade themselves to such a beastly sin as gluttony, like that low, degraded animal called the glutton, which eats and drinks until it has made itself sick. The explanation is that the Irish are not naturally more intemperate than people of other races but they have been very unfortunate indeed in the selection of their national beverage. The German loves his beer, the Frenchman, the Italian and the Spaniard their wines. These are all only slightly intoxicating liquors, but very unhappily for the Irishman, his choice has been the highly intoxicating whiskey. This explains why people on the continent of Europe may drink nearly all day and yet be considered a temperate race, but very little experience with whiskey is sufficient to brand the Irishman as a drunkard and a criminal. It is thus that the Irish have got such a reputation for criminality.

Before the invention of whiskey the Irish people were a most exemplary race. They were a nation of saints and scholars. When St. Patrick went to convert them fifteen centuries ago, drunkenness was unknown amongst them, because whiskey had not yet been invented, nor for centuries afterwards. If it had, it is

likely that even St. Patrick himself could not have converted Ireland so easily. But if only St. Patrick would rise from the dead and visit his spiritual children to-day, what a change he would find! No doubt he would discover a great many Irish Catholics leading good, sober, temperate lives to-day as in his own time, but how many others would he behold disgracing their family, their Church, and their religion by their intemperate lives!

It is now more than eight centuries since whiskey was first invented, and who can calculate all the misfortunes which it has occasioned our race during all that time? If the Arabian chemist who invented it in the eleventh century could have forseen all the mischief it would produce in the world he would never have made known his discovery to mankind. From Arabia merchants carried over the new invention to Ireland and it was there, I regret to say, that it received the name which it bears to the present day. The word whiskey is an Irish expression that means "the water of life." If the poor Irishman that gave it such a fanciful title could have foreknown what havoc it would have wrought among his countrymen, he would never have given it such a high-sounding appellation. He would probably have styled it "fire-water" as the Indians of the forest named it when it was first introduced among them, for that is the name it deserves.

For hundreds of years the Catholic Church has been striving hard to eradicate the vice of intemperance from the hearts of the Irish people, otherwise her

noblest subjects. Everywhere she has established temperance societies and raised up powerful temperance crusaders to combat this terrible evil. Where, outside the Catholic Church, has there ever been found a great temperance reformer like Father Matthew, who, in a visit to the United States, administered the total abstinence pledge to 600,000 of his countrymen, besides millions of others in Ireland, England, and Scotland? In this country, too, even at the present day, what a gallant corps of temperance leaders we have in Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Conaty, and the Rev. John Mullen, D.D., of Boston, who is now so ably filling the place of the late lamented Father Scully!

Moreover, at the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, all the Catholic Bishops of the United States condemned the liquor traffic as a disreputable business, and called upon all Catholics to give up the liquor saloon and engage in some more honorable occupation, as soon as possible. Besides, several Catholic societies, such as the Knights of Columbus, and the Catholic Union of Boston, positively refuse to admit to membership in these associations anyone who is in any way connected with the liquor business.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that most of those engaged in the liquor business are still Irish Catholics, and this has given our English cousins a pretext for asserting that the Catholic Church is the fruitful mother of rum-sellers and drunkards. But nothing is further from the truth. This base calumny comes with very poor grace especially from those who are not by any means models of temperance themselves. In-

deed, it is a fact not generally known that intemperate as the Irish certainly are, the English are far more so. We do not say this to excuse the intemperance of the Irish but simply to remind their critics that they should "cast the beam out of their own eye before they attempt to take the mote out of their brother's eye." The inebriety of the Irish has become so notorious, because the English, in order to withdraw the attention of mankind from their own faults, have published the defects of our race all over the world. Even the amiable Thackeray has an intoxicated Irishman as one of the low characters of one of his novels which is called "Pendennis."

Yet, according to statistics, there is far more intoxicating liquor consumed in England and Scotland than there is in Ireland. Mulhall, though himself an Englishman and a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, tells us in his "Dictionary of Statistics," a work of great research composed in 1892, that the average yearly consumption of alcoholic liquor, for each inhabitant of the United Kingdom is, in Ireland, only 1.40 gallons, in Scotland, 1.60 gallons, but in England 2.13 gallons. It is true there are more convictions for drunkenness in Ireland in proportion to the population than in England, but, as we shall soon see that is because the laws against intoxication are enforced in Ireland and not in England. On the other hand, the number of deaths from inebriety, is considerably greater in England in proportion to population than in Ireland. Indeed, if London is any criterion of the rest of England, that kingdom must be the

most intemperate nation in the world. Here is an extract from the *New York Sun*, of Nov, 13, 1892, which contains some very startling truths:

"The degradation of woman in London is more common than in any other great city of the world. Nowhere else is drunkenness as common among women as among men. All her public bars are thronged with women; there are more drunken women on her streets than drunken men; and a very large majority of the prisoners complained of in her principal police courts for being 'drunk and disorderly' are women. This has been the state of things for some time, but the evil has been growing rapidly worse, and it was not until the *Daily Telegraph* began a series of graphic portrayals of the great disgrace under the caption "The National Shame" that the callous public conscience was aroused.

In America it would be safe to assume, nine times out of ten, that a woman seen drinking at a public saloon bar was a drunkard and that she was not a stranger to the police court. The practice is unknown even among the lowest resorts. On the other hand almost every public bar in London has a very large portion of it partitioned off for the special use of female customers. This does not mean that there is any real privacy or separation of the sexes. Gin is the utmost tipple and gin is to-day a greater curse to English women than whiskey is to all America.

Statistics of vice are entirely untrustworthy data upon which to base an estimate of the moral standing of a community or nation. The town which enforces

in the courts the laws against drunkenness and unchastity for instance, appears on the records to be steeped in vice, while its profligate neighbor, which scarcely represses indulgence in vicious appetites, passes for a model community. But if everybody who got drunk in London were arrested, all the jails and police stations of the metropolis could not hold the prisoners. No one is ever arrested in London for simple intoxication. The law as it stands does not permit it. The police have not even authority to arrest a drunken person in a place of public amusement.

A woman drunk or under the influence of liquor is a rare sight in the streets of New York. But in the streets of London, the black-bonnetted, black-gowned, shabby, listless figure, with pale, prematurely old, slightly bloated face, bearing traces still of refinement, with bony, white hands holding the black shawl tightly about her, standing patiently and pennilessly outside the public house, is a sight more familiar than the policeman on the corner. She does not beg. That would be a crime, and would bring swift punishment as does every offence under the English law which in the least threatens an Englishman's purse. She waits, no matter how long, until another of her class, more fortunate than she comes with a few coins to purchase and share the 'drop,' which alone brings them a poor counterfeit of happiness.

Lady Frederick Cavendish in a recent address before the annual Church Congress said:

'In the old, heavy-drinking days, excess among the ladies was to the best of my belief, absolutely unknown.

Can we say so much to-day? Are nips at 11 A. M. or after dinner unheard of or never resorted to by ladies? I must also here protest against a new fashion of young ladies—or old ones for that matter—accompanying the gentlemen to the smoking-room after dinner and sharing not only the cigars but the spirits and water.'"

No wonder that England is getting alarmed over the intemperance of her citizens, when according to statistics 60,000 people die in England every year of the effects of intoxicating drink; there are 600,000 habitual drunkards in Britain and 8,373 of these are women! With such a terrible record for intemperance how can the English with any sort of decency point the finger or scorn at the Irish for lack of sobriety?

Though we shall not at all attempt to excuse or palliate the faults of our countrymen, there is no doubt that their intemperance has been greatly exaggerated, and they have been placed in a false light in comparison with other races. The prosperous Yankee or Englishman has all the liquor he wishes in his own house, or he has a sumptuous club-room where he may drink as much as he pleases. If he gets intoxicated his comrades call a hack and send him home, so that he may sleep off his debauch. Next day he is as sober as ever and few are the wiser of his condition the previous night. But as most of our Irish emigrants to this country have hitherto been very poor, the bar-room was their cheapest club-room. However, if they happened to indulge a little to excess, there they had no hackman to take them home and nine times out

of ten fell into the arms of a policeman. Besides, it is very unfortunate for the Irishman that an excess of liquor generally makes him very belligerent. Whilst intoxication stupefies an Englishman or a Scotchman and reduces him to the condition of a brute, it generally makes the Irishman so lively that as Henry Cabot Lodge said: "He wants to annihilate all the enemies of his native land." Accordingly he generally mistakes the police officer who arrests him for an Orangeman. The result is that next day he is in court not only on a charge of drunkenness, but likewise of assault. Thus the poor Irishman has built up for himself an unmerited criminal record which the more prosperous Englishman has been spared.

If Irishmen would avoid this undeserved reproach in the future, the only safe course to follow is to give up imbibing whiskey altogether. Nobody but a fanatic will assert that whiskey is bad in itself, or that it is sinful to drink it in moderation, but there is generally so much danger of drinking to excess that it is far better to abstain from it entirely. If our countrymen must have some stimulant, let them, like the French, the Italians, and the Spaniards drink only wine, or imitate the Germans, who pass a most pleasant evening of sociability over a couple of glasses of beer and a few songs.

Another wise resolution which the Irish people should take is to give up the habit of treating. There is no doubt that this has been the immediate cause of much of their intemperance in the past. It is not from brutal love of liquor that an Irishman drinks but gen-

erally for friendship's sake. So when a company of Irishmen meet together, each one insists on treating his comrades in turn until they are all intoxicated. Hence the late Cardinal Newman once said that: "The Irishman drinks from sociability, but the Englishman from brutality." Consequently, if the Irish were not so free-hearted and free-handed, if they abstained from whiskey and did away with the old, obsolete, threadbare custom of treating, they would be the most temperate people in the world. Then they would soon become a great power at home and abroad. This would do more than anything else to hasten Home Rule; for it would be the best proof that they are capable of governing themselves.

In this country, too, it would increase their influence a hundred fold. As the Yankees are now dying out, the Irish would inherit all the property which they have been accumulating for hundreds of years. Instead of a New England we should soon have a New Ireland. This whole vast country would simply be a Land of Promise for our race. Will they or will they not prove worthy of their heritage? If they fail to take advantage of their opportunity, the French, the Italians, the Hebrews, and the Negroes, who are following closely behind them, will receive the grand inheritance which they failed to grasp.

CHAPTER IV.

Are the Irish an Envious Race?

NEXT to the accusation of intemperance there is no charge more frequently made against the Irish people than that they are a very envious race, who are jealous of the prosperity of their English neighbors and of one another. However, it would be very hard for their accusers to substantiate this baseless allegation. The general character of the Irish people is sufficient proof against such a contemptible slander.

The Irish are naturally a kind-hearted, frank, open people, full of good-nature and sunshine. Every traveller who visits their isle immediately remarks that. One of the first things that attracted the attention of the English writer, Thackeray, on his visit to Ireland more than half a century ago, was the genial, hospitable disposition of the inhabitants. But certainly that is not the congenial soil for the weeds of envy to grow.

Nevertheless, it is true that in spite of all his good nature, wherever you meet an Irishman, whether in his native land or in exile in distant climes, he almost invariably manifests a deep-seated hatred against England and the English Government. Indeed, this is a feeling which he makes no attempt to conceal, and it is even more intense in those who have left their native land than in those who have remained at home.

Any sensible man can see at a glance that this feel-

ing of resentment is the very best proof of English tyranny, oppression, and misgovernment in Ireland. The slightest exercise of common sense should convince anyone that a people so good and amiable as the Irish naturally are would not entertain such bitter feelings in their heart for no reason whatsoever. It is clear that it must have sprung from some wrong, and a very grievous wrong, or some great injury on the part of England.

Yet the English pretend that they cannot understand this deep antipathy of the Irish people towards them. They are completely at a loss to comprehend it and the only explanation they can give is that the Irish are jealous of them, and envy their fine army, their splendid navy, and their world-wide empire. But there are none so blind as those who will not see; and certainly the English must be wilfully blind if they can give no better explanation than this of Irish hostility to them.

Though the Irish people are sensitive, they do not easily take offence; though impulsive, they easily forgive and forget a wrong; but when century after century the English have driven the iron of oppression deep down into their very soul, it is natural that there should settle in their heart a profound feeling of hatred for England which it is very hard to eradicate. How can the poor Irishman, eking out a miserable subsistence for himself and family on a barren Irish hillside, entertain warm feelings of regard for England which deprived him of rich, ancestral estates that rightly belong to him? Why should the Irish in America

tenderly love dear "Mother England" that drove them into exile from their native land? We can readily understand, therefore, why the Irish hate England, but how the English could expect the Irish to love them after all the injuries which they have inflicted upon them is beyond our comprehension.

What wonder then that the Irish were glad of England's humiliation during the late Boer War! What wonder that priests in the course of their ministry sometimes meet good, old honest Irishmen who declare that the only sin they ever commit is to curse England! What wonder that England occasionally experiences a nightmare of terror at the prospect of some Irish Fenians or Clan-na-Gaels blowing up London Bridge and dynamiting the English House of Parliament! Like the Nihilists and Anarchists, who are the offspring of Russian and German despotism, these Irish revolutionary societies are the direct result of English tyranny and misgovernment.

Yet it must be remembered that such secret organizations are discountenanced by the better class among the Irish people. The great majority of the Irish race are good, faithful Christians and loyal Catholics who endeavor to keep all the commandments of God and the Church. Our Saviour has commanded us to love even our worst enemies, so they strive to love even the English who have inflicted so much injury upon them. However, this does not mean at all that they may not still hate the misdeeds of England. It is true we are bound to love our enemies, but we are not obliged to love their evil deeds. So, when the Irish express their

dislike of England, as a general rule, it is not Britain herself or her inhabitants that they hate but only their wrong-doing, and it is perfectly lawful to speak out boldly against wrong wherever it exists.

Englishmen may call this envy if they please, but it would be exceedingly difficult task for them to prove the Irish guilty of it. In order to convict anyone of a crime in a court of justice the first thing to do is to establish a motive for his criminal act, and unless this can be proved it will be impossible to condemn him. But the Irish people have absolutely no motive for envying England. To be envious of anyone implies that he has some accomplishment, virtue, or property which we do not possess, but which we covet. Now what has England that Ireland would wish to acquire? Where is the Irishman, be he ever so poor, who would desire to possess the rapacity of England and to have all her robberies and spoliations weighing down upon his soul? No! not for the whole world would the Irish with all their poverty change places with England, for she has certainly a dark record which is not at all to be envied. I am quite sure the Irish would not grudge England her possessions if she had acquired them honorably and had not so grievously injured Ireland herself. How strange that they are never accused of being envious of France, Prussia, and the United States!

No doubt there are envious individuals of the Irish race as well as of all other races; but we cannot admit that envy is a sin specially peculiar to the Irish people as a whole. Envy is one of the seven capital sins and

all races have a fair share of it. Cain, the first murderer, who killed his brother Abel, was never accused of being an Irishman. But if the Irish are envious of England because they denounce her robberies and spoliations, on the very same principle the whole world must be jealous of her, for she is to-day hated by nearly every other nation under heaven. She has not a friend in the world except Pagan Japan which befriends her for her own selfish interest.

But has England herself been ever envious? Certainly not, the poor, guileless creature! She is like a little, innocent lamb and the other nations of the world like envious wolves prowling around her. Nevertheless, can England satisfactorily explain why in the penal days she strictly forbade Ireland to engage in commerce until British trade was firmly established in all the markets of the world? Was it not because she was envious of Irish competition? Again, why did she goad the Irish people into rebellion so as have a pretext for taking away their Parliament in 1800? Was it not because she was jealous to see Ireland prospering so much under Home Rule?

Now England has no longer any reason to be envious of Erin, because poor Ireland is down in the dust, her population has dwindled to a handful, her commerce destroyed by adverse English legislation and England has already acquired all the markets of the world. It is therefore now perfectly safe for England to ask Ireland with mock gravity why the Irish people do not compete with the English in a fair field for the commerce of the universe.

But there are three other nations of whom England is insanely envious; they are the United States, Germany, and Russia. For many years the United States and Germany have been underselling England in all the markets of the world, until finally Englishmen had the humiliation of seeing American goods sold in England cheaper than they could manufacture goods of the same quality at home. What pangs of envy must have filled the heart of England on beholding such a national disgrace! What wonder that poor Joseph Chamberlain in desperation thought he would remedy matters by abolishing the old English system of Free Trade, and establishing a tariff in England, as in the United States! But unfortunately his scheme seems to have proved a failure.

Though England pretends to be the special friend of the United States, there is no other country in the world of which she is more envious, because she regards her as her most dangerous rival. One very remarkable thing about an Englishman is that he is very clever in concealing his feelings. If an Irishman is envious of anyone he lets the whole world know it, but an Englishman may be full of envy towards a person and yet pretend to be his best friend. But actions speak louder than words. In spite of all England's protestations of friendship for this country, Americans cannot forget how, during the Civil War, she manifested her hidden envy by subsidizing the Southern Confederacy and fitting out the Alabama to prey upon American commerce.

England's envy of the United States in the West is

rivalled only by her jealousy of Russia in the East. Who can count how many nights English statesmen must have remained awake fearing that when they arose in the morning they might find the Russian Bear with one huge paw upon China and the other upon India? Who can be ignorant that it was this English jealousy which brought about the present inhuman war between Russia and Japan? Afraid herself to attack the great Colossus of the North, England cunningly pushed Japan into the conflict, but though so far victorious, in all likelihood before the war is finished, the little brown men will pay dearly for their fool-hardiness in becoming the tools of England.

It is perfectly clear then that the English have more than their share of envy and the Irish have no monopoly of this despicable vice. Yet it is unfortunately true that the Irish people themselves sometimes lend coloring to this accusation by their petty quarrels among themselves and their thoughtless remarks about one another in the presence of strangers. It is but too true that there has been a great deal of civil dissensions in Ireland from the time Malachy and Brian Boru fought for the sovereignty of the island down to the five-cornered wrangle between Sexton McCarthy, Healy, Dillon, and Redmond to determine who should be the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. The Irish in America folded their arms and looked calmly on whilst this faction fight wasted the strength of their countrymen at home, simply protesting that such a lamentable state of things could never exist amongst themselves in this enlightened country.

Yet when recently, for the second time in American History, a noble Irishman was nominated as candidate for Mayor of this Puritan City of Boston, was it not another member of his own race that stabbed him in the back and for a time impeded his advancement? But it was only for a brief period, because Mr. Collins has since been twice triumphantly elected by such a flattering majority of votes as no chief magistrate of the city ever received before, whilst the man who betrayed him is supposed to be politically dead for all future time.

However, to be just to all parties concerned, I really believe that these factional brawls of our race spring not from envy but from pride. Though the English writer, Thackeray, on his visit to Ireland got the impression that the Irish were too humble, being lacking in confidence, and self-assertiveness, nevertheless some individuals of our race are proud and ambitious enough. So I feel quite certain that no Irishman ever strikes down another because he envies him, but simply because, through a foolish pride, he imagines that himself is the better man and consequently more worthy of honor and position than his neighbor.

Sometimes, too, Irish-Americans and Irish people who have been here for a long time give a very bad impression of the members of their own race by accusing them of envy without sufficient grounds. Because they happen to have been born here or to have become American citizens by naturalization, they seem to imagine that they are immeasurably above those who only recently emigrated from Ireland. If in the course

of time they have secured a good position or accumulated a little property, they suspect that the new arrivals must be envious of them. If they are in business and have a little store, each and everyone expects every Irishman to trade with him alone. Otherwise he concludes that they are jealous of him and refuse him their patronage for fear he might become too wealthy. But that is all the most ridiculous nonsense imaginable. As a general rule, the Irish people, wherever they may be, like everybody else, trade where they receive the best goods at the lowest price. Who can blame them for that? Besides many of them are poor people and have only small purchases to make. So they prefer to go where they are not known at all in order that their neighbors may not know all about their business. Indeed, it is a well-known fact that some store-keepers foolishly gossip about the business of their customers. Consequently it is no wonder that some people prefer to trade with strangers rather than with their next-door neighbors, not from any ill-will or envy, however, but simply from motives of prudence.

If Englishmen were estimated by the same standard with which Irishmen are judged, how frequently we should find them guilty of the sin of envy! Irishmen are not the only ones who quarrel among themselves. Englishmen, too, have had still greater intestine wars and civil dissensions, as we have seen in Part I., Chapter III. But it is not at all necessary to go back to ancient or mediæval history in order to prove this; for have not English statesmen indulged in many petty wrangles and jealousies even in our own day?

Who has forgotten the famous split in the English Liberal Party a few years ago? If Chamberlain had been an Irishman then, he might have been accused of being envious of the late Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister of England. It would have been alleged that his object in withdrawing from his former associates and forming an independent party was to drive the "Grand Old Man" out of office, so that himself might come into power at the head of a Unionist ministry.

Indeed, if the late Tory leader, Lord Salsbury himself had been an Irishman it would have been asserted that he was jealous for fear Chamberlain might succeed him as Premier of England, so the wiley old Tory stole a march on the Colonial Secretary by taking advantage of an accident which befell him, to resign from office and have his own nephew, Mr. Balfour, appointed as his successor. Then the gossips would declare how bitterly Chamberlain resented this political strategem, how intensely envious of the new Prime Minister he was, and how, although feigning to be his greatest friend, he was in reality only waiting for the very first opportunity to hurl him from office and get his position himself. No doubt they would have considered their surmises completely justified when soon afterwards Chamberlain began agitating for the repeal of the old English system of Free Trade and the substitution of a Tariff like that of the United States.

They would have interpreted this as a clever scheme of Chamberlain to disrupt the old Tory Party, as he formerly rent the Liberals, to cause the overthrow of

Balfour's ministry, and to start a popular movement which would land himself safely on the Premier's chair, on the crest of a great wave of national enthusiasm.

Whether these conjectures of the wiseacres are true or false we are not prepared to say. If they are true, then Englishmen are capable of being more envious of one another, in a subtle way, than any Irishman that ever lived. If they are false, may not Irishmen have been also falsely accused of envy in a similar manner? Both the Irish and the English, therefore, should be careful not to judge one another rashly, or without sufficient grounds, for rash judgment is like a two-edged sword, equally destructive to the fair name of the Celt and the Saxon.

CHAPTER V.

English Unscrupulousness.

IF it were a hidden fault, or known only by a few, it would be uncharitable to discuss it, but as it is a public fact known all over the world, it is no harm to refer to what everybody knows, that England is the most critical and censorious nation in the whole universe. She has always some criticism to pass on every country under the sun. She sees some abuse to be corrected, some wrong to be righted, some evil to be reformed everywhere. At one time she is bewailing the intemperance and envy of the Irish people, at another time she is concerned with Russian barbarities in Siberia and Turkish atrocities in Armenia, later on she is endeavoring to remedy some evils existing in South Africa; and only a few years ago she resolved to put a stop to the lynching of Colored people in the United States, so that as the poet Kipling says: "She has had to bear more than her share of the 'White Man's Burden.'"

She certainly deserves great credit for her endeavors to ameliorate the condition of humanity, to spread the blessings of civilization and "to light up the dark places of the earth." But for nothing does she merit more praise than for her effort to put an end to the savagery practised on the Negroes of the South. It is certainly high time that something should be done to prevent the diabolical practice of roasting alive any

human being, whatever his color or whatever his crime, so that the brutal mulititude may enjoy the pleasure of seeing him writhing in agony in the midst of the flames and of hearing him howling piteously for mercy. Only the demons of hell could enjoy such pastime as that, and it is an eternal shame to a great nation like the United States to tolerate that which would not be permitted even in "darkest Africa." If the American Government will not stamp out at any cost this inhuman practice, there is great danger that the wrath of God may fall upon it and blot it out from the face of the earth like Babylon of old. Then the colored people will be the masters where they are now worse than slaves, for, by the providence of God, no people were ever yet oppressed who did not finally rise superior to their oppressors. I praise England for intervening in behalf of the poor down-trodden Colored people of the United States, but I condemn her for backing down just as soon as Uncle Sam told her to mind her own business.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that this critical, censorious, and meddlesome disposition of the English people stamps them immediately as a very proud, vain conceited, self-satisfied, race, as has been abundantly attested by many unquestionable proofs in previous chapters. The great pity is that England is so much taken up with the faults of her neighbor she has no time to consider her own failings at all. Hence she imagines that all the other nations of the world are full of defects but she alone is perfect. Like the proud Pharisee of old strutting boldly into the temple,

she lifts her head on high and says: "Thank God I am not like the rest of men."

Yet there is no other nation on the face of the earth that has so many faults to be corrected and so many dark pages in her history to be ashamed of as this same self-conceited, self-sufficient England. If she would only pause for a few moments to examine her public conscience how many of God's holy commandments would she discover that she has violated! "Thou shalt not kill" has no meaning for her, for how often has she sacrificed thousands of lives and shed torrents of blood in many an unjust war of criminal aggression! "Thou shalt not steal" has likewise no significance for her. She considers that this is a commandment intended for individuals but not for nations. In her blindness she seems to imagine that God has one code of morals for individuals but quite a different set for nations. Hence, according to English law, for the individual to steal a few pence is a crime to be punished by imprisonment, yet England herself steals whole nations and considers it no crime at all. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods," she thinks is also a very wise regulation to govern the conduct of one citizen towards another, but when did England ever allow this commandment to stand in her way whenever she wished to get possession of an island or a country anywhere in the whole world?

But probably there is no precept of the whole decalogue which England so egregiously violates as the eighth commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

From time immemorial as soon as England set her covetous eyes on any territory or country which she wished to seize she immediately commenced a systematic defamation of the character of the inhabitants. An excellent example of this was recently afforded when the English wanted to get possession of the diamond fields of the Transvaal. The whole British press teemed with wholesale libels against the poor Boers. They were described as a rude, savage people who should be wiped off the face of the earth. The object of this was to withdraw from them the moral support of mankind and to arouse against them the hostility of the whole human race. England strove to array even the Irish against them by publishing broadcast how hostile the Boers were to the Catholic Church. Yet this has been exactly the way that England has been treating poor Erin herself during the last seven hundred years.

The history of Ireland written by English historians is nothing more or less than a base caricature, and they have painted poor Ireland in such dark colors that she would not be recognized by her best friends. But when the history of Ireland is re-written, divested of the black robe of calumny which enshrouds her, and clothed in the bright garb of truth, she will appear as a beautiful queen with an immaculate robe, such as her poets are fond of describing her.

How strange that a nation like England, which claims to be Christian, should thus systematically violate so many commandments of God without apparently the least scruple of conscience! But, if the

truth must be told, the fact is that since the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, England has been Christian only in name. Before that, the Catholic Church and the Popes put some check on the excesses of the nation, but since then there has been no restraint on her whatever. Accordingly, during the last three centuries, England has been the most unscrupulous country in the world. She has acted as if the only commandment of God was: "Get rich and accumulate wealth." In fact she seems to have forgotten God entirely, and to have set up as a Deity in His place material prosperity and lust of empire, as the Israelites of old worshipped the golden calf in the desert. But worst of all, England has stopped at nothing, whether fair means or foul, in order to accomplish her designs. If we were to trace out the various steps by which she has built up her vast empire during the past three hundred years, we should be overwhelmed by one continual story of the most unblushing hypocrisy, the vilest perfidy, the most shocking conspiracy, and the most impious sacrilege.

A certain poet has said that

> "For ways that are dark
> And tricks that are vain
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar."

However, this is far more true of the English than of the Chinese. England is the most hypocritical nation on the face of the earth. The most superficial knowledge of her history will show how in getting possession

of her vast empire, one fragment after another, this consummate hypocrite never yet acknowledged beforehand that she was bent on foreign conquest. Oh! no. That might arouse against her the sentiment of humanity. So she was always careful first to invent some plausible excuse to cover up her robbery. She usually pretended that her object was to reform some abuse, to stop the civil dissensions of the natives, or to spread the light of civilization and the blessings of Christianity.

It was thus that she took possession of Ireland and India. So, in a similar manner she lately seized upon the Transvaal, under the pretext of redressing the grievances of her subjects who resided there. Just now, in the very midst of a peace congress in this country she is anxious to discuss some alleged cruelties of Belgium towards the Negroes of the Congo. It would be safe to wager ten to one that England has her covetous eye also on that country. What consummate hypocrites and knaves these English people are! Nobody but an Englishman could fill the role of Uriah Heap, so well portrayed by Dickens in "David Copperfield." Hypocrisy seems to come naturally to the English. Even Henry VIII., that monster incarnate, tried to cloak over his sensuality under the guise of religious scruples. It is also a matter of history how "good Queen Bess," as the English call her, signed the death-warrant of her cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots, yet afterwards raised her hands to heaven, calling God to witness that she had never ordered her execution. But the greatest hypocrite of all was Cromwell, with the

sword in one hand, the Bible in the other, and prayers on his lips as he was slaughtering in cold blood the defenceless women and helpless babies in Ireland.

A great many changes have occurred since then, but England is to-day the same old hypocrite as ever. Everybody knows that it was she who instigated the war in the East between Japan and Russia, and now, whilst the advantage is in favor of her ally, she would like to bind her rival's hands, so as to keep them off India. So she has just sent out to the United States her messengers and holy men to appeal to the tender spot in Uncle Sam's heart to stop the cruel war in the East, because poor, sensitive England is horrified at the shedding of so much innocent blood. But why did she not send her peace messengers out here whilst she was making war on the Boers, or still more recently on the peaceful inhabitants of Thibet? If the crafty hypocrite could only now inveigle the United States into a treaty of arbitration with her, which she could use as a sort of club over the head of Russia in the East, England would be quite happy. She would represent to all the nations of Europe that she had entered into an alliance with the great American Republic, and she would become more brazen than ever in her evil ways.

Not only did England employ the most consummate hypocrisy in the accomplishment of her designs, but likewise the most despicable perfidy, in the violation of her most solemn treaties. In all ages, even in Pagan times, all nations have regarded a treaty as something sacred and inviolable. No greater reproach

could be heaped upon any country than to taunt it with the least infraction of a treaty. "Punica fides" was the most shameful epithet which the Romans could hurl at the Carthaginians of old for their alleged breach of faith. But what was that to the perfidy of England towards Ireland? She has broken faith with our Irish forefathers more than once. In order to put an end to the rebellion of the Irish under Hugh O'Neil, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, England was obliged to guarantee by treaty to the Irish chieftains the full and free possession of all their lands and estates. But a little thing like a treaty was not to stand in the way of England. Nevertheless, she did not wish to incur the odium of breaking it. So, soon after the Irish had laid down their arms, the English Government trumped up against the Irish chiefs a charge of conspiracy and high treason, in which an anonymous letter figured very prominently. Realizing that their doom was sealed, the gallant O'Neil and other Irish chieftains fled to the continent—the very thing which the English wanted. After their departure the British Government confiscated their estates and parceled them out among greedy English adventurers.

But still more flagrant was the violation by England of the Treaty of Limerick, negotiated with the Irish during the reign of William of Orange. This also guaranteed to our ancestors the full possession of their property. However, just after the articles of capitulation had been signed, but before the Irish had laid down their arms, a large French fleet laden with men, arms, and ammunition sailed up the Shannon

to the relief of our forefathers. The English General was now filled with the greatest alarm lest the Irish might disregard the terms of the treaty and again fly to arms. But the Irish leader, Patrick Sarsfield, said: "No! Our faith is plighted. Though a hundred thousand Frenchmen came to our assistance we cannot break our word now." So the gallant Irish commander and his army surrendered according to their agreement; but rather than remain under English tyranny they sailed away on the fleet which had come to succor them, and enlisted in the service of the King of France.

However, it was not the Irish but the English that were to break this solemn compact. Scarcely had the Irish warriors taken their departure when England shamefully violated the Treaty of Limerick, as the Irish chronicles say: "before the ink wherewith 'twas writ was dry." But some years afterwards, whilst England was at war with France, these Irish exiles made the English pay dearly for their perfidy, when they defeated them at the battle of Fontenoy; and as the Irish brigade came thundering down upon the English army, their battle-cry was: "Remember Limerick and the broken treaty!"

What wonder that the Irish people have ever since distrusted England even to the present day! What wonder that there is a proverb in Ireland which says: "Beware of the smile of an Englishman as you would of the snarl of a dog!" Well-disposed Englishmen of the present day are sometimes astonished that the Irish people look on them with such an evil

eye. But there is a cause for everything. So all this distrust and suspicion on the part of the Irish towards England is due to her unpardonable violation of the most solemn treaties in the past.

Not merely has England shown her unscrupulousness by the most unblushing perfidy towards the Irish, but also by the blackest and foulest conspiracies ever concocted by man since Judas betrayed his Master. Just because on one occasion an English Catholic, driven to desperation by persecution, resolved to blow up the English House of Parliament, whenever afterwards any English adventurers wished to get possession of some fertile lands in Ireland, they simply raised a great hue and cry about an alleged "Terrible Popish Massacre of the English Colonists in Ireland by their Celtic Neighbors." Straightway the whole public opinion of England was lashed into a dreadful fury by these tidings, an English army was despatched immediately into Ireland to avenge the supposed massacre, and before the truth was discovered, torrents of innocent Irish blood were shed. After the carnage was over the vile conspirators who had concocted the whole scheme, came over quietly from England and took possession of the rich Irish estates whose owners had fallen victims to their plot.

The first of these diabolical conspiracies was concocted during the reign of King Charles I., and it brought upon Ireland all the butcheries of Cromwell, along with the confiscation of three-fourths of the whole island for the plunder of his Puritan followers. The second conspiracy was the direct result of the

first. At the restoration of King Charles II., the Cromwellians were seized with a mortal terror lest he might compel them to restore their plundered Irish estates to their lawful Irish owners. To prevent such a calamity they employed an infamous wretch called Titus Oates to fabricate the story of another great Popish massacre of Protestants in Ireland. Strange to say, the English, who boast of being so cool-headed and shrewd, had learned nothing from the imposition already practiced upon them by the story of the first massacre. They became now more furious than ever and once more shed torrents of innocent Irish blood. But, most disgraceful of all was the execution of the saintly Archbishop Plunkett, Primate of Ireland, a man highly respected even by many Irish Protestants. Though entirely guiltless even of the very shadow of a crime, he became a victim to English popular fury and was legally murdered by being hanged, beheaded, quartered, and disemboweled amidst the yells of the London populace, July 1, 1681. Even Englishmen themselves are now thoroughly ashamed of this disgraceful proceeding and the great English historian, Charles James Fox, declared that "The Popish plot story must always be considered an indelible disgrace on the English nation." However, what did the conspirators care about the shedding of innocent blood and the murder of the noble and true! They had gained their point, being allowed to remain in possession of their ill-gotten goods. So they and their descendants have ever since been recognized as the Landlords of Ireland, whilst the original owners of

the soil were reduced to the condition of menials and serfs. Indeed the Land Purchase Act recently enacted in the British Parliament, and so ostentatiously paraded as a special favor from the English Government, is nothing more or less than a cool proposition from the English robber to sell back to the original Irish owners the very identical property which he once stole from them. That very property they are now expected to buy back with interest, in twenty annual payments. Can we imagine any transaction more unscrupulous than this?

Yet the crowning proof of English unscrupulousness was exhibited in this Western Continent a few centuries ago, and that was indeed the worst specimen of falsehood, deceit, duplicity, dissimulation, treachery and horrid sacrilege that the world has ever seen. In all ages, religious edifices have been looked upon as something sacred, holy, and inviolable. Even in Pagan times, the man who took refuge in a heathen temple was safe from all his pursuers. But it was the Catholic Church which brought this noblest institution of Paganism to perfection. Accordingly, every Christian Church became a sanctuary of refuge for the down-trodden and the oppressed of all nations. Within its sacred precincts no tyrant dared to lay a violent hand. Tyranny stood helpless at the door. But it was reserved for unscrupulous England to set a contrary example of profanation and sacrilege for which the world has no parallel.

A few centuries ago, there lived in what is now called Nova Scotia, a settlement of French colonists,

called Acadians. They were peaceful, honest, and industrious, loyal to God and to France, attending strictly to business and harming nobody. Their only crime was that they refused to swear allegiance to England. So, on a certain day, the English Governor, who had taken possession of the colony in the name of England, summoned all the inhabitants, who were devout Catholics into the Catholic church, to hear a royal proclamation. But no sooner had they entered the sacred edifice than it was surrounded by English soldiers and all the people were declared prisoners. Then husbands were separated from their wives, brothers from their sisters, parents from their children, and scattered all over what is now the United States. Many of them spent a whole life-time seeking to be reunited with those who were dear to them, and who can tell how many broken hearts were the consequence? Longfellow's beautiful poem, of Evangeline, is founded on that sad event. Nobody can read these sublime verses without a strong feeling of righteous indignation against perfidious, treacherous, sacrilegious England, which did not scruple to use even the Church as a cloak for her nefarious designs.

What chance has a conscientious nation like Ireland to compete with such an unscrupulous foe? If a prize were to be awarded for proficiency in unscrupulousness, England would easily carry off the palm. Ireland would appear at a great disadvantage beside her. The great trouble with poor Ireland has always been that she was too conscientious. While the Eng-

lish have been waging unjust wars and slaughtering people by the thousands during the last fifteen centuries at least, the Irish people have never lifted the sword except in self-defence or for the recovery of their independence. In private life, it is very seldom that they seek to be revenged even on those who have most grievously wronged them. How frequently do we not hear good, old Irish people say: "Leave them to God." Whilst the English would not scruple to seize upon the whole world, the Irish people covet no man's property, they seek for nothing but their own inalienable God-given rights—life, liberty, and happiness. Indeed, it is a matter of history that during the dreadful famine of 1847, the Irish peasants would not steal even a loaf of bread to save themselves from starvation, although it is always perfectly legitimate to appropriate whatever is necessary to preserve one's life.

What is the cause of this wonderful disparity in the principles and conduct of these two neighboring races? It is all summed up in one word—religion. The Irish are an extremely religious people and have always preserved the true faith taught them by their glorious Apostle, St. Patrick. That is why they possess such an extraordinarily delicate conscience. That is why they scruple to do wrong. That is frequently the reason why they do not succeed better in business, because they are so honest.

On the other hand, that England might not be impeded by the wholesome restraints of the true religion, she cast off entirely all allegiance to the Catholic Church, in the sixteenth century. Poor, deluded

Englishmen imagined that this was a revolt only against the Pope, but in reality it was the rebellion against Almighty God Himself foretold centuries previously by the royal prophet in Ps. II.-2: "The kings of the earth stood up and the princes met together against the Lord and against His Christ, (saying) 'Let us break their bonds asunder and let us cast away their yoke from us.'" Thanks be to God, Ireland had no part in this uprising against the Most High. So in the following chapter we shall speak more at length of "the ever faithful isle and the land of infidelity."

CHAPTER VI.

The Ever-Faithful Isle and the Land of Infidelity.

WE should have only a very imperfect idea, indeed, of the lofty character of the Irish people if we were to omit a description of their unswerving devotion to their religion and to God. Fidelity is considered one of the highest of natural virtues, and is highly prized everywhere in the dealings of man with his fellow-men. Where is the good, faithful servant who is not duly appreciated by his grateful master? Where is the public official whose invincible fidelity to duty is not applauded by his constituents? But if thus we regard the fidelity of men towards their fellow-creatures, what should we think of the incomparable fidelity of a whole race to Almighty God Himself?

But never yet has this earth witnessed a race more faithful to their holy religion and to God than the Irish people have been for the last fifteen hundred years. For fifteen centuries they have been always faithful to the teachings of their glorious Apostle, St. Patrick, and have always preserved the faith which he bequeathed to them pure and uncorrupted. If St. Patrick were to rise from the dead to-day and revisit his spiritual children, he would find them professing the very self-same doctrines which he taught them in the fifth century. This unparalleled fidelity to their re-

ligion and their God is the glory and crown of our race. It is their proud boast that no heresy and no schism can claim Ireland as the land of their birth, and no Irishman was ever a heresiarch, or founder of a heretical sect. Even France, "the eldest daughter of the Church" has had her heresy called Jansenism, after Jansenius, its author, but Ireland never. It is quite true, the English sometimes claim that Pelagius, one of the heretics of the fifth century, was of Irish birth, but there is the most overwhelming evidence that he was a native of Britain.

Not only has Ireland been ever faithful to her holy religion, but also ever loyal to the See of Peter. As we glance down through the ages over the pages of history, we find that Ireland never had any serious difference with the Church of Rome. She never had but one small controversy with the Apostolic See, and that was over the proper time for celebrating Easter. But this was rather a matter of discipline than of faith, and indeed more of an astronomical calculation than either. In fact the Church itself was for some time divided on that question, some Christians following the custom of St. John, others that of St. Peter and St. Paul. But all Christians, the Irish included, finally adopted the usage of the Church of Rome, and ever since our race has always been the vanguard of the faith.

England, likewise, received the true faith from the very same source as Ireland, being evangelized by St. Augustine, a missionary sent from Rome by Pope Gregory the Great, in the sixth century. Though the English never displayed half the fidelity manifested

by the Irish to their holy religion, to give our Anglo-Saxon cousins their due, we must acknowledge that they persevered in the faith for about a thousand years, until in the sixteenth century they ignobly surrendered their Christian heritage at the dictation of that impious tyrant, King Henry VIII.

Superficial observers might imagine that the English Reformation was a great religious revolution suddenly effected by the mere arbitrary will of a sensual monarch, but a closer examination will convince anyone that the seeds of that great apostacy had been planted long before. As long as England was a poor, weak, second-rate power she remained loyal to the true faith and was known throughout Europe as the "Dowry of Mary." But with the arrival of the Normans many new elements were infused into the English character that were very deleterious to the faith.

The Normans, having conquered the Saxons, were a very proud, haughty, and self-sufficient race. But what room is there in a proud heart for the religion of the lowly Nazarene, Who had not a place whereon to lay His head and Whose fundamental doctrine was: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." The most superficial study must convince anyone that there is much in the English character totally at variance with Our Divine Saviour's teachings. He taught His followers to humble themselves, and become as little children, but how incompatible is this with English deceit, perfidy, hypocrisy, and unscrupulousness described in the previous chapter!

Moreover, Our Blessed Redeemer commanded His

disciples to practice self-denial, saying: "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself; for he that will not deny himself cannot be My disciple." But how completely opposed to this is the grasping avaricious spirit of the English! When did the English people ever deny themselves anything? Would they not take possession of the whole world if they could? Just as soon as they set their covetous eyes on anything do they not resort to the blackest conspiracy in order to attain it, even though thereby they should defame the character of a whole race or shed a torrent of innocent blood? What does it all matter if they only accomplish their designs?

It is very evident, therefore, that English character is a very poor foundation on which to erect the magnificent edifice of the true faith. Religion like a house, needs a foundation on which to rest. If a building has not a good, firm foundation, it comes tumbling down upon the heads of its occupants. So the supernatural virtues must be built upon the natural, and faith must be well-grounded upon humility. Otherwise it will sooner or later fall to the ground, for humility is the very foundation of all religion and of all virtue. There is no doubt whatsoever that this is the real secret why the English people lost the faith in the sixteenth century. It was primarily on account of their pride. Just as God punished the rebel angels for this deadly sin, so for a similar reason He took away the gift of faith entirely from the whole English race. If they had been worthy of that heavenly gift, Henry VIII. would never have been able to filch it away from them.

On the other hand, the Lord still preserves the faith in the hearts of the Irish people as a reward for their humility. It is true, our race is sometimes accused of pride but it is generally in the best sense of that word, as the synonyme of self-respect. In reality the Irish people are the humblest race in the world. The great English writer, Thackeray, in his Irish Sketch Book, marvels at their humility and relates how in travelling through Ireland the natives frequently asked him how he liked their country and how pleased they were when he replied in the affirmative, "as if" he says, "you—because an Englishman—must be somebody, and they only the dust of the earth."

What wonder that the faith of the Irish people is so enduring, when it is built on the virtue of true humility! It is like the house mentioned in the gospel which the wise man built upon a rock. "And the storms came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, because it was built upon a rock." But the Catholic faith of the English was like the house built by the fool upon the sands. "And the storms came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell, and great was the fall thereof."

But even though Catholicity in England rested on such an unstable foundation, there was hardly an English king from William the Conqueror down to Henry VIII. who did not do something during his reign to undermine its tottering basis. Scarcely were the Norman sovereigns firmly seated on the throne of England when they commenced to interfere with the freedom of the Church and to impede it in the exercise

of its sacred functions. They all wanted to control the Church as well as the State. It seemed as if their ambition was to be Pope and King at the same time. They were constantly meddling, especially in the election of bishops, and more than once endeavored to force one of their own unworthy favorites upon the Church. They sometimes went even so far as to keep a See vacant for a long time after the death of a bishop so that themselves might receive the diocesan revenues. All these things naturally brought them frequently into collision with the Popes, who were determined to maintain the rights and freedom of the Church at any cost. Accordingly, on one occasion, Pope Innocent III. had to excommunicate King John and place his kingdom under interdict for his interference in the election of the Archbishop of Canterbury. At another time, King Henry II. was threatened with the anathemas of the Church for having by his intemperate language caused the death of St. Thomas a Becket.

This continual clash between Church and State created a very bitter feeling in England and paved the way for the Reformation in the sixteenth century. When a fine, stately mansion falls down during a storm many people express their astonishment that what appeared to be such a strong, substantial edifice should yield to such a slight cause. But keener observers might perceive that for a long time previous the floods had been undermining the foundation of that splendid structure, until finally some unusual pressure caused the whole building to collapse. It was thus that Eng-

land fell away from the faith in the sixteenth century. During the previous centuries the process of undermining the faith of the English people was carried steadily on by their rulers. Yet all that time England appeared to be a splendid tower of Christianity. Only just before the Reformation broke out in England, the Pope himself bestowed on the English king, Henry VIII., the title of "Defender of the Faith," when all at once the crash came like lightning from a clear sky. England first fell into schism, next into apostacy, and then into infidelity, as Lucifer, like a falling star, fell down from heaven into the dreadful abyss of hell.

The fatal day had come at last. The "Defender of the Faith" after living with his lawful wife, Catharine of Arragon, for twenty years, set his lustful eyes upon her beautiful servant maid, Anne Boleyn. So the hypocritical monarch immediately pretended to have conscientious scruples about the validity of his first marriage, and applied to the Pope for its annulment. What would not the sovereign Pontiff receive if he would only gratify the king's wishes? All the treasures of England would be lavished on him with a royal hand. But what would be the result if the tyrant's request should be refused? Then England might rush into the arms of the German reformers and the whole kingdom lost to the Catholic Church. Yet, to his everlasting honor, the Pope preferred to see a whole nation lost to him rather than do wrong, or sacrifice the rights of a solitary, helpless woman.

"Your majesty," said he in his message to Henry VIII., "if I had two souls I might sacrifice one for

your sake, but as I have only one I must endeavor to save that." So he refused to grant the divorce which King Henry asked for.

However, like a true Englishman, totally unscrupulous about the means of accomplishing his designs, the English monarch was not to be frustrated in his purpose. So he determined to push the Pope aside, to become Pope himself, and then he could grant himself as many divorces as he wished and take as many wives as he pleased. He therefore cast off all allegiance to the Pope entirely, and under the severest penalty commanded all his subjects to follow his example. What can we think of the manhood of the English people when the great majority of them bowed down before his imperious commands? Yet, to the honor of Englishmen, it must be acknowledged that all of them did not tamely submit to the dictates of the impious tyrant. Some of them rose in rebellion against his bold innovations, and in defence of their holy faith. But he put down the insurrection with relentless cruelty and forty thousand Englishmen suffered death as traitors during his reign, for opposing his royal wishes. Besides, he caused the learned Bishop Fisher and the saintly Thomas More, two of the grandest characters that the world has ever seen, to be cruelly beheaded for opposing his divorce from Catharine of Arragon. Moreover, he had Father Forest, confessor to Queen Catharine, barbarously burned at the stake for denying his spiritual supremacy over the English nation. Thus he imposed his despotic will upon his Anglo-Saxon subjects.

King Henry VIII. now turned his attention to Ireland and did his utmost to introduce the Reformation into that country, but his attempt was a woful failure. Despite all his threats, bribes, flattery, promises of wealth, honors, and distinctions, not a baker's dozen of the Irish people turned perverts and the great bulk of them remained loyal to the faith of their forefathers.

During the reign of his daughter, Queen Elizabeth, a still more desperate effort was made to rob the Irish people of their faith. All Catholic Churches, colleges, and seminaries were closed. Catholic education was proscribed throughout the whole island. Priests were forbidden to celebrate Mass under the penalty of six months' imprisonment for the first, five years for the second, and life-long incarceration for the third offence. Laymen for assisting at Mass were imprisoned for one year for the first offence and for life for the second offence.

The persecutions waged against the faith of the Irish people by the "good Queen Bess" were the most atrocious that the world has ever seen since the days of the Pharaohs. At the present day, Englishmen of refinement affect to shudder at the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, but what was that in comparison with the English Inquisition established in Ireland by Queen Elizabeth! If only the walls of Dublin Castle and of the Tower of London could speak, what a tale of barbarity they would relate beside which the atrocities of the Spanish Inquisition dwindle into insignificance! A detailed account of these horrible tortures

would make one's blood run cold. Two instances may be cited as an illustration.

In the year 1583, Archbishop O'Herlihy, of Cashel, was tied to a stake and his body covered with pitch, oil, salt, and sulphur, after which a slow fire was started and managed with such barbaric skill and civilized cruelty that the victim was made to endure this inhuman torture for hours without being permitted to expire. He was then cast into prison, but only to be brought out the next day and strangled on the rack.

Another Catholic martyr, Bishop O'Hely, of Mayo, was in the year 1578, stretched on a rack, his hands and feet broken with hammers, large needles driven violently under his nails, and after enduring these barbarities for some time, was taken from the rack and hung from the limb of a neighboring tree.

How many Irish Catholics suffered death for the faith at this period will never be known till the last great judgment day. In all probability the number must have reached up to hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions. English historians themselves tell us that Queen Elizabeth let loose upon the Irish people a greedy band of English adventurers, who not only robbed them and plundered their churches, but also shed the blood of bishops, priests, and people in torrents, so that at one time a traveller might go for twenty miles through the country without hearing so much as the whistle of a plough-boy or seeing the face of a living man. But the trenches and ditches were filled with the corpses of the people and the land was reduced to a desolate wilderness. Even one of Queen

Elizabeth's deputies, Sir Henry Sidney, assures us that: "Such horrible spectacles are to be beheld, as the burning of villages, the ruin of towns, yea, the view of the bones and skulls of the dead, who partly by murder and partly by famine have died in the fields. It is such as hardly any Christian can behold with a dry eye." Yet, despite all these frightful persecutions, Queen Elizabeth went down to her grave having the mortification to know that her attempt to extirpate the Catholic religion in Ireland had been entirely in vain, for the remnant of the Irish people who survived her clung as tenaciously as ever to the true faith.

But dreadful as was the persecution of the Irish by Queen Elizabeth, it was nothing in comparison with that of Cromwell. Despairing of being able to overthrow the Catholic faith in Ireland by any other means, he resolved to extirpate the whole Irish race, and gave orders to his soldiers to give no quarter, but to slay man, woman, and child, as Joshua slew the Canaanites of old. Accordingly, the soil of Ireland soon was red with blood; there was a dreadful massacre of two thousand Irish Catholics at Wexford and three thousand more at Drogheda, one thousand of whom were butchered whilst kneeling in prayer before the altar. In other parts of the island there were massacres equally ferocious. In some places the houses were set on fire and the inhabitants roasted to death in their own homes. Others were roasted to death over a slow fire. Even the little babes in their mother's arms were not spared. Sometimes the barbarous soldiers transfixed them with a spear upon their mother's breast. On

other occasions they knocked their little heads against the wall and dashed out their brains.

So dreadful was this persecution that the population of Ireland was reduced from 1,466,000 to 500,000. Those who survived the butcheries of Cromwell, were given the alternative of renouncing the Catholic religion and embracing the Protestant faith or of surrendering all their property and deporting themselves to a barren reservation in the Province of Connaught, where it was hoped the Irish race would soon become extinct from hunger and privation. Yet, almost to a man, our heroic ancestors abandoned their houses, their goods, their revenues, and their wealth, choosing rather to be afflicted with the people of God on the mountain side, and in the caverns of the earth, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, rather than prove faithless to their holy religion.

But it was especially against the clergy that the rage of the persecutors was directed. They well knew the truth of the proverb: "Strike the shepherd and the sheep will scatter." Accordingly, they offered the same reward for the head of a priest as for the head of a wolf. Anyone who knew where a priest was concealed and did not betray him was considered a traitor. He was cast into prison, flogged through the streets, and had his ears cut off. But the person who would dare to harbor a priest was himself put to death.

Nevertheless, the priests, even in these trying times, did not abandon their flocks. Disguised as farmers and laborers, they continued to minister to their people during the darkness of night, and to celebrate

for them the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in some lonely glen, or in the depth of the forest. But even then their steps were frequently tracked by English spies and the faithful priest was often slain at the very altar. Three hundred Irish clergymen laid down their lives for the faith during the persecution of Cromwell and the barbarities inflicted on most of them were simply indescribable. One of these heroic martyrs, the Rev. Daniel Delany, was stripped naked and tied to a horse's tail, then the animal was driven at full speed over a road covered with brambles and thickets, and rough with frost, until his body was all mangled, and he was covered all over with blood. Though now one mass of bruises, and almost half dead, he was delivered up for further tortures to a guard of soldiers, who amused themselves by cruelly beating him with clubs as he lay naked on the frozen ground, during a long, sleepless night. Next day he was three different times hanged to the bough of a tree and as often let down to the ground, in order to protract the agony o his torture, but finally he was strangled with a rope, and thus ended his life of suffering on earth to reign triumphant in heaven.

Another holy priest, Rev. Peter O'Higgins, was sentenced to death for the faith in the City of Dublin, in 1641. The very morning fixed for his execution he received word that if he only renounced the Catholic faith and become a Protestant, not only would his life be spared, but he would be granted many great privileges. In reply he desired that these proposals should be made to him in writing, under the signature

of the judges who had condemned him to death. He likewise requested that they should be handed to him in sight of the gibbet. His wishes were complied with, and, as he mounted the first step of the scaffold, the executioner placed in his hand the document containing his pardon on the aforesaid condition. But the intrepid martyr, standing on the scaffold, held up before the multitude that had assembled, the pardon that he had received on condition of renouncing his religion, showing conclusively that he was condemned for no crime, but was about to die for his faith. Then casting the document containing his pardon, with the autograph of the judges, into the crowd, he heroically gave up his soul to God.

Similar instances of heroism on the part of other Irish priests might be multiplied indefinitely, but we shall not weary the reader with the harrowing details of these frightful persecutions. If any one is desirous to get a further knowledge of the sufferings which our ancestors endured for the faith, he will find a most graphic exposition of the subject in a little work entitled: "Persecutions Suffered by the Catholics of Ireland under the Rule of Cromwell and the Puritans," by the Rev. Patrick Moran.

Not only has poor Ireland suffered the most frightful persecutions for the faith, but in a land naturally flowing with milk and honey, she has had to endure the awful horror of famine as the result of English misgovernment. Many of those who are now living remember the terrible famine of 1847, when little children in their mother's arms cried for bread and

there was none to give them, and strong men by the hundreds died of starvation by the roadside. A single word renouncing their holy faith would have brought them food in abundance for themselves and their families, but they preferred death itself, aye, the slow, lingering death of starvation, rather than the dishonor of proving unfaithful to God. So, notwithstanding persecution, famine, and afflictions of all kinds, Ireland is to-day, as she has always been, the ever-faithful isle.

In the meantime, England had made great progress in material prosperity, and had extended her empire all over the world, but she had gone from bad to worse in the sight of God. Henry VIII. had plunged the kingdom into schism when he renounced all allegiance to the Pope in matters of faith, yet that brutal monarch to the last day of his life believed every doctrine of the Catholic Church, and in those days every Englishman had to think like his sovereign or take the consequences. But in the reign of his son and successor, Edward VI., England fell into positive heresy, denied the doctrine of the Real Presence, and abolished the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. For a few years the Catholic religion was restored by Queen Mary, but Elizabeth, at her accession, plunged the country deeper than ever into the mire of apostacy. Ever since England has been drifting from one error to another, until in our own day many of her leading scholars, like the late Huxley and Tyndall, have become Agnostics, that is men who do not affirm or deny the existence of God, but simply say that they

do not know whether there is a Supreme Being or not. But sadder still—there are thousands, tens of thousands, aye millions, of Englishmen, who have no faith at all. An English writer, by the name of Conybeare, assures us that the mechanics and laborers of England have, to a fearful extent, renounced all belief in Christianity, and that there are five millions of people in Britain who have no religion at all.

Still more startling is the testimony of the Rev. T. Hugo, in the *Church Times*, Oct. 13, 1876:

"The masses in Lancashire and of London were as heathen as those of whom St. Paul drew a picture in immortal though dreadful colors. He knew the mobs of London and Lancashire well and he gave it on his word of honor as a Christian priest that there was no difference between them and the people whom St. Paul portrayed."

The English Quarterly Review, of April, 1861, also informs us that "there are in London whole streets within easy walk of Charing Cross and miles and miles in more obscure places, where the people live literally without God in the world. We could name entire quarters where the very shop-keepers make a profession of atheism and encourage their poor customers to do the same."

Even so recently as January, 1880, the Protestant Bishop of Rochester preaching a sermon in the Royal Chapel, St. James', said:

"I lament the brutal ignorance of all that pertains to their salvation in which the toiling masses of our people live. To hundreds of thousands of our fellow-

countrymen Almighty God is practically an unknown Being, except as the substance of a hideous oath." Who then will dare to deny that England richly deserves the unenviable title of the land of infidelity?

Yet, notwithstanding their schism, their heresy, their infidelity, and their agnosticism, many Englishmen have still the folly or the effrontery to claim that they are yet the one true Church, or at least a branch of the Catholic Church, that their ministers are real priests and that their bishops have come down in unbroken succession from the Apostles. It is very hard to understand how any intelligent people can honestly entertain such sentiments. It would be just as reasonable for Lucifer and his followers to claim that they are still angels in good standing since their fall from heaven. "How art thou fallen from grace, O Lucifer! So have the English people fallen away from the true faith, though they seem to realize it not.

Holy Scripture tells us that "what God has joined together no man may put asunder." How then can our English Protestants ever conceive that they may with impunity thrust aside the Pope whom our Saviour Himself made the head of His Church, overthrow the order which Christ has established, deny the doctrines which Our Divine Master has taught, defy the Church which He has instituted, and yet remain in the very same state of grace and friendship with God as before? We may be very certain that God will not permit the Church founded by His Divine Son, nor the Pope, whom He placed over it, to be set aside so easily. When, therefore, the English Church cast

off her allegiance to the Pope she cut off her own head and became a headless trunk. It is vain for Protestants to say that though separated from the Pope they are still in union with Christ Who is the Real Head of the Church. Christ is the Head of the Church, it is true, but the invisible Head. However, as the Church is a visible society, she must also have a visible head, for a visible body must always have a visible head, otherwise it would be incomplete. Nevertheless, it should be well understood that there are not two separate heads over the Church, for the visible and invisible are morally one and the same. Christ and the Pope are not divided. The Pope is only the Vicar of Christ on earth and the successor of St. Peter, the first Pope, whom Our Saviour, before departing from this life commissioned to feed His lambs and His sheep, that is to rule and govern all the Christian people throughout the world. So, just as in the days of old, the savage tyrant Atilla saw behind the Pope an angel with a fiery sword, in a similar manner, if the English people could only open the eyes of their soul, they might behold behind Pope Pius X. our Divine Lord Himself. Consequently it is utterly impossible to separate from the Pope and continue in union with Christ. Hence, when the Church of England renounced her allegiance to the Pope in the sixteenth century, by that very act in one moment she severed her union with Christ also. But what becomes of those who separate from Jesus? He Himself tells us in John XV.-4: "I am the vine; you are the branches, he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same shall

bring forth much fruit. But if anyone abide not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a withered branch."

It was thus that England fell away from the one, true Church. She was indeed once a flourishing branch of the Catholic Church, but she withered away, fell off the main tree, and was broken into a hundred fragments, so that to-day, she can be regarded neither as the Catholic Church nor even as a branch of it. She certainly cannot be recognized as the Catholic Church, because there is a positive contradiction between the words English and Catholic. The term Catholic is derived from a Greek word which means universal, or spread over the whole world. But the English Church is not by any means spread over the whole universe. It is spread over a large portion of the earth, it is true, but is still very far from being a world-wide religion. It has not a single foot-hold in the Continent of Europe nor in the whole of Asia outside of India. In fact it is entirely confined to England and her colonies. Moreover, it is split up into so many different sects that it hardly deserves the appellation of a Church at all. In the United States alone there are one hundred and fifty different petty Protestant sects, most of them off-shoots of the Church of England, so that it well merits the title of the Camp of Babel and Confusion.

On the contrary, the real Catholic Church which recognizes the Pope as its head flourishes wherever the English Church exists, and moreover, in every island and continent under the sun. It is at home everywhere. It is a stranger nowhere, and to-day its

adherents number 300,000,000 souls, whereas all the Protestant denominations taken together scarcely exceed 100,000,000, so that there are three Catholics to one Protestant of every sect and creed. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the English Church has no right whatever to the title of Catholic.

Nevertheless, it is highly amusing to witness the agitation going on at the present time among our Anglican friends regarding a change of name for their Church. Many would like to drop the name Protestant entirely and boldly assume the title of Catholic. But that would be a very bad sign indeed. It would be an acknowledgment that they are ashamed of their name, and when people are ashamed of their name it shows, as Shakespeare says, that "there is something horrid in Denmark."

But I suppose that England must be true to her old traditions of robbery and spoliation. She does not consider it sufficient to have despoiled so many nations of their country and independence. So she would now like to steal the glorious title of the one true Church. But this would not be the first time that heretical sects endeavored to do that. Fifteen centuries ago, the Donatists and the Arians claimed to be the only true Catholics, but they have long since passed away and the Catholic Church still lives.

If the English Church, therefore, ever really does assume the name of Catholic she will only make herself ridiculous before the world. Everybody will say that it is an unwarranted assumption. It will only show up her heresy and schism in a still more glaring light

and manifest to all mankind how vain and hollow are her pretensions. She has lately been putting on great airs over the Lutherans, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, and other Protestant sects, whom she regards as heretics and not at all in the same category as herself. But if ever she usurps the title of Catholic all these honest non-Catholics will laugh at her absurd vanity and convict her of being exactly on the same level with themselves.

Members of the true fold can only pity this spiritual blindness of the Anglican Church, because far from being the Catholic Church, she is no longer even a branch of it. Since the very first ages of Christianity, two things that cut off all membership with the true Church were heresy and schism. Consequently, when England fell into schism, in the reign of Henry VIII., and into heresy in the time of Queen Elizabeth, she broke the last link that united her to the Catholic Church. Hence she has been ever since in the same condition as the Arians, the Nestorians, the Donatists, the Pelagians, the Manichaens, and other heretics of ancient times or the adherents of the Schismatic Greek Church of the present day.

But the Anglicans are in a worse plight than even the Greek Schismatics, because the latter, though heretics and schismatics have real priests and bishops, who may validly offer up for them the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and administer to them the Sacraments, at least at the hour of death. But the English Church has neither real priests nor real bishops, because her so-called bishops have never been validly consecrated

and consequently the ministers whom they pretended to ordain are not genuine priests, but only a counterfeit. Only quite recently this question was definitely settled forever by the late Pope Leo XIII. If he had only decided that the Anglican Church had a validly ordained priesthood and a validly consecrated episcopate, the whole English people might have then come over, bag and baggage, to join the Catholic Church. But, even for the sake of gaining a whole nation, the great Pontiff could not acknowledge the validity of Anglican orders, because away back in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the line of Apostolic succession was broken, for Parker, who consecrated all the so-called bishops of the English Reformed Church had not been validly consecrated himself and therefore could not validly consecrate others.

In order to have a bishop validly consecrated two things are absolutely essential. In the first place, the consecrating prelate must have been validly consecrated himself. In the second place, he must employ the proper formula in consecrating the new bishop. Now it is very doubtful if Barlow, who consecrated Parker had ever been consecrated himself. The general belief is that he was only a bishop-elect who had not yet received his consecration when he attempted to consecrate Parker. But a still greater defect in the consecration of Parker was that the wrong formula was employed. This was the form of consecration found in the Ordinal of Edward VI. Even the Anglicans themselves soon afterwards acknowledged the invalidity of this formula, for Queen

Elizabeth declared that by virtue of her supremacy as head of the Church she supplied whatever defects were in the ritual, and more than fifty years afterwards the form of consecration was changed entirely in the English Ritual. But is not this a tacit avowal that the first formula was invalid? As a result all the clergymen of the English Church to-day, from the Archbishop of Canterbury down to the humblest minister, are only laymen pure and simple, arrayed in clerical garb.

Not only has England proved unfaithful to the Church instituted by Christ, but she has likewise rejected many of the Saviour's teachings. If St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, were to rise from the dead to-day and revisit his former diocese, he would say to the present incumbent of that See: "You are not my successor, for I and my successors were in union with the Pope and acknowledged his supremacy. We also believed in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Sacrament of Confession, the doctrine of Purgatory, the Blessed Virgin Mary's intercessory power, the invocation of the saints, and the veneration of their relics. We also insisted on the sanctity of the marriage bond and taught most emphatically that there was no such thing as divorce; but all these things you have denied. You are now striving to restore Confession and the Mass, but it is too late, for you have no longer a priesthood, and without priests it is impossible to have sacrifice or Sacraments. You are now endeavoring to enact against divorce, laws almost as stringent as those of the Cath-

olic Church, but is not this a sign that your legislation on that subject hitherto has been all wrong? In fact, the divorce of Henry VIII. was the original sin of your Church, the very cause of its origin, and the very foundation of your creed. Why have you proved so unfaithful to the doctrines which I taught you?"

How different has been the conduct of the ever-faithful Irish from that of this land of infidelity! It is true poor Erin, as a reward for her fidelity, seems to have so far received nothing but sufferings, whilst faithless England has met with the greatest prosperity. But that is the very best proof of the existence of a future state of rewards and punishments, where wrongs will be righted, where the wicked will receive their just chastisements and the just their due recompense.

Ireland's afflictions may be only blessings in disguise from the hand of God. There is no doubt that her persecution by Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell filled the courts of heaven with Irish saints, and if people still retain their terrestrial language in the celestial regions, for many years afterwards there must have been more Irish spoken in heaven than all other languages together. There is one place at least where the Celt is above the Saxon. That is in heaven, whence the Irish martyrs now look down upon their English persecutors, and we may be certain that a humble peasant from Erin would not change places with a sovereign of England. Now they all realize the truth of Our Lord's words: "Blessed are the poor and blessed are they that suffer persecution for jus-

tice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," but "Woe to those who now laugh for they shall mourn and weep."

On the other hand, God may be rewarding the English with temporal prosperity as a recompense for whatever good they may have accomplished here below. There is no doubt that England has conferred upon mankind some of the greatest blessings of civilization. If we were indebted to her for nothing else but the steam-engine and the railway we should owe her a great debt of gratitude. Perhaps, therefore, as God cannot reward Englishmen in the next world because of their great infidelity to Him, He is requiting them for the benefits which they have bestowed on humanity in this life. But that is the only reward which they shall ever receive. As Our Lord Himself said: "Amen I say to you, they have received their reward."

Yet it must be remembered that temporal prosperity does not always come from God. It is sometimes the result of dishonesty. In fact it is sometimes the wages of sin and of infidelity to God. Did not Satan himself once offer to give our Saviour all the kingdoms of the world if he would kneel down and adore him? How much of England's prosperity comes from her own industry, how much as a reward from God, how much from her dishonesty and spoliation, and how much from an evil source we are not prepared to say. But it is certain that the English frequently allege that their religion is a great drawback upon the Irish people, that it checks their progress, and prevents

them from making headway in the great commercial struggle of the age. There may be some truth in this. There is no doubt that a nation without any conscience or any religion has a great advantage over a conscientious, religious people like the Irish. As the poet Shakespeare says: "It is conscience that makes cowards of us all." It is certain that the ten commandments of God and the six precepts of the Church exercise a wholesome moral influence over our race. If the Irish had no conscience and no religion, they would be much better able to compete with the unscrupulous Anglo-Saxon.

Yet, who knows but England may soon be punished for all her wickedness and Ireland amply rewarded for her fidelity, even in this world? Iniquity shall not always triumph, nor virtue be forever trampled under foot, even in this life. The Lord never intended that His faithful children should be ever the foot-stool of unbelievers on this earth. "No! No! God is just." We shall, therefore, in our final chapter, cast a prospective glance over "The Future of the Celt and the Saxon."

CHAPTER VII.

The Future of the Celt and the Saxon.

GOD alone knows the future and we make no claim to be a prophet or a clairvoyant who can foresee things to come. Yet, as Our Saviour says in the Gospel, every intelligent man should be able to "read the signs of the times." But all signs seem to indicate that England is on the downward path, that a new day of freedom is dawning for Ireland, and that the time is not far distant when she will once more take her place among the nations of the earth.

The best way to judge the future is by the past. Now we know from history that every nation has had its rise, and its fall, its day of glory and its time of decay. A nation is like an individual—it is born, grows strong, lives for some centuries until it has reached its allotted time, and then dies. That has been the history of all the great nations and governments of ancient times. Babylon, Greece, and Rome were once very powerful monarchies and republics, but where are they to-day? They are trodden down in the dust. They flourished for a few centuries, then they faded away like a flower in the Autumn and perished. Scarcely one of these mighty powers endured for a thousand years. But England has already outlived that period. In the natural course of events, therefore, the time of her dissolution must be close at hand.

As the proverb says; "Coming events cast their shadows before." But there are very many shadows indeed now overhanging England, portending grave calamities for the future. The late Lord Salsbury, during the recent Spanish-American War, once sneeringly spoke of Spain as "a decaying power." Yet there is no power in Europe to-day that shows more unmistakable signs of decay than England herself.

The first alarming sign of England's decay is the notable decrease of her trade and commerce during the last few years. The Germans and Americans are fast driving them out of all the markets of the world. In fact, during the late Boer War, American firms in competition with the British were awarded many contracts for building bridges in South Africa, though naturally there was much murmuring amongst English mechanics, because their own government employed foreigners in preference to themselves.

Indeed, America can now undersell England in her own markets, and American goods are sold cheaper in Great Britain than the English can manufacture merchandise of the same quality at home. A very amusing instance of this was recently brought to light. A certain American clergyman of English proclivities, whilst travelling abroad, thought he would bring home with him a nice pair of imported shoes—real English, you know. So he went into a shoe store in London, but imagine his surprise when the salesman brought him a pair of shoes marked "Brockton, Mass." "Well!" said he, "I guess I can get shoes like these much nearer to me at home, where I shall not have to

pay any duty or tariff on them," and he abruptly left the store.

But that is not the only business in which England is falling behind. Still more noticeable is her decadence in the iron industry. There was a time when England was the great iron and steel producing power of the world, and Sheffield steel was famous throughout the universe, but now all that is changed. In a special despatch to *The Boston Herald* from its English correspondent, July 17, 1904, an American travelling salesman relates how there was recently held in England a conference of the Midland Iron Trade Association of the City of Birmingham, the home of Joseph Chamberlain, and this meeting resolved itself into a conclave of lamentation over depressed business conditions. It was openly declared that there was no demand for either iron or steel, and that prices were unremunerative, competition keen, and money very difficult to obtain. Every branch of the industry reported depression. The iron-masters of Great Britain appeared to be suffering from a bad fit of the blues.

Figures of the trade statement for the first six months of the year show decrease in exports of iron and steel manufactures compared with the same period in 1903. In 1903, the United States led with a production of 18,000,000 tons of pig iron, Germany was second with an output of 10,000,000 tons, and Great Britain with about 9,000,000 tons to her credit. But in 1883, twenty years before, Great Britain produced 8,490,000 tons, the United States 4,595,000 tons, and Germany 3,680,000 tons. In other words, Great

Britain has stood practically stationary, while Germany has nearly doubled, and the United States has nearly quadrupled in iron producing capacity.

With steel, the results are nearly the same. From 1883 to 1903 Great Britain's steel output increased from 2,000,000 to 5,800,000 tons, Germany from 1,094,000 tons to 4,849,000 tons, and that of the United States from 1,655,000 to 15,000,000 tons. Thus it may be seen how far England has fallen behind Germany and America even in her favorite industry.

But far worse for England than the decay of her commerce is the dreadful deterioration of English manhood during the past century. This is all due to her false system of civilization. England has built up her civilization on an unstable foundation and now it is tottering to the ground. With a total disregard of God and of religion, she has made temporal prosperity the basis of her civilization, and taught her citizens that the one aim in life worth living for was to become rich and amass wealth. As a result there was a grand rush among farmers and laborers to withdraw from the pure air of the country, to abandon the healthful exercise of cultivating the soil, and to crowd into the cities, so that they might become merchants, traders, and business men, in order that thus they might become rich quickly. The consequence was that the country was deserted, the cities became congested, and people were forced to live together like animals in a stable, as we have observed in a previous chapter.

Being thus deprived of fresh air and wholesome exercise, no wonder that the manhood of England has suffered a notable deterioration! The Royal Commission on Physical Training in its recent investigations discovered some startling facts which must serve as a rude awakening to British statesmen. According to this committee, during the last thirty years, the English people have greatly deteriorated in physical constitution and the cities have bred an anaemic, degenerate class who can no longer fill the places of the Englishmen of former days. The average Englishman of the present day is greatly inferior in stature, in weight, and in physique, even to those of a single generation ago. In 1889, the proportion of men in the English army measuring less than five feet, five inches in height was 106 per 1,000, in 1899 it was 132 per 1,000. In 1889 the proportion of men measuring less than 33 inches around the chest was 17 per 1,000, in 1899 it was 23 per 1,000. In 1874 only 159 per 1,000 weighed less than 120 pounds, but in 1900 the proportion was 301 per 1,000.

Do not these figures tell only too plainly a dreadful tale of degeneracy in the manhood of England? What wonder that Englishmen of to-day have no longer the courage, the bravery, or the physical endurance of their forefathers, who built up the British Empire! It was only lately, during the Boer War, that this dreadful truth was brought thoroughly home to the mind of England. Colonel Blake assures us that besides the colonial troops, the only English soldiers who were any credit to their country were a few bri-

gades of yeomanry, who may be called the relics of the old English farmers. The rest of the British soldiers were a class of degenerates and one Boer could put to flight from two to ten of them. English statesmen must have then realized how true were the words of Goldsmith:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath may make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

In what a dreadful state of physical weakness and decay must England be, when a mere handful of Boer farmers could give her such a fright as she has not experienced since the time of Napoleon I.! During her war in South Africa, many comic American Journals had some very amusing cartoons representing John Bull as a poor sick man lying helpless on his bed, with all the nations of Europe assembled as physicians in solemn consultation around his couch. One, after feeling of his pulse, pronounced his disease palpitation of the heart, another declared that it was a case of tuberculosis, a third asserted that in his opinion it was a bad case of valvular heart trouble, but the majority of the doctors diagnosed it as a complication of diseases.

But, as John Bull was a hardy old man, he finally rallied from his infirmity, though with his constitu-

tion completely shattered. If the strain had been a little more severe, if instead of being confronted by the Boers, England had been arrayed against the Russians or the Japanese, where would she be to-day? John Bull was very wise indeed not to go to war with Russia but to push that young, vigorous giant Japan in his place; for it may truly be said that poor England has a great many maladies, anyone of which must finally prove fatal, but worst of all, three valves of her heart are affected. We refer to her three dreadful vices of intemperance, immorality, and infanticide. As we have observed already, 60,000 people die of intoxication in England every year, she has 600,000 habitual criminals, and over a thousand children are murdered in Britain annually for the insurance money. Yes, and these unnatural parents would coin their children's blood into money and sell their very souls if they could in order to get rich. But how can England long endure such a dreadful strain as that, especially when we take into consideration that her birth rate is growing lower every year? In 1866 the birth rate in England was 35 per 1,000; but in 1891 it had fallen to 31; in 1897 it had sunk to 29, and in 1903 to 28 per 1,000.

If the English were bent on overthrowing their empire, they could discover no more effective way than that which they are pursuing at present. When we see a man living riotously, wasting his strength in dissipation and debauchery, no matter how strong he is, no matter what a fine physique he possesses, we know that before very long that prodigal is bound

to collapse. So, likewise, when we behold a nation squandering its powers, we realize that it is soon about to fall.

It is thus that the English have been undermining the very foundation of the British Empire, by destroying the family; for the family is the foundation of the State, and once the foundation is undermined the whole civil edifice falls to the ground. There was an old proverb among the Pagans: "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad." So for turning away from the true faith and forsaking his holy religion, as St. Paul says in his epistle to the Romans: "God gave (the English people) up to the desires of their heart and delivered them up to a reprobate sense. So they became vain in their thoughts and their foolish heart was darkened, for professing themselves to be wise they became fools." Indeed the worst enemy of the British Empire, the greatest dynamiter, or the fiercest anarchist could not do it half the injury which the English themselves are inflicting upon it by the dreadful sin of infanticide. Gibbon, who wrote the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" tells us that the immediate cause of the downfall of that great empire was the crime of infanticide; because on account of the destruction of the family, Rome was no longer able to maintain a native army in the field to defend her vast possessions. Consequently she was obliged to hire strangers to fight her battles,—but when a nation has to have recourse to mercenaries to defend her, then her hour has come.

If the English continue a few years more murdering their children, they, too, will have to rely upon mercenaries to wage war for them, and then perhaps in our own day some scribe may write the "History of the Decline and Fall of the British Empire." But as the proverb says: "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." No Irishman would like to see the downfall of England or wish her evil, if she would only do justice to Ireland. But if Erin's freedom can be procured in no other way than by the overthrow of the British Empire, very few Irishmen would consider it a sin to say: "God speed it!" This naturally suggests to us the question so frequently heard: "Will Ireland ever be free?"

A great many good, honest Irishmen and Irish-Americans despair of Ireland ever regaining her independence. They declare that she has been struggling for freedom now during hundreds of years, but in vain. So the Irish people would be much more prosperous and happy if they stopped their agitation and settled down to business like the English.

I have not the least doubt that the Irish would be far better situated from a worldly standpoint if they had lain down to England long ago; but who would praise them the more for their servility? On the contrary, who does not admire a liberty-loving people. Did not the American patriot, Patrick Henry, render his name immortal by that magnificent outburst of patriotism: "Give me liberty or give me death"? It is quite true that Ireland has been battling for free-

dom for centuries; but should we not applaud her the more for her unconquerable spirit? It was only after a constant warfare of seven hundred years that the Spaniards expelled the Moors from Spain and regained the independence of their country. Yet Ireland has been fighting England for only a similar period and there are many indications that her efforts will soon be crowned with success.

It is manifestly unfair therefore to allege, as some well-meaning people do, that the agitation for Home Rule is a money-making scheme of the Irish members of Parliament, who want to make an easy living at the expense of their credulous countrymen, and to become rich from the American contributions to the Irish Parliamentary fund. In fact, in some quarters it is asserted that the Irish in America have sent over to Ireland enough money to purchase the whole island four times over.

I have not the least doubt that, just as in all other great political and social movements, there are some crafty hypocrites who are agitating for Irish Home Rule, not through love of country but for their own selfish purposes. Nevertheless, it is equally certain that the great majority of Irish parliamentarians are honest, sincere men, many of whom have proved their devotion to Ireland by suffering long imprisonment for her sake. Where can we find a better test than that of the true patriot?

It is likewise true that the Irish in America have contributed a great deal to the Irish parliamentary fund, yet, without at all discrediting their generosity,

it may truthfully be said that the amount which they have subscribed has been grossly exaggerated. In fact, poor Ireland herself, poverty-stricken though she is, has contributed more than the whole United States. No doubt it required all the resources of the Irish leaders to provide for the poor, evicted tenants in Ireland, to maintain an active army of Irish parliamentarians in constant attendance in the House of Commons to fight Ireland's battles, and to conduct an active campaign against Irish landlords, until by the recent Land Purchase Act, landlordism was practically abolished in Ireland. All this has been done by peaceful agitation. One step more, and Ireland will have Home Rule!

Nevertheless, I am firmly convinced that the Irish can never win their complete independence except by the sword. No nation that was enslaved ever regained its freedom except by war. It was thus that Holland threw off the yoke of Spain, Greece liberated herself from the shackles of Turkey, and the United States burst the bonds of England. It may seem strange to have a priest, who is supposed to be a man of peace, talking of war, but Our Saviour Himself, the Prince of Peace, once told His disciples to sell their very coats and purchase a sword. I do not believe that God ever intended faithful Ireland to be forever the slave of perfidious Britain. As the poet has so well said:

> "Be sure the great God never planned
> For slumbering slaves a home so grand."

There is no reason in the world, at the present day, why the Irish people could not recover their independence. As we have already observed, John Bull has heart failure, but Erin's heart is sound, for the Irish people still look on the family as a gift from God, and the family is the foundation of the state. It is true the population of England is 35,000,000, whilst Ireland has now only 4,500,000—a mere handful in comparison. Yet when a man has heart disease, the bigger his body the more unwieldly he becomes. On the contrary, we know how marvellous are the recuperative powers of the Irish race; for in the time of Cromwell the population of Ireland was reduced to 500,000; but two centuries later, at the outbreak of the famine, in 1847, it had increased to 8,000,000. In all likelihood, the Land Purchase Bill will accomplish wonders to regenerate Ireland, and it would not be astonishing if, in the next twenty years, owing to emigration from America and natural increase, the population of Ireland would be doubled.

Yet, when we consider that the population of London alone is greater than that of all Ireland, it is scarcely possible that the remnant of the Irish race still remaining in their native land can ever recover their freedom unaided. They must have the assistance of their kinsmen abroad. The Irish in America are the only ones who are in a position to-day to free their native land. All that they need is the opportunity and that will come, if they only watch for it, perhaps sooner than they expect.

England's sun is setting, her day is past, and her

night is approaching. Two great clouds are now hanging over her—Russia in the East and the United States in the West, and between the two of them she will be ground to powder some day. The time may not be far distant when Russia will seize upon India, the United States will annnex Canada, Australia will declare its independence, and then England will be like a withered tree that has been stripped of its branches.

That is the real secret why England has such a dread of the Russian Bear and embroiled him in the present war in the East in order to distract his attention from India. That is also the secret why she wants to be on such good terms with the United States and wishes to form an alliance with her, so that she may keep her hands off Canada. This is the very best evidence that England is fully conscious of her own weakness. Whilst she was young and vigorous she never sought for alliances, but boasted of her "splendid isolation." However, the late Boer War showed her up terribly in all her feebleness and decay. So now she would like to lean on the strong arm of Young America. But if only our "English cousins" knew how their efforts at alliance are caricatured in the American press, they would cease all talk forever of an alliance with the United States. Only a few days ago, there was a famous cartoon of this nature in *The Boston Herald*. It represented King Edward VII. tickling Uncle Sam with the feather of English flattery, saying: "Your navy is great," but Uncle Sam's reply was: "He thinks he'll tickle me into an alliance with

him." So Americans are now convinced that England would have to be kicked into a quarrel with them, because she knows what would happen if she came into collision with the United States.

Nevertheless, it is morally certain that two great naval powers like America and Great Britain will sooner or later come into conflict over Canada, the Panama Canal, the partition of China or some other bone of contention. Then the United States navy will knock all the British navy into fragments, for the American ships are all modern vessels, whilst the English navy will be proved as degenerate as her army. The United States is undoubtedly the only power that has the ships and the resources to wrest the command of the sea from England. Sometimes we find fault because the United States is making such an effort to build up her navy, but that may be the very means which the Providence of God is designing to scourge England for all the injustice and robbery that she has inflicted on Ireland and all the innocent blood she has shed.

Thus Ireland's opportunity may come before she is aware of it. If a man like Roosevelt is then in the presidential chair he will know well that the best way to fight England is to send an army of 50,000 Irishmen into Canada to strike a blow at their old enemy. After the English navy has been defeated at sea, he will send 50,000 more Irish-Americans to kindle the flames of revolt in Ireland and keep the English busy there. Once the English navy was destroyed, England could not hold Ireland in subjection for twenty-four

hours, and the whole British Empire would come crumbling to the ground. Then would be fulfilled for England the prophetic words of St. John concerning the fall of Rome, Apoc. XVIII.-2:

"(England) the great is fallen, is fallen and is become the habitation of devils and the hold of every unclean spirit, and the hold of every unclean and hateful bird."

"And I heard another voice from heaven saying: Go out from her My people that you be not partakers of her sins, and that you receive not of her plagues; for her sins have reached into heaven and the Lord hath remembered her iniquities."

"Render to her as she also hath rendered to you; and double unto her double according to her works; in the cup wherein she hath mingled, mingle ye double unto her."

"As much as she hath glorified herself and lived in delicacies, so much torment and sorrow give ye to her; because she saith in her heart: I sit a queen and am no widow, and sorrow I shall not see."

"Therefore shall her plague come in one day, death and mourning and famine, and she shalt be burnt with the fire, because God is strong Who shall judge her."

"And the kings of the earth shall weep over her when they shall see the smoke of her burning, standing afar off for fear of her torments saying: 'Alas! alas! that great city (London), that mighty city; for in one hour is thy judgment come.'"

"And the merchants of the earth shall weep and

mourn for her saying: Alas! alas! that great city which was clothed in fine linen and purple and scarlet and was gilt with gold and precious stones, and pearls, for in one hour are so great riches come to nought."

"And every ship-master and all marines that sail the sea stood afar off and cried, seeing the place of her burning, saying: What city is like to this great city? And they cast dust upon their heads and cried weeping and mourning, saying: Alas! alas! that great city wherein all were made rich, that had ships at sea by reason of her prices, for in one hour she is made desolate."

"And the voice of harpers and of musicians shall be found no more in her, and the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride shall be heard no more in her, for in her was found all the blood of saints and of all that were slain upon the earth."

It is only when England is thus thoroughly humbled that she will return to the true faith—the faith of her fathers. Some authors claim that she will never be Catholic again, because she once threw away the true faith, which is a gift of God, and God's graces once rejected are never offered again. But, in reality, she did not cast away the faith, it was torn from her forcibly by Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. Indeed it was only by a desperate struggle that it was wrenched away from her, after many English martyrs had lain down their life in its defence. Consequently there is still hope for England, because "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church." It is not surprising therefore, that during the past century there has

been a marked tendency among leading Englishmen to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church. It is well known how the Oxford Movement brought into the true fold some of the brightest, intellectual lights in all England, such as Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Father Faber, and Henry George Ward. This started a regular exodus of converts from Anglicanism to Catholicity, so that the English Church became alarmed, fearing that she would be entirely deserted. Accordingly, she endeavored to make people believe that she herself was the true Church by stealing the livery of the Catholic Church, by introducing the Confessional and a blasphemous imitation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, by calling her ministers priests, a name which she once hated, and by counterfeiting all the externals of Catholicity as closely as possible. But all her artifices were in vain, for the tendency of Englishmen Romewards is still undiminished, and only a few years ago Lord Halifax, of England, advocated a wholesale return of Anglicans to the Catholic Church.

However, there is one great obstacle to the return of the whole British nation to the Catholic religion—that is pride. But how could the tiny mustard seed of the true faith take root on the barren rock of pride? The English are still so puffed up with pride by reason of their great navy, their large army, and their mighty empire that all the missionaries in the world could not convert them. Indeed, they would not listen to the Voice of God Himself. Wherefore the Lord will destroy all these vanities which have stolen from Him the

hearts of His people; and then England will realize the truth of the words which the prophet Isaias foretold twenty-seven centuries ago, concerning the destruction of Tyre: "Howl ye ships of the sea, for the house is destroyed from whence they were wont to come! Howl, ye inhabitants of the island! Who hath taken this counsel against (England), that was formerly crowned, whose merchants were princes, and her traders the nobles of the earth? The Lord of hosts hath designed it to pull down the pride of all glory and bring to disgrace all the glorious ones of the earth."

When England has been thus thoroughly humbled in the dust then she will begin to commune with herself like the prodigal son, saying: "I will arise and go to my father, and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee: I am not worthy to be called thy child: make me as one of thy hired servants." Thus will England one day return in contrition and penitence to the arms of the true Church, bewailing the day that she allowed Henry VIII. and the reformers of the sixteenth century to tear her from the center of Christian unity. Then will Holy Mother the Church rejoice, and kill the fatted calf, saying: "Let us eat and make merry, because my child was dead and is come to life again, she was lost and is found."

But the great question for Irishmen to answer is: Will they be prepared to take advantage of England's humiliation and win liberty and independence for themselves? They should, therefore, everywhere

organize, at home and abroad, in expectation of the great crisis, which undoubtedly is fast approaching. They must not remain passive and expect God to free their country, for the Lord generally allows nature to take its course, and entrusts the destinies of people to their own hands. Neither should they wait till Russia, France, or America will set them free, for then the nation which liberated them might seize their country for itself as a reward of its labor, as the United States retained the Philippines. But Ireland is not looking for a change of masters. A bigoted Vermont farmer might be just as bad a governor as any English Viceroy Ireland ever was, and might torture the Irish priests with the infamous "Water Cure" as Padro Augustinio was barbarously murdered in the Philippines, though to the eternal shame of the United States, his murderers have not yet been punished for it.

What the poet said centuries ago is just as true today as then: "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow." But a battle for freedom requires men, money, ships, arms, and ammunition. There are plenty of loyal hearts throbbing with love for dear, old Erin, and all that their possessors require is the necessary military and naval skill. But this may be easily procured in the State militia and the United States navy. Every Irishman or Irish-American who is desirous to be serviceable hereafter to the land of his fathers should join one or the other of these great training schools for a year or two. The Hibernians and all other Irish societies should also

form themselves into one great federation, with a central council and a central treasury. An excellent plan to raise funds would be to have every division of Hibernians curtail its expenses for refreshments at its weekly meetings. No reasonable person would find fault because the Irish have refreshments at their assemblies, if they were only served with moderation and not on the Lord's day. The Hibernians have just as much right to do so as the Germans, the English, and the Americans. Yet, if they saved up every week for patriotic purposes just half of what they expend for refreshments at their club-rooms, they would have a full treasury when the next opportunity comes to strike a blow for Ireland. People who have money may purchase arms and ammunition at any time. The South American Republics have likewise warships for sale at all times. If the Irish people had been only thus organized during the late Boer War, what an excellent opportunity they had to strike down the oppressor of their native land, to avenge the wrongs of their fathers, to put the Celt above the Saxon and the green above the red! But, notwithstanding all the talk and bluster of the Clan-na-Gaels and the Physical Force Society, they never lifted a hand. They made no attempt to prevent shiploads of American mules from being transported over to South Africa, to trample down the liberties of the Boers, and they even permitted an English camp to be established near New Orleans in violation of American neutrality. The trouble was that there was no national organization, no responsible leaders, and no money in the treas-

ury. Consequently the Irish missed a grand chance to humble their ancient foe.

Let us hope that the next time England gets into difficulty they will be better prepared, and have their plan of campaign all mapped out. But of two things they must beware. In the first place, they must be careful not to violate the laws of the United States, for it would not be fair to introduce the quarrels of the Old World into this land of liberty which welcomes to her arms the oppressed of all nations. Besides, any breach of international law would call down upon it the wrath of Uncle Sam. In the second place, the Irish leaders must be cautious not to allow their plans to fall into the hands of English spies, who pretend to be patriots, like the infamous Le Caron during the late Fenian invasion of Canada. To prevent such a fatality, it would be an excellent plan to have every Irish society graded like the Knights of Columbus and to admit to the higher degrees only the tried and true.

We may rest assured that it will not be long before the Irish will have another opportunity to strike a blow at their traditional enemy, for a nation as grasping and belligerent as England is certain to be in trouble soon again. Even now it would not be astonishing if she should come to blows with Russia, because the Russian fleet fired upon her fishermen, mistaking them for Japanese. Perhaps before we are aware of it, Russia and her ally, France, may be arrayed against England and Japan. That would give Ireland an opportunity to regain her independence such as was not presented to her since the War

of the Roses. Indeed there is an Irish prophecy that it is Russia which will finally free Ireland by weakening England. Accordingly, every Irishman and Irish-American should be ready at a moment's notice, like the Minute Men of America, in 1775, to

"Unfurl Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas!
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
That never! no! never! while God gave them life
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never! no! never! that banner should yield,
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high! 'tis as bright as of old!
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
Tho' the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears!
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom.
Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky,
'Tis the sunburst resplendent—far flashing on high
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh!

Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner of Green!
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen;
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever? No! No! God is just!
Take it up! take it up! from the tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the Green Flag—we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it we'll bleed, as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands who famished unfed,
Died down in the ditches, wild-howling for bread,
And we'll vow by our heroes whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread;
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
'Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
That we'll lift up the green, and we'll tear down the red!"

DEC 24 1904

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 021 342 060 4